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The Translator,
J. J. Aubertin.

# THE LUSIADS.

VOL. I.

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été chantée par le Camoens, dont le poème fait sentir q
chose des charmes de l'Odyssée et de la magnificence de l'E

MONTESQU

# OS LUSIADAS

DE

# LUIZ DE CAMÕES

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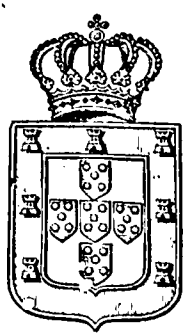

*SEGUNDA EDIÇÃO.*

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1884

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# THE LUSIADS OF CAMOENS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

J. J. AUBERTIN

COMMENDADOR OF THE NOBLE PORTUGUESE ORDER OF SÃO THIAGO, AND OF THE IMPERIAL BRAZILIAN ORDER OF THE ROSE; CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES IN LISBON

(1524-1580)

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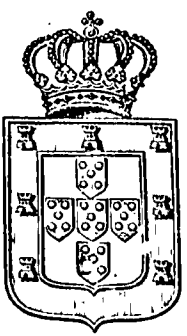

SECOND EDITION.

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

VOL. I.

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LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1884

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TO

HIS MOST FAITHFUL MAJESTY

DOM LUIZ Iº

KING OF PORTUGAL AND THE ALGARVES

THIS TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH POETRY

OF

HE GREAT EPIC POEM OF PORTUGAL

IS

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

DEDICATED

BY

MAJESTY'S MOST OBEDIENT AND MOST OBLIGED SERVANT

THE TRANSLATOR

# PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

It had always been my intention, under any circumstances, to prepare and publish, after a certain interval, a Second Edition of this translation; because in a First Edition of such a work, even though treated with the greatest care, I could not presume to have accomplished what was the object of my ambition in publishing at all—namely, to present to English Literature as faithful and poetical an interpretation of the old Portuguese Epic, The Lusiads, as it was in my power to produce. The generous manner, however, in which my volumes have been received, both by the critical world and the public, has already led to the exhaustion of the First Edition; and thus therefore I now feel myself invited to fulfil my first intention.

In revising my First Edition, however, I have found nothing to alter in its general tone and feeling. I have found it impossible to identify myself more with my Master than I have already succeeded in doing; and, indeed, in this respect, a tribute so general—I might almost say unanimous—has been accorded me not only in England, but, what is of very great importance, both in Portugal and Brazil, that I feel any attempt to alter would injure rather than improve my first work. But in various matters of detail I have been reminded of and have also remarked certain defects; a consequence, indeed, very natural, from the fact that the translation and the publication, in two languages, of the poem were conducted by myself, without any personal

assistance, and with little or no aid to be obtained by consulting any then existing translation. Some of these defects I have gradually picked out for myself, and some of them I owe to my critics, whom I have now to thank for their suggestions. The one great advantage that I have enjoyed in preparing my new issue has been the opportunity of paying a visit to my friend Captain Burton, at Trieste, and of reading through the whole poem with him; comparing passages in our two productions, and referring to various authorities. This advantage speaks abundantly for itself as regards the work in all respects, and especially as regards its historical and geographical portions. A friend at Eastbourne, also, took so sincere an interest in the translation as a literary production, that he read through and discussed the whole with me, and helped me to chasten many of the English phrases; and in addition to this, my friend Dr Lewins has watched me through the press. Thus, though even now I do not venture to offer a perfect work, it will be obvious that I may offer a much improved one, wherein, however (as I have already observed), the spirit and feeling remain unchanged. The title I retain as before, in the plural, being the first who so translated it, as I am also the first who ever published the original text in England. This I again produce, as being an essential feature in my work. It was suggested to me by one of my critics that in a Second Edition I might omit this feature, and give a translation of the rejected stanzas instead; but such a course would be contrary to my original design, and now, moreover, the rejected stanzas have been so well translated by Captain Burton that I could not feel there was room for any further attempt in that direction. Wherever I have succeeded in being more literal than before, I have improved my line,—a suggestion which I offer to translators in general: and I have used my best endeavours to preserve and improve in English that smooth and flexible current of narrative poetry with which Camoens so abounds, and which

Captain Burton most happily calls, his 'masterly simplicity.' At the same time I have done my best to study him yet farther in his declamatory and pathetic passages. I have increased my endeavour to keep corresponding pace with him in all his movements. Nothing shews the incapacity of a translator more than attempts to burst out into high phrases where his author has not used them, simply because there was no use for them. Of this Lord Strangford affords an absurd example in his only six incomplete stanzas from 'The Night Scene' in the Sixth Canto. Where I have translated a line *word for word*—'"'Tis not," Velloso said, "a matter just,"' his Lordship must burst forth, '"Perish the thought," the bold Velloso cried.' If that is translation I am not a translator. A paraphrase may, no doubt, sometimes dignify a translation; as when Dryden, who never could resist the temptation to a sounding line, paraphrased the 'Tyrrhena regum progenies:' or when out of those few words in Virgil, 'atque altæ mœnia Romæ,' he begot

'And the long glories of majestic Rome.'

This sort of writing, however, could not be attempted in a poem written in the concise ottava stanza, which, moreover, very often ends with a balanced phrase.

The observation that I made in the Introduction to my First Edition, that 'my ambition had been to introduce Camoens to English literature as it seemed to me he would have written his poem had he written it in English,' has been objected to, as covering too much ground; and this, perhaps, is true to a certain extent. But I can amend the phrase by changing it thus—'had he written it *in the ottava stanza* in English.' In that shape I would repeat and cleave to my expression.

Although, however, I have given my best consideration to all the suggestions with which I have been favoured, I feel it due to myself to add that there are still two classes of critics—to use that conventional

phrase—whom I could never acknowledge as real critics, and whom, therefore, I could never regard in preparing a work like the present. The one class consists of those who (professing, of course, some knowledge of the two languages of which they are treating) are too fastidious to recognize translation at all, except perhaps—strange misconception indeed!—translations in prose. For them it matters not that almost every great poet has translated poetry, and has been proud of, and applauded for his success. Individuals, of course, are always entitled to maintain their private tastes and opinions, fastidious or otherwise; but as the literary world and the public have long and long since acknowledged translation as an art, they whose tastes are so exalted and refined that they cannot abide it have no right to assume the critic's chair. And there is again another thing they should never do, though they sometimes aspire to it: they should never venture on translation themselves.

The second class that I refer to consists of those whose chief fault-finding lies in carping at words, reminding one of Pope's couplet—

> 'Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
> Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice.'

For such it matters not that in a long and difficult poem you may have, in the opinion of competent judges, entirely caught the feeling of your Author, and faithfully interpreted him in page upon page of happy corresponding versification—they find some words they don't like; and failing to rise to a general view, or to offer any valuable suggestions as to the whole performance, their chief attention is confined to verbal carping.

In only two cases was I met by this style of criticism, and of only one of them will I speak, because the journal in which the other appeared, new at the time, very soon afterwards disappeared. Nor would I mention the second, but for the notice having occupied a position in a journal where I had looked for a higher

tone and more assistance, as being one of acknowledged and increasing authority.[1]

In this article the writer, professing to despise translation (though he has himself attempted it on a limited scale), and conceding some languid appreciation of parts of my work which others had extolled, confines himself mainly to verbal criticism, and consistently begins with the very first word 'Arms,' which he says is 'not English,' and 'only an imitation of our old acquaintance 'Arma virumque.' This sounds very like a criticism on Virgil himself; and indeed it is so. It is also a criticism on Camoens himself, for 'As armas,' and on Tasso for the first line of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata.' So also is it on Dryden, for his 'Arms;' and, by inference, it is the like on Homer's ΜΗΝΙΝ and Pope's 'Achilles' wrath:' while, as to the expression being simply an imitation of Virgil, of course it is so, because Camoens expressly meant it to be so; and much has he been carped at for imitating Virgil all through his poem, just as Virgil has been carped at for imitating Homer. I cannot call this criticism. While nothing would be easier for me than to alter the line, nothing would be more difficult for me than to persuade myself to do so. Then, after one or two more complaints, we come to one against the last line of the first stanza, which is called (after an odd phrase) 'tame to a degree, where tameness is least of all to be endured,' because it is at the end of a stanza. But this objection rather curiously stumbles on the vulgar error, so often committed by the printer in punctuation, of reading the close of the first stanza as the close of a subject instead of (as it is) only the middle of the long accusative case—the key to the whole poem—which runs through the first two stanzas and is governed by the verb 'sing' in the seventh line of the second, where those who read these two stanzas properly look for the real close. This remark, also, I must disregard as criticism. The first and second stanzas I have somewhat remodelled in order to be more literal than before, and I believe I have succeeded. But I have not made

[1] *Vide* an Article signed 'Oswald Crawford' in the *Academy* of August 1, 1878.

the slightest attempt of false emphasis at the end of the first, nor have I paid attention to a useless objection to the word 'sublime.'

Then the writer objects to the whole of the third stanza, as being quite below the level of the original; and yet, contradicting himself, immediately afterwards speaks ('irreverently,' as has been written) of the same original as 'almost identical in spirit and in wording with our good stupid old song beginning "Some talk of Alexander."' The plain truth is that it is an inharmonious stanza, and that my rendering was perfectly worthy of it and perfectly good English; though I have now expunged the word 'wont' in the final couplet, on a suggestion long since made to me by Captain Burton that it altered the real meaning of the line it occurred in. Camoens has written inferior stanzas here and there, and it is, moreover, curious to observe how careless he is in placing them. Observe how little he regards climax with the two which occur, not in the middle but, at the close of Canto II., in the last of which—the worst—he introduces, by a forced classical allusion, the two names Herostratus and Ctesiphon, either of which would serve to poison a whole stanza. Again, see the last rugged stanza of Canto IV.; and this one appears after a long stream of his very best. Nor do I hesitate to incur the responsibility of saying that the very last stanza of the whole poem by no means ranks among his choicest.

One observation of my critic's I will treat as criticism, though I cannot agree with him. He objects to there being rather too much transposition in the phrases. But Camoens is full of hyperbaton, and would not be Camoens without it. Indeed, the hyperbaton in the hands of those who know how to use it is very effective in English; and those who cannot wield it, though they may claim the fair level of an educated style of writing, must always, even when correct, want grace, variety and power, and must be content to remain inexpressive and too often insipid. As regards my choice of words in my own language, though I should be in no way inclined to receive lessons in this regard from the first comer, I am

placed far above all necessity of self-defence upon the subject by the reception already given to my work, concerning which I am fain to quote the following generous extract from Captain Burton's volumes:—"Meanwhile the English press welcomed this honest piece of literary workmanship with all the honours it deserved. I cannot remember a version being received with such universal applause. Critics generally termed it 'a masterpiece of translation' rendered into nervous English, line for line, with close fidelity to the original."

I am quite committed to the view that the language of Camoens is of the purest Portuguese that can be found to-day; and that the titles which have been applied to him by those competent to know, such as the 'Father of the Language' and the 'Virgil of Portugal,' are still bestowed on him by his countrymen. Pure Portuguese is still called 'The language of Camoens;' and I have done my best to render him in the pure English of to-day. That is my own mode of reading him. The expression of Southey that he is 'the well undefiled of that fine language which he more than any other enriched and refined,' is worth repeating here.[1] That he is not the very first of writers in point of time says but little in contradiction of the above expressions. On the subject of these earlier writers there is an interesting and carefully written chapter in 'Portugal Old and New,' by Mr Oswald Crawfurd, with copious extracts and translations, to which I would direct the reader's attention. I would suggest, however, that in any future edition the English lines should be put into real prose: no poetry would be lost, and more exactness might be secured.

Thus, then, I now venture to offer my Second Edition to the literary world and to the general public, matured by the further consideration that I have been able to bestow on the original, and improved by the suggestions with which I have been favoured both by friends and critics.

'Hoc erat in votis.'

[1] See also "Manual da Historia da Litteratura Portuguesa," by Professor Theophilo Braga. Porto., 1875.

# PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following translation of the 'Lusíadas,' written at various intervals, was undertaken as a literary pastime, and arose from associations of several years, in Brazil, with those who speak the language of the poem.

The publication of the work, however, happens to be singularly coincident with the European perturbations of the present moment, much of the surpassing importance attaching to which belongs to the leading subject of Camoens' epic—the road from Europe to India.

At the period of Vasco da Gama's momentous discovery, trade with the East was alone in question. It had fallen into the almost exclusive power of the Turks, from which bondage his voyage relieved it.

But to-day, not only trade, but a vast and wealthy Empire are involved; and the course of events, which it would be out of place to dwell on here, has long since, and lately more than ever, re-established England's path to India through that portion of the globe from which Vasco da Gama by his discovery withdrew it.

A poem, therefore, almost new in itself and in its style to the English reader, may perhaps be found to possess some living interest, belonging to the present hour, while treating of a great event which came to pass now nearly four hundred years ago.

J. J. A.

*March* 1878.

# INTRODUCTION.

THE grand Portuguese Epic Poem of Luiz de Camoens —'Os Lusíadas, or the Lusiads'—which Hallam describes as 'the first successful attempt in modern Europe to construct an epic poem on the ancient model' —has for its hero (as may be more or less known) the celebrated Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama; and for its leading subject, the famous voyage, accomplished by that great man, which by general consent is ranked as having been by far the most important in its consequences of the three great voyages of the world.

Sailing from Lisbon on the 8th of July, 1497, during the reign of our Henry VII., under the auspices of his monarch, King Emmanuel 'the Fortunate,' with three sloops-of-war, a storeship and a crew of 160 men, he, on the 20th of November following, doubled the Cape of Good Hope (formerly called by Bartolomeo Dias, who discovered it in 1487, the 'Cape of Storms'), and first established the momentous fact of the existence of an ocean passage between Europe and India, where he arrived in the month of May 1498, at Calecut upon the coast of Malabar.

> 'With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
> For many a day and many a dreadful night,
> Incessant labouring round the Stormy Cape,
> By bold ambition led.'—THOMSON.

The poem, however, is by no means confined to this leading subject. Indeed it may almost be said that the

Portuguese nation is the real hero of the piece; for Camoens artistically interweaves it in their whole early history —a proud and noble one, both in defensive warfare and in that maritime and commercial greatness which was founded by their illustrious navigator and discoverer, the Infante D. Henrique, Duke of Viseu. Hence, indeed, the title 'Os Lusíadas,' or 'The Feats of the Lusians, or Lusitanians;' for this classical name of the Portuguese was derived from the ancient province of Lusitania (more or less the Portugal of to-day) which legends state to have been founded by Lusus, or Lysas, the supposed bosom-companion of the famous god Bacchus, who forms a leading figure in the poem.[1] The name of the present kingdom, Portugal, it may be here observed, is said to be derived from that of Porto Calle, by which the city of Porto, or O Porto, was originally known.

Gama, then, set out upon his voyage as stated; and on his return to Lisbon, bringing with him only 55 men of the 160 who had accompanied him, and having lost his brother Paul at Terceira in the Açores, where he had put in, as the map shows, in hopes of securing his brother's recovery, he was received by his king and country with all the honours to which his daring and successful enterprise entitled him. This event took place in 1499, about two years and nearly two months after his departure, and it naturally furnishes the last incident in the 'Lusiads.'

Gama found the Moslems masters of the Eastern seas, and Calecut the emporium of India. At this city he was well received at first, through the friendship of one Monçaide, a Moor of Tunis, who spoke the Spanish language; but the people through their leaders soon began to manifest much treachery and hostility towards him and his companions, as being strangers and Christians; and not only so, but as the dangerous

[1] See Canto iii. st. xxi. But Camoens uses these names in the plural.

intruders they so eminently turned out to be. King Emmanuel, however, was resolved to pursue the course he had begun, and to reap the full benefit of a direct intercourse with India, the immense value of whose trade with Europe to the ancient and the modern world as carried on through Egypt and Persia was a subject familiar to all. He therefore caused to be fitted out a fleet of fourteen sail and 1,500 men for the East, in order to establish a position there, in spite of the Moslems who had done their best to prevent Gama's return to Europe. The command of this fleet was given to Pedro Alvares Cabral, who sailed in the year 1500; and in this voyage it so happened that Cabral, being accidentally driven far to the west by a tempest, became the discoverer of Brazil, the present remarkable empire of South America.

With this expedition began that astonishing chapter of Portuguese history—the establishment of an extensive commercial empire in the East, and the first commercial empire in the world; 'to which' (writes Dr Robertson in his 'Historical Disquisition concerning Ancient India'), 'whether we consider its extent, its opulence, the slender power by which it was formed, or the splendour with which the government of it was conducted, there has hitherto been nothing comparable in the history of nations.'[1]

'Emmanuel,' he continues, 'who laid the foundation of this stupendous fabric, had the satisfaction to see it almost completed. Every part of Europe was supplied by the Portuguese with the productions of the East; and if we except some inconsiderable quantity of them which the Venetians still continued to receive by the ancient channels of conveyance, our quarter of the globe had no longer any commercial intercourse with India and the regions of Asia beyond it but by the Cape of Good Hope.'

[1] It is asserted that the Portuguese language is still distinguished by the natives of India as 'the language of the white man'—'lingoa do branco.'

Gama's great discovery, besides being important in itself, happened at a most critical period of history: for only a few years afterwards, in 1517, Selim I., the Ferocious, took Cairo by storm, and the Mameluke dominions in Egypt, Syria, etc., were annexed to the Ottoman Empire; and as Mohamed II., styled the conqueror of two empires, twelve kingdoms and 300 cities, had already, in 1453, destroyed the Greek Empire, captured Constantinople, and established the seat of the Turkish government in that city, the Sultans would, in point of fact, have become possessed of the absolute command of the trade between India and Europe had it continued to be carried on in its ancient channels, by the Red Sea to Alexandria, or from the Persian Gulf to Constantinople and the Ports of the Mediterranean.[1] By this line of communication it was that Genoa and Venice had alternately enriched themselves so greatly, according to the power or protection which they were able to secure in Egypt, or at Constantinople.

On this subject Dr Robertson further remarks (following M. L'Abbé Raynal): 'It is to the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and to the vigour and success with which the Portuguese prosecuted their conquests and established their dominions there, that Europe has been indebted for its preservation from the most illiberal and humiliating servitude that ever oppressed polished nations.'

It was in combating this power, combined with the Moslem influence in the East, that the valour and the constancy of the Portuguese was tried and proved; sustaining for so many years their splendid successes and extending their astonishing discoveries and conquests in that hemisphere.

In the course of this glorious epoch—for a detailed account of which I may refer to the copious 'Disquisition concerning Ancient India,' by which Julius Mickle introduces his translation of the 'Lusiads,' and the

[1] The Turks, under Amurath, took Adrianople in 1361.

moving heroes and incidents in which are, of course, duly celebrated by Camoens—Gama twice returned to India: the second time with twenty ships, on board the 'Conquest' in 1502, returning in 1503; and the third time, in 1524, as Viceroy of the Indies, dying in Cochin in 1525.

But all things must have an end! Over the Moorish-Turkish power the Portuguese always prevailed. The extension of their dominion in the East, which was so large and rapid, continued to about 1548, when, during the reign of John III., the prosperity of Portugal and the extent of her Indian empire attained their greatest eminence, and Lisbon was considered as the market of the world. But the vast fabric of power which had been thus almost miraculously erected, and which has been aptly styled 'a superstructure much too large for the basis on which it had to rest,' was almost entirely overturned in as short a time, and with as much facility, as had served to raise it.

The young King Sebastian, to whom the 'Lusiads' are addressed, succeeded to the throne at three years of age, in 1557, and while his grandmother, D. Catharina of Austria, and his great-uncle, Cardinal Henrique, were at variance about the regency, the kingdom began to decline. Then followed Sebastian's two disastrous expeditions into Africa, the second of which was undertaken against every advice in 1578, when he led forth the flower of his country to defeat, and was himself lost or slain amidst the utter destruction of his army. From this blow Portugal never recovered, and, after much dispute as to the succession, Philip II. of Spain, the husband of our Queen Mary, seized on the kingdom. Portugal then became a Spanish province, and remained so from 1580 to 1640; and when she regained her independence the greater part of her commerce and her foreign possessions were already in the hands of the Dutch. This enterprising and commercial people are said to have appeared in the Indian seas in 1594, as the first real European rivals of the Portuguese; and,

singularly enough, their establishment in the East, which gave birth to the Dutch-Indian Company in 1602, is said to have been planned by one Houtman, a Dutch merchant, while lying in jail for debt at Lisbon.

Strange indeed are the developments of time! England was not behindhand in the chase, and possesses to-day a territory in the East, far more extensive and valuable than any which had entered into the dreams of any European Power. We now call our great constitutional Queen, Empress of India; but we were far from being the discoverers of the Ocean Passage. For, while Vasco da Gama, commissioned by the little kingdom of Portugal, was searching out this grand aim by the East, and Columbus was engaged in a corresponding enterprise, sailing boldly forth into the West, England, so far from taking any part in these adventures, was only just recovering from tearing herself to pieces in those civil strifes which bear in history the strange and contradictory title of 'The Wars of the Roses.'

The first commercial adventure from England is said to have taken place in 1591, and the first patent to the East India Company was granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1600. Not until this epoch—about a century after Gama's discovery—can we record our first appearance in that India which is now so precious a possession of the British Crown; for the acquisition and security of which we have spent, and are still ready to spend, so much blood and treasure, and, at a moment's notice, are prompt to manifest so much sensibility; where so much wealth has been amassed, and so much gallantry in arms, so much wisdom in legislation, so much enterprise in commerce and civilisation, have been displayed. Let us contemplate these facts, and with all this splendid picture before us, let us honestly and modestly trace back history, and candidly confess that the man who first opened our road to all these splendid glories, and made them possible, was the renowned Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama.

Under the influence of these historical facts, it would therefore seem natural that some large portion of the

English public should take an interest in reading the great Portuguese Epic; and it is under this persuasion that I have set myself the task of a new translation, conceived and framed after my own views of the original, accompanying it with a novel feature, viz. the publication of the original itself, side by side with the translation; this being the first example of the 'Lusíadas' ever having been published in England. My ambition has been to introduce Camoens to English literature in his own language, and so to interpret him, side by side with himself in ours, as it seemed to me he would have written his 'Lusiads' had he written them in English.

A translator who dares this form of publication challenges, of course, a crucial criticism. But I am content to do so, if only in the hope that, should my work avail to gain a fair amount of public attention, it may not, even if imperfect, fail to make Camoens, as he well deserves to be, more known and appreciated in England in the future.

Meanwhile, in this regard, I may be allowed, with all due modesty, to shelter myself beneath the words of our great Alexander Pope, in giving to the world what Dr Johnson calls 'a poetical marvel,' his translation of the 'Iliad.' 'What I have done,' he writes, 'is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task.'

A translator, in point of fact, who has sufficient confidence in his work to encourage him to present it to the public, should rather court than shrink from comparison with his original; for if he has executed his task well, therein is made manifest half its art and merit.

This (to gaze upwards to another great poetical luminary) was the feeling of Lord Byron in reference to his charming translation of that gem, the Francesa da Rimini, from Dante, as well as to his wonderful and model (though naturally unpopular) translation of the First Canto of Pulci's 'Morgante Maggiore.' Writing

to Mr Murray about the first, he says: 'If you publish, publish *the original;*' and of the second he says: 'You must print it side by side with the original Italian, because I wish the reader to judge of the fidelity: it is stanza for stanza, and often line for line, if not word for word—the best thing I ever did.'

Moreover, I have had in view the double object of showing Camoens in Portuguese to England, and Camoens in English to Portugal and Brazil, so that there might be an interchange of reading and understanding a great work between the two languages, which cannot but result in good from the study of the 'Lusiads.' Nor can I here forbear, on any account, from a warm reference to our kinsmen across the Atlantic, whom I should be proud indeed to count among the approvers of my translation of a poet whose epic and whose language so many of them sincerely appreciate.

'It is an unhappy thing to write in an unread tongue,' says Mickle in his 'Dissertation;' and, again, Hallam says 'The name of Camoens has truly a European reputation, but the "Lusiad" is written in a language not generally familiar.' The Portuguese language, it is useless to deny, is comparatively but very little known in England. It is very far, indeed, from being, what sheer ignorance has often called it, 'a poor dialect of the Spanish.' No observation can sound more ridiculous to those who know both languages. The Portuguese, with an average of defects which are common to all other languages, possesses a very rich vocabulary, and is in many of its features full of grace, power, flexibility and beauty. Its well-known close propinquity with the Latin is sufficient to substantiate the truth of these observations; and I am confident that were Portugal as powerful now as she was at the era which Camoens celebrates her language would be proportionately esteemed and studied.[1] Camoens, styled the 'Father of

[1] Camoens, however, is very far indeed from being an unknown poet. His 'Lusiads' have been wholly or in part

the Language' and the 'Virgil of Portugal,' may be said to have founded his mother tongue, while he celebrated his country's glory. 'That delight,' says Southey, 'which we take in Spenser and in the sweeter parts of Daniel,[1] a Portuguese feels in the "Lusiad." Camoens is "the well undefiled" of that fine language, which he, more than any other, enriched and refined.'

As regards the art of translation itself, which I compare with the engraving of a picture, all who have essayed the task can appreciate its difficulties. Nor is its importance less. It has produced a special, vast and varied range of literature, both in poetry and prose, and served as a channel for the mutual interchange of chosen expression, thought and feeling, among the nations, opening no less the Sacred and the Beautiful than the Useful of each to the other. As the most venerated example of the first, in England, may be mentioned our own Bible and the Prayer-book version of the Psalms. These are translations, and they are brimful of the Beautiful. The Psalms are purely Sacred Poetry.

Poetry is, no doubt, in general more unattainable than prose. But there is much prose more unattainable than much poetry. The translation, however, of one modern language into another, whether of poetry or prose, must, to the merest tyro, be obviously a task of far less difficulty, on every account, than the translation from an ancient language into a modern, especially as to poetry. In this achievement our Pope and Dryden, though always criticised, always continue giants.

It has been said that 'none but a poet can translate a poet.' If this be true, whoever undertakes such a work must plead guilty to making some pretensions to

translated, in prose or verse, into the dead as well as the living languages; for a very copious and interesting account of which I refer the reader to Captain Burton's Commentary.

[1] Samuel Daniel, of Taunton, born 1562. Poet Laureate to Queen Elizabeth. He wrote an heroic poem in eight books, on the Wars of the Roses.

the laurel, and must submit to be tested accordingly. It has been also said that to speak of a literal poetical translation of any poem is to commit a solecism. So far as I am myself concerned I have no other argument to offer upon these questions than will be found in the translation itself which I am now bold enough to offer to the public, wherein my own efforts will explain my own views.[1]

Camoens is an author with whom it is very easy to take liberties, and in translating whom the workman must suppress all temptations to overpass his purity and simplicity—a feature nowhere more prominent than in his sweetest and loftiest passages. His style (if I may thus express myself) will not bear tearing or hurrying; it will not suffer the turgid or bombastic, though he may be somewhat hyperbolical in his patriotism. It is one peculiarly his own, and from which in certain parts a quaintness is inseparable; as, for example, is the case

[1] In a literary article upon Morris's translation of the 'Æneid' (Ellis and White), published in the 'Times' of June 12, 1876, appear the following most excellent observations upon this part of the subject, which I cannot resist reprinting:—'The first difficulty, then' (writes the reviewer), 'to be encountered in the translation of a poet is the choice of a metre, and here, in the case of Virgil, the first sacrifice must be made, for the English language affords no metre which can reproduce the rapid but stately march of the Virgilian hexameter. When that difficulty is overcome, the next is to produce a faithful transcript of the original; the poet here needs to turn scholar, to think with his author's thoughts, in order that he may adequately represent his words. There remains a third difficulty, perhaps the most insuperable of all, and that is, to reproduce the spirit, the general effect, the "ensemble" of the original.

'This is the true poet's function in translation. Versification in the chosen metre is more or less a knack to be acquired: fidelity is a matter of scholarship, and of the exact and felicitous use of language: but to make the original poet live again, with form and feature unimpaired, in a language not his own, is the consummate task of the translator, and it almost needs a metempsychosis for its accomplishment.'

with great Handel's music. It can be imbibed only by reading him thoroughly. He relies throughout upon the simplest phrases and figures for his purposes. All is nature, all is simplicity, whether he is terse in narrative, tender in feeling, imaginative in description, or sententious in his moral teachings. He cannot, as it seems to me, be truthfully translated without strict attention to his modes of thought, his modes of expression, and to the metre which he chose as his own. His style must be caught and closely respected; the key in which he sets his music does not admit of transposition. He chose the metre which best suited with the cast of his mind; and this is particularly evident in the terse and antithetical apothegms with which he so frequently closes a stanza.

Having fixed these strict rules for my own government, the reader may be left to appreciate the difficulty of my work. In his own language, moreover, Camoens is permitted to take certain liberties in rhyming, which appear also in French, Italian and Spanish poetry, but which are not allowable in either English or German. I mean the rhyming with the same sound, if only the meaning of the word be different; as (for example) of 'cego' with 'socego,' of which there are abundant corresponding examples throughout the poem. The sweetness of his language also permits much unevenness and irregularity in his lines, not unpleasantly evident from the frequency of the vowel, the scarcity of which is a defect in English. It will also be observed that the lines end with the double or two-syllabled rhyme—a feature common in all Portuguese poetry, but impossible to follow in English, and called by the Germans the 'schwacher Reim.'

If I am right in all these observations, the truth of them will be proved in the reading of my work. I have done my best to reproduce my original, in English garb, body and spirit. I have never, that I am aware of, over-strained a single line, nor indulged too frequently in what is familiarly called the 'give and take.' If such

a recourse may be found now and then to have been inevitable, it must be remembered that no author of original poetry is himself exempt from it.

As regards the 'Lusiads' as an original work, first published in Lisbon in 1572, I leave our critics to discuss it, hoping I may have contributed somewhat to the easy reading of it. And here I venture to remark that from certain observations I have met with in the lately-published Life of Lord Macaulay, I much regret that that great authority is not still alive to bestow a fuller study on the 'Lusiads' than he gives us to understand lay within his power, by the manner in which he speaks of his application to the Portuguese. He cannot have known one tithe enough of that language to enable him to be a real judge of the Lusiads. For my part, I purposely abstain from all criticism, except to notice that one of the features of the poem has been greatly dwelt upon—the mixture throughout of the agencies of the God of Christianity and of those of the heathen mythology. And I do not discuss this point further than to say that I think Tasso far more open to objection on the score of magic in the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' an essentially religious poem, which the 'Lusiads' is not; while at the same he utterly falls short of those charming flights of fancy which the Gods and Goddesses of the ancients alone give scope for, and of whom Camoens so abundantly avails himself.

'We have fully proved,' writes Mickle, 'and Bacon has been cited to explain the philosophical reason of it, that the spirit of poetry demands something supernatural.' This must be especially true in a poem like the 'Lusiads,' which contains so much of geography as well as history, and cannot therefore be poetical throughout. And whoever, let me add, would soar to the highest flights of supernatural fancy must wing his way among the deities of Greece.

One great advantage, at all events, is derived from Camoens' incongruities, if such they be. He fills and enriches his pictures from all sources. Throughout the

'Lusiads' there is every variety of impersonation; there is always companionship of some kind; and from first to last the reader is borne along (not denying some rather cumbrous historical and geographical reading) with a sense that he is never alone, but is journeying onwards amidst peopled history or haunted legend; recalled, moreover, from time to time, in the spirit of true devotion, to the presence and the protecting power of the Supreme Being of Christianity.

Before concluding, some notice is demanded of the often-written life of Luiz de Camoens. It appears to have been clouded with misfortune and disappointment throughout, to which fact his sonnets abound in allusions. His family was noble, originally Gallician, and his ancestor, Ruy de Camoens, is said to have removed into Portugal in 1370. As he was ill-treated in life and is become famous, different cities must of course after death claim to have been his birthplace. Various dates are given for his birth. He may be taken, however, to have been born in Lisbon in 1524 (see Adamson's 'Memoirs') during the reign of Don John III. of Portugal, and of our Henry VIII. of England. He would, therefore, have been born twenty-seven years after Vasco da Gama's voyage of discovery to India, which he lived to make as immortal in poetry as it is in the world's history.

His first misfortune happened during his infancy, in the death of his father, who, while in command of a vessel, was shipwrecked at Goa, with loss of life and of the greater part of his property. His mother, however, sent him to the University of Coimbra, the great University of Portugal, which, having been originally founded in Lisbon in 1279, by Don Diniz, the 'patriot King,' was afterwards, in 1527, finally transferred to the first-named rocky and romantic site, overlooking the Mondego, which winds through the wide and fertile valley below. Here Camoens appears to have spent the happiest hours of his life 'in morning gay,' and to have imbibed an early and profound taste for the Classics, on

which he drew so frequently and copiously throughout his poem. Here also, it is asserted, he first learned love; a sentiment in which his proud and noble nature appears to have abounded, mingled with great tenderness. Nor, in the spring of his youth, did the romantic scenery around him, including the site of the deep tragedy of Ignez de Castro, which forms the subject of that beautiful Episode in his third Canto, fail to nourish and expand his instinctive poetical imagination. To this certain of his early sonnets testify, including a beautiful farewell to Mondego, on leaving Coimbra,[1] and exchanging the joys and liberty of boyhood for the bitterness and slavery of after life.

From the University, which he quitted about 1545, he came to Lisbon, and was received at court, where his noble birth, education and engaging manners, appear to have secured him a very favourable reception. These qualities, however, combined with his extreme devotion to the fairer sex, soon led him into trouble; for, falling in love with Donna Catherina de Atayde, a lady of the palace, who reciprocated his affection, and love intrigues at the court of Lisbon being considered a high crime, he was banished from those royal and luxurious precincts, and retired to the cold regions of Santarem, some fifty miles from Lisbon, on the banks of the Tagus. Thus there came over him one of the early heavy clouds of his life, in descanting on which he avows that his first impressions arose on seeing the lady during his devotions at church on a Good Friday, and volunteers a confession that the day and the scene were alike unfitted for the intrusion of the more powerful sentiment.

At Santarem he is supposed to have begun or designed his great poem, which was composed partly in Europe and partly in Asia, at various intervals and amidst various circumstances; but soon becoming tired of in-

[1] I can personally bear testimony to the beauty of Coimbra. My visit to the 'Quinta das Lagrimas' first prompted me to translate the 'Lusiads.'

active life, which little suited with his enthusiastic nature, and King John III. preparing an expedition against the Moors at Ceuta in Africa, Camoens eagerly joined, and being foremost in a naval engagement, he met with his next misfortune in the loss of his right eye, which was destroyed by a splinter. The fame of his valour having reached Lisbon, he obtained permission to return; but having subsequently suffered (to use his own expression) 'the malignity of evil tongues,' he determined to leave his country, and in 1553 sailed with a fleet for India with a resolution never to return. 'Ingrata patria!' (he is said to have exclaimed in Scipio's words), 'non possidebis ossa mea.' The ocean, however, was nearly doing so, for the vessel he embarked in appears to have been the only one of the number that arrived at Goa!

On reaching this port, the first intelligence which met his ears was that of the death of his bosom friend, Don Antonio de Noronha, who also had miscarried in love, and whose acquaintance he first made as a comrade at Ceuta. He shortly joined an expedition against the King of Cochin, displaying his usual bravery. In the year following he joined in an expedition to the Red Sea, visiting Mount Felix, and parts of Africa, and writing poetical descriptions of what he saw. Returning to Goa, he was shortly accused of publishing satires against the viceroy, Francisco Barreto, and was banished, or rather ordered off to China. Here, however, he was appointed 'Commissary of the Estates of Deceased Persons,' in the island of Macao, in which position he acquired a competency, small, but sufficient for his wishes. And here a grotto is still shown, in which he is said to have written the greater part of what remained to be written of his epic; probably the last three cantos, if we may judge from the concluding stanza of the seventh, which indicates a pause at that point of the work.

He eventually resigned his office and sailed for Goa, in a ship said to have been freighted by himself. And

now occurred the greatest misfortune in his life. He was shipwrecked in the gulf, near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin China, losing all he had acquired; scarcely escaping with his life; and indeed, swimming to shore with one hand, while he held his poems in the other! By such a catastrophe, which is touchingly recounted (as by prophecy), in stanza cxxxviii. of the tenth canto, was he himself nearly sacrificed; and an invaluable contribution to literature was nearly lost for ever to his country and the world.

But his life would seem to have been spared only that he might be subjected to still further troubles; and happy, it has been said, had it been for Camoens if Mecon had closed over him for ever! An opportunity at length occurring, he returned to Goa, arriving there in 1561. But shortly afterwards he was thrown into prison and subjected to a public trial, on charges of misconduct at Macao. All these, however, he triumphantly refuted, and being set at liberty reassumed his military life. Soon afterwards, he was induced to attend Pedro Barreto to Sofala, in Africa, where Barreto had been appointed Governor of the Fort. And it was about this time, according to Adamson, that he nearly succumbed to a broken heart on hearing of the death of Donna Catharina.

Barreto seems to have desired to keep Camoens by his side, as a person of distinction and erudition, and to have availed himself of the poet's poverty to effect this object. But Camoens being now very desirous to return to his native country, and some friends intervening to aid him against Barreto in this desire, he secured a passage home; and, after an absence from Portugal of sixteen years, arrived again in Lisbon in 1569.

There, in that strange stream of misfortune which appears to have engulphed him everywhere, he found a pestilence raging in the city. At last, however, in 1572, he succeeded in publishing his 'Lusiads,' dedicating the poem to the young king, Don Sebastian. But although the work appears to have attracted attention, and to have

created some sensation, yet it is certain that nothing beyond the careless bestowal of a small pension upon Camoens rewarded those labours of which his country has ever since been so proud; and he lived in penury until he died in absolute want, in 1580, in the fifty-fifth year of his age—the day of his death being unrecorded, and his very winding sheet being given out of charity for his grave!

'The fact is fully established' (says Adamson) 'by a note written in the first edition of the "Lusiad," by one who was present at his death—F. Josepe Indeo. He left the book in the convent of the Barefooted Carmelites at Guadalaxára, and it is now in Lord Holland's possession. "I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without having a winding sheet to cover him, after having triumphed in India and sailed 5,500 leagues by sea."'

Dying in June 1580, the life of Camoens was thus spared just sufficiently long to expose his patriotic heart to the pain of realising the disastrous defeat and death of his young sovereign, Sebastian, at Alcacer-Kibir, in Africa. Yet some little mercy may be claimed, perhaps, as having been extended to him, in that his miseries were put an end to even only a few weeks before he would have suffered the deep humiliation of witnessing the actual submission of his country to a foreign yoke. It was in August of the same year, 1580, that Philip II. of Spain seized upon the kingdom and reduced it to a Spanish province. Yet, of this coming event he seems to have had some bitter foreboding, when he exclaimed in that passionate attachment to his country, which, with true devotion to his religion, was 'a ruling passion strong in death,' 'I will not only die in it, but with it.'

Let it, however, in justice be recorded to the honour of Philip that the first man for whom he asked was Camoens; expressing deep disappointment on hearing that he was already beyond his call. But had he been still alive, and had Philip extended towards him a generous protection, would bread from the hand of an usurper of his country's throne have been to a man like

Camoens less bitter than poverty, suffered by the negligence of his own King? To such alternatives are the Fates sometimes found conspiring with the Furies to reduce the worthy among mankind.

So lived and so died Luiz de Camoens, now 'The Great' of Portugal; author of the 'Lusiads,' and of many songs and sonnets, which are claimed to rank with those of Petrarch.

The portrait of his mind will be found in his poem. 'As the mirror of a heart so full of love, courage, generosity and patriotism as that of Camoens' (writes Hallam), '"The Lusiad" can never fail to please us, whatever place we may assign to it in the records of poetical genius.' Of portraits of his person there are as many as there are of Shakespeare, and among them is one presenting as unearthly a visage as that of the latter which forms the frontispiece to Payne Collier's edition, and is recommended by corresponding laudatory, but entirely unconvincing, lines. I have, however, chosen the one which seems to me the best to coincide with the descriptions which are given of him; but, under the tyrannical obligations of truth, I have been forced to show the blemish which his gallant conduct at Ceuta cost him.[1]

For the text of the poem I have almost exclusively relied on that of the edition published by the Conego Francisco Freire de Carvalho, in Lisbon, nor do I believe that any ambiguities can exist which are worth discussion. In such matters I have been often reminded of the scene between the spirits of Shakespeare, Betterton,

[1] He is described as 'of middle stature, with full face, and countenance a little lowering: his nose long, raised in the middle, and large at the end. Whilst young, his hair was so yellow as to resemble saffron. His manners and conversation were pleasing and cheerful.' In the word 'lowering' may perhaps be traced some slight disposition to disdain, which may have caused some of his troubles among his sensitive countrymen. His appearance has been called 'prepossessing,' and again as 'not perhaps prepossessing.'

and Booth, about some obscurity in Othello, which Fielding introduces in his 'Journey from this World to the Next.' 'Certes' (says Shakspeare at last), 'the greatest and most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking; and when two meanings to a passage can in the least balance our judgment, which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither of them is worth a farthing.'

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As I have refrained as much as possible from the interruption of notes, especially from the intrusion of copying, and merely copying, what are called parallel passages, and of mere extracts from classical and historical dictionaries, which are within the reach of any readers who may find them necessary, I will now set out some general view of the ten cantos, to serve as a guide for what may be looked for in the reading of the poem.

CANTO I. begins, then, in the form which Johnson calls the solemn repetition in heroic poetry unanimously adopted from Homer. The plural of 'heroes' in the first line and the whole substance of the first and second stanzas, indicate at once that the full history of Portugal will be the theme. In two truly poetical stanzas, IV. and V., Camoens manifests his home feelings by invoking the nymphs of his own Tagus; and then passes on to the dedication of his poem to the young king, Don Sebastian, which continues, with its various allusions, down to stanza XVIII. inclusive. Now, as this stanza, with its future verb 'regerdes,' as well as stanza XV., are universally taken to point to the Regency, and evidently do so, it is not possible that the dedication formed part of the poem in the first instance, if it be true, as is constantly asserted, that Camoens began the 'Lusiads' before leaving Portugal for India. For he sailed from Lisbon in 1553, and the young king was not born until 1554, the year afterwards. Again, this dedication could not have been written after Camoens returned to Lisbon

in 1569, because the young king had, in consequence of troubles concerning the Regency, been declared of majority in 1568, at fourteen years of age, instead of at twenty, as willed by his grandfather, John III. And in 1572, when the 'Lusiads' were first published, Sebastian was already in his eighteenth year. If, therefore, Camoens had really begun the 'Lusiads' before leaving for India in 1553, these dedicatory stanzas must have been inserted afterwards in Asia, and preserved in the poem, although, strictly speaking, inapplicable in 1572. I am by no means inclined, however, to discuss the doubts arising as to when and where different parts of the poem were written, but mean to confine myself to a general view of its contents. Sebastian's life was short. He was slain in Africa at the early age of twenty-four. No less than four pretenders successively claimed to be the lost king. A work of research upon the whole subject, which reads like a novel, but is strictly historical, entitled 'Les Faux Don Sébastien,' has been written in French and published in Paris by my distinguished friend His Excellency Conselheiro Miguel D'Antas, now Portuguese Minister at the Court of St James.

At stanza XIX. begins the narrative; it is evidently written by a man who had been to sea; and throughout the maritime descriptions this characteristic will be noted. With stanza XX. Camoens opens his first scene among the Olympian gods, where the fate of the fleet is discussed, and the enmity of Bacchus is outvoted. This subject is continued to stanza XLII., when he again returns to the fleet, conducts them to Mozambique on the African coast, describes the visit of the islanders and of their ruler, interspersing again, and particularly in stanzas LVI., LVII., LVIII., and LIX., some picturesque maritime poetry, and in a fine stanza, LXV., representing Gama as boldly declaring his faith to the Moslem. In stanza LXXI. will be found a reflection quite characteristic of Camoens. In stanza LXXIII. we return to Bacchus, who exhibited so much hostility at the Olympian Council; and in LXXXIV. the morning opens

upon the visit on shore for water, the ambush, and the fight. Peace being sued for, the fleet sails to Mombaça, but, again at the instigation of Bacchus, under the guidance of a treacherous pilot. Venus protects them. In his two concluding stanzas, CV. and CVI., Camoens discloses that uneasy state of mind arising, apparently, from his sentiments of faith and patriotism having ever been offended and disappointed by the hard experiences of real life.

CANTO II. opens with the arrival at Mombaça, and proceeds to recount what took place there. Stanzas XIX. to XXVIII. describe in a very picturesque form the interference of Venus and the Nereids to save the fleet. Then follows a prayer by Gama to heaven for safety, which is answered by the impersonation of Venus ascending to interest Jupiter; and here occurs, in stanzas XXXVI., XXXVII.,—which may be termed 'the Correggio stanzas,'—one of Camoens' most characteristic and poetical descriptions, corresponding with the warmest colourings of the Italian painters. Jupiter replies in a long historical prophecy, and in stanza LVI. sends Mercury to Gama. Stanzas LXI. to LXV. describe the dream of Gama; LXVI. and LXVII. recount the escape of the vessels; and the rest of the canto is occupied with a varied and animated description of the voyage, the arrival at Melinde, and the hospitable and sincere reception of Gama by the king, and of the scenes that took place between them.

CANTO III. commences with Gama's narrative, as related to the king, and is occupied by much European geography and history, in the course of which a fine stanza, XVII., is addressed to Spain. With stanza XX. begins the history of Portugal, the first four lines of stanza XXI. being a highly appreciated and very favourite quotation with the Portuguese. From XXXV. to XLI. the fidelity of Egas Moniz is finely told. From XLII. to LII. we have the account of the battle of Ourique, when the kingdom of Portugal was first founded in the person of Alfonzo I. in the year 1139. And in LIII. and LIV. we have the curious description of the Portuguese coat-of-

arms, then first adopted. The five months' siege of Lisbon follows, at which some crusaders' vessels on their way to Syria, including some from England, aided Alfonso. Pursuing his history, Camoens recounts Alfonso's death in two fine stanzas, LXXXIII.-IV., and passes on to the taking of Silves, at which, again, some English crusaders with others on their voyage aided Portugal against the Moors. The mission of Maria, queen of Don Alfonso of Castile, and daughter of Don Alfonso of Portugal, begging aid of the latter, is touchingly told, from stanzas CI. to CVI. both inclusive. The battle of Salano, in which the two Alfonsos annihilate the invaders of Castile, follows. Eventually the canto breaks forth with stanza CXVIII. into the well-known episode of the sad history of Ignez de Castro, which, after having been a thousand times admired and criticised, and criticised and admired, still remains to charm. The following extracts from works already published will furnish sufficient details for enabling the reader to appreciate this deep tragedy—a romance in history—as it is recounted in Camoens' stanzas :—

'Dona Ignez was the daughter of Don Pero Fernandez de Castro, a vassal of the first rank in Castile and Galicia. Emigrating to Portugal, he died there in 1343, in the reign of Alphonso IV. Dona Ignez de Castro accompanied, in the capacity of maid of honour, the Infanta, Constança, who came to Portugal in 1340 and was married to Don Pedro, the heir to the throne. Dona Constança died in 1345. By a clandestine marriage, Don Pedro was united to Ignez de Castro. Jealousy and envy stimulated some of the Portuguese nobles to conspire against her life. Apprised of their designs, she cast herself at the feet of the king, protesting her innocence, and supplicating mercy. Alphonso was moved to compassion, but his clemency was intercepted by the poniards of Alvaro Gonçalves, Pedro Coelho, and Don Lopez Pacheco.

'The remains of the unfortunate Ignez were first entombed in the church of the monastery of Santa Clara, in Coimbra; but when Don Pedro succeeded to the throne, they were disinterred, by his command, in his presence. Dona Ignez was

then placed on a throne, and crowned; and all who were present kissed her hand, in token of respectful homage to their queen. Her remains were subsequently conveyed in a splendid litter to Alcobaça by torch-light—a distance of seventeen leagues—accompanied by a most numerous cortege of the clergy, monastic orders, and the greatest personages in the kingdom. The same ceremonies of submissive homage were there repeated, and the body was deposited in a sculptured tomb prepared for its reception. In a similar tomb adjoining that of his beloved Ignez, Don Pedro, a few years afterwards, was interred.

'Their style is that of a sarcophagus; not, indeed, very finely sculptured, but from its general effect meriting to be considered as a respectable work of art. As monuments of great national interest, they eminently deserve to be skilfully restored, and most carefully preserved.

'By mutual agreement, Peter the Cruel, King of Castile, and Don Pedro the Cruel, of Portugal, hardened by these events, gave up such delinquents as had taken refuge in their respective dominions. Coelho and Gonçalves were arrested and delivered up to the King of Portugal. Pacheco escaped. According to Faria y Sousa, the punishments the king inflicted on these criminals were most horrible. Their hearts were torn out alive, and they were subsequently burnt.'—*Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas. Terceira Parte*, cap. ix.

The notes to Mickle's translation of the 'Lusiad,' Mr Adamson's 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoens,' and the preface to the 'Translation of Antonio Ferreira's Tragedy of Ignez de Castro,' may be consulted by those who may feel sufficient interest in this mournful history to wish for a more circumstantial statement of the tragical catastrophe.

Let me add that a beautifully written tragedy, entitled 'Inez, or, The Bride of Portugal,' by Ross Neil, suggested by this remarkable story, was some few years ago published by Messrs Ellis & Green. It does not, however, follow the true history.

CANTO IV. is also occupied with a continuation of the general history, including (stanzas XXIII. to XLV.) a de-

scription of the famous battle of Aljubarrota, in 1385, when D. João I. utterly routed the Castilians. He afterwards married Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster (son of our Edward III.), the third son by which marriage was the famous D. Henrique, Duke of Viseu, the founder of Portuguese maritime discovery.[1] Stanzas LX. to LXV. relate to the first expedition made by land for the discovery of a direct passage to India, under John II., and the fate of those who undertook it is feelingly described. Then follows the famous vision of Don Manoel of the rivers Ganges and Indus, and the consequent commission of the new enterprise to Vasco da Gama, whose noble form of accepting it, as described by the poet, manifests again the high tone of Camoens' mind. Then come those touching scenes of preparation and departure, succeeded by the Old Man's warning, in whom is figured the general feeling of the nation upon the occasion. For the tenderness and power displayed in all these stanzas Camoens has been much and justly admired.

CANTO V. opens with the actual departure of Vasco da Gama's expedition. The second stanza tells the date of this event, and is worthy of notice from its peculiar form. Stanza III. is one of the most touching and most simple in the whole poem, and evidently reflects Camoen's own feelings on leaving his country in 1553. It is extremely admired by the Portuguese, with whom love of country is a well-known characteristic. After several pretty stanzas comes the famous description of the waterspout, stanzas XVI. to XXII., to the exactness of which, from having seen one, and happily from a distance, in the tropical regions, I can personally testify. The

[1] An elaborate biography, in one volume, of this most distinguished figure in Portuguese, indeed, in the world's history, has been written by my friend, Mr Richard Henry Major, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., of the British Museum, and has been translated into Portuguese by Sr. José Antonio Ferreira Brandao, and published in Lisbon, under the guidance and at the sole cost of H.E. the Duke of Palmella.

first four lines of stanza XVIII. refer to St Elmo's lights. These I have also seen, as described in my "Flight to Mexico." Then follows a curious adventure on shore; and then the ever-famous vision of the giant Adamastor at the Cape—called at first (as already mentioned) the 'Cape of Storms,' but afterwards by D. João II. the 'Cape of Good Hope.' Even Voltaire, whose flippancy in his pretended criticism of the 'Lusiads' (which he never really read) suffers such unmerciful castigation at the hands of Julius Mickle, warmly admires both this scene and the episode of Ignez de Castro. In the remainder of the canto Vasco da Gama continues and completes his narrative, including a pretty description of the scene at Sofála. In his description of the attack of scurvy, the two stanzas LXXX. and LXXXIII. are worthy of attention. Stanzas XCII. to the end are occupied in strictures against his countrymen for want of those more refined gifts which should adorn and encourage enterprise; and the last two stanzas are evidently pointed at the poetical insensibility of Gama himself and the neglect of his descendants, and his own resolution to write notwithstanding.

CANTO VI. brings the fleet to India. It begins with the departure of Gama from Melinde, whose king and people always maintained friendship with the Portuguese, and at once describes new plots by Bacchus, who descends to Neptune's palace at the bottom of the sea, in order to provoke the hostility of that god against the fleet. A council is summoned, and a furious storm is decreed. The whole of these scenes and descriptions are eminently diversified and imaginative. The speech of Bacchus is very spirited. Meanwhile the fleet is quietly sailing along, and in various stanzas we again trace Camoens' own experiences on the ocean in the charming truth and simplicity of his pictures. Then comes the famous night scene in which the sailors are represented as listening to a tale, recounted by Velloso, which is called 'The Twelve of England.' Mickle states that he has been quite unable to trace the slightest vestige of this tale in

English history. Castera, however, professes to give the names of the Portuguese champions. The title ought rather to be 'The Twelve of Portugal.' Whether resting upon any basis of truth or not, the tale is admirably told and highly interesting, and forms a great feature in the poem. Let it rest in the halos of misty legend.

At its close the storm decreed in the palace of Neptune breaks upon the fleet, and is magnificently described. Then succeeds a fine prayer by Gama to Heaven for deliverance, and in stanza LXXXV. Venus again shines forth in person, solving the discord as the 'Star of Love.' In perfect poetry she calls the sea-nymphs to her aid, who subdue the winds, and morning breaks upon the navigators, with India close in view. In some noble stanzas the poet here represents Gama as falling upon his knees in thanksgiving to Heaven; and again closes his canto, which may be read with interest and delight throughout, with some of his very best stanzas. My friend Dr Joaquim Nabuco has so high an opinion of these that he has inclined to the opinion that Camoens must originally have intended to close his poem with this canto.

CANTO VII. opens with an exhortation and rebuke to the Christian nations, in the course of which an attack is made upon Turkey. The kingdom of Malabar is described; also the anchoring of the fleet, the meeting with Monçaide, the Moor of Tunis; Gama's visit on shore to the Catual; the Catual's visit to the ships; offers of commercial treaties; and the beginning of the description of various pictures and flags on board; when from stanza LXXVIII. to the close Camoens suddenly breaks off into some of his most bitter and dignified reflections as regards his own treatment and condition. Throughout this canto the simple and unaffected style of Camoens' form of narrative is most apparent; the matter is very interesting; and the style easy and fluent.

CANTO VIII. continues the description of the historical pictures, as far as stanza XXXIX. The remainder gives more scope for Camoens' pen, and the stanzas which

describe the appearance of Bacchus in a dream, and the scene between the King and Gama, with the speech of the latter, are in general highly appreciated. The reader may further be left to pick out various other stanzas, according to his taste, not overlooking the last four upon the power of gold. LIV., LXXXVII., and LXXXIX. are often quoted by Portuguese and Brazilians. The incidents are, like most of the others, taken from the *Decades* of De Barros.

CANTO IX. opens with the difficulties thrown in the way of Gama's departure, who, however, eventually gets to sea. In stanza XV. Monçaide is described as 'blessed' in accompanying Gama. In stanzas XVI. and XVII., Camoens breaks forth into full poetry, describing the impulse of feelings awakened by a return home; and here again we seem to trace somewhat of those impressions which he had himself experienced, though apparently always a stranger to any bright train of thought. Immediately afterwards begins the descriptive narrative which gradually leads up to the enchanting allegory of 'The Isle of Loves' ('Ilha dos Amores'). Venus, with the assistance of Cupid and the Nereids, prepares a floating island, like another Delos, for the reception and entertainment of the returning mariners. The whole, with all its beautiful descriptions, must be read to be appreciated. The concluding stanzas, LXXXIX. XCV., explain the allegory which Southey says, though perhaps pushed too far, is quite pure from everything of the *malus animus*, as, indeed, every high-coloured description of Camoens will honestly be found to be. The Canto appears to me to represent an elaborate canvas of exquisite conception and colouring, and bold indeed should I be to affect to feel that the Engraving of my translation is worthy of the original Painting. In the expedition of Cupid, Cameons takes occasion, with his usual frankness, to satirise the young king for his pursuits, under the name of Actæon, and likewise the court and general manners of the country.

CANTO X. opens with some very pretty stanzas; and

a Siren's prophetic song, concerning future Portuguese heroes, power, and possessions, succeeds. In stanzas VIII. and IX. Camoens points feelingly to his own waning powers. On the conclusion of the Siren's song, stanza LXXIII., Tethys leads the way up a rugged mountain, where a globe is displayed, and a long description is given of the heavens and earth on the Ptolemean system, followed by a prophetic series of the Portuguese exploits. All the heroes and facts mentioned are to be found in history. From stanzas CIX. to CXIX. the Indian history of St Thomas the Apostle, with a miracle, miraculous indeed, is introduced. He is said to have preached the Gospel in that country. Stanza CXXVIII., prophetically recounting the accident on the Mecon, has been already mentioned. Finally, in stanza CXLII., Camoens resumes his more poetic style. Tethys bids the Portuguese farewell, and Gama sails for Lisbon, stanza CXLIV. describing his happy arrival. The poet then declines farther labours, and occupies the remainder of the canto in a solemn address to his King; and in the final stanza again refers to the old saying attributed to Alexander—that he envied Achilles his poet rather than his deeds. Camoens says, in fact—"Be you Alexander, and I will be your Homer."

In this running sketch of the whole poem I have endeavoured to point out, in a general manner, its salient points; but there are separate short passages of beauty to be met with everywhere. The grand feature of the whole composition consists in the fact that its subject is one of the most important events in the world's history.

In the Map which accompanies the work, the outward and homeward tracks are those taken by sailing vessels to-day, and are copied from the Map in the *Roteiro da Viagem de Vasco da Gama*, por A. Herculano, Barão do Castello de Pavia, Lisboa, 1861. As regards the notes to the Cantos I have added but little to them, as all matters connected with them are so voluminously treated of in Captain Burton's Commentary.

# *STANZAS*

*Supposed to have been addressed by the Spirit of Camoens to the Portuguese nation on the occasion of their celebrating the Tercentenary of his death, when his bones and those of Vasco da Gama were finally transferred to the Convent Church of San Jeronymo—10th June* 1880.

I SAW, though all unseen, the solemn train
That spread in coloured grandeur o'er the breast
Of Tagus, carrying to their final rest
My bones and his, our hero of the main.

And Tagides[1] were there, and ah! once more
It seemed to me that I could sound a strain
Among my countrymen: but that was vain,
Only my bones were lying by the shore.

O Lusitania! still my native land,
Though now three hundred years ago I died,
Oh! bear in constant mind the strength and pride,
Of ours, who owned the patriot's heart and hand.

These have I sung, and all that could inspire
Remembrance of our never numerous band,
But always mighty heart, steeled to withstand
The ocean's storms, the foeman's sword and fire.

Thou hast thy freedom; this was their bequest;
No ocean passage there remains to find;
And for a record of their naval mind,
Behold two spreading empires, east and west.

[1] Nymphs of Tagus.

My country! 'neath the smiles of peace, secure
Name worthy that our earlier sons possessed;
With freedom, science, arts and commerce blessed,
A people noble, and your rulers pure.

Mark well your solemn pledge: these festive days
Are more than empty joys; they are a vow,
That as our fathers strove, so ye will now,
'Midst Europe's nations this, our own, to raise.

Why have ye reared a statue to my fame?
Why have ye bound its brows with poets' bays?
'Tis that this vow, this purpose it displays,
Or 'tis a Nothing—and usurps my name.

Ye are its spirit: I have ceased to live:
And if the sufferings of neglected years
Drew from my living eyes some bitter tears,
Your hearts to-day have taught me to forgive.

Farewell! I watch you with a Spirit's eyes,
Your higher thoughts and acts shall still survive,
For as yourselves and sons shall faint or strive,
Our land, our Lusitania, lives or dies.

# OS LUSIADAS

## THE LUSIADS.

## *CANTO PRIMEIRO.*

I.

As armas e os Barões assinalados,
Que da occidental praia Lusitana
Por mares nunca de antes navegados
Passaram ainda alem da Taprobana,
Em perigos e guerras esforçados
Mais do que promettia a força humana;
E entre gente remota edificaram
Novo reino que tanto sublimaram;

II.

E tambem as memorias gloriosas
Daquelles Reis, que foram dilatando
A Fé, o imperio; e as terras viciosas
De Africa e de Asia andaram devastando;
E aquelles que por obras valerosas
Se vão da lei da morte libertando,
Cantando espalharei por toda parte,
Se a tanto me ajudar o engenho e arte.

III.

Cessem do sabio Grego e do Troiano
As navegações grandes que fizeram;
Calle-se de Alexandro e de Trajano
A fama das victorias que tiveram;
Que eu canto o peito illustre Lusitano
A quem Neptuno e Marte obedeceram:
Cesse tudo o que a Musa antigua canta;
Que outro valor mais alto se alevanta.

## *CANTO I.*

I.

Arms and the heroes signalised in fame,
Who from the western Lusitanian shore
Beyond e'en Taprobana sailing came
O'er seas that ne'er had traversed been before,
Dauntless in wars and dangers without name,
Achieving all of human force and more,
And midst a race remote in distant clime
New kingdom raised to future so sublime;

II.

And all the glorious memories that grace
Those Kings who sallied forth to propagate
The Faith, the empire; and the countries base,
Asian and African, did devastate;
And those who hold by valorous deeds such place
That from death's law their names they liberate,
Through all the world in song will I rehearse,
If art and genius so inspire my verse.

III.

Cease now those mighty voyages to proclaim,
The Trojan and the learned Greek sustained;
Boast not of victories and all their fame,
That Trajan and great Alexander gained;
I sing a daring Lusitanian name,
O'er Neptune and o'er Mars to rule ordained;
Cease all the Ancient Muse resounds, for lo!
Another valour bolder front doth show.

IV.

E vós, Tagides minhas, pois creado
Tendes em mi hum novo engenho ardente,
Se sempre em verso humilde celebrado
Foi de mi vosso rio alegremente,
Dai-me agora hum som alto e sublimado,
Hum estylo grandiloquo e corrente,
Porque de vossas aguas Phebo ordene
Que não tenham inveja ás de Hippocrene.

V.

Dai-me huma furia grande e sonorosa,
E não de agreste avena, ou frauta ruda,
Mas de tuba canora e bellicosa,
Que o peito accende e a cor ao gesto muda:
Dai-me igual Canto aos feitos da famosa
Gente vossa que a Marte tanto ajuda,
Que se espalhe e se cante no universo,
Se tão sublime preço cabe em verso.

VI.

E vós, ó bem nascida segurança
Da Lusitana antigua liberdade,
E não menos certissima esperança
De augmento da pequena Christandade:
Vós, ó novo temor da Maura lança,
Maravilha fatal da nossa idade,
Dada ao mundo por Deos que todo o mande
Para do mundo a Deos dar parte grande:

VII.

Vós, tenro, e novo ramo florecente
De huma arvore de Christo mais amada
Que nenhuma nascida no Occidente,
Cesárea, ou Christianissima chamada:
Vede-o no vosso escudo, que presente
Vos amostra a victoria já passada,
Na qual vos deo por armas e deixou
As que elle para si na Cruz tomou:

IV.

And ye, my nymphs of Tagus, since my rhyme
With ardent genius new ye now inspire,
If I was wont, well pleased, in former time
To celebrate your stream with humble lyre,
Oh grant me now a lofty note sublime,
A grand and glowing line of poet's fire,
That of your waters Phœbus may ordain
They shall not envy those of Hippocrene.

V.

Grant me a daring and sonorous tone,
Not as from flute or shepherd's reed might flow,
But from harmonious martial trumpet blown,
That fires the breast and flushes all the brow;
Grant me such Song your famous race would own,
Worthy their feats whose aid e'en Mars doth know,
That through the world I may resound the strain,
If verse can valour so sublime contain.

VI.

And thou, the best-born fortress and the stay
Of ancient Lusitanian liberty,
Nor less, of hope the most assurèd ray
For growth of nascent Christianity;
Thou, the avenging marvel of our day,
New terror of the Moorish lance to be,
Given to the world by God, to rule it all,
That of the world great part to God may fall:

VII.

Thou flourishing young branch of a green tree
By Christ more well-belovèd as His own
Than any born in Occident that be,
Or as Cesarian or most Christian known;
Behold this on thy shield, where thou dost see
A victory long past here present shown,
Wherein He gave thee for thy arms displayed
Those that upon the Cross His own He made.

VIII.

Vós, poderoso Rei, cujo alto imperio
O Sol, logo em nascendo, vê primeiro,
Vê-o tambem no meio do hemispherio,
E quando desce o deixa derradeiro:
Vós, que esperamos jugo e vituperio
Do torpe Ismaelita cavalleiro,
Do Turco oriental e do Gentio
Que inda bebe o licor do sancto rio:

IX.

Inclinai por hum pouco a magestade—
Que nesse tenro gesto vos contemplo,
Que já se mostra qual na inteira idade
Quando subindo ireis ao eterno templo—
Os olhos da Real benignidade
Ponde no chão: vereis hum novo exemplo
De amor dos patrios feitos valerosos,
Em versos divulgado numerosos.

X.

Vereis amor da patria, não movido
De premio vil, mas alto e quasi eterno;
Que não he premio vil ser conhecido
Por hum pregão do ninho meu paterno.
Ouvi: vereis o nome engrandecido
Daquelles de quem sois senhor superno
E julgareis qual he mais excellente,
Se ser do mundo Rei, se de tal gente.

XI.

Ouvi; que não vereis com vãas façanhas,
Phantasticas, fingidas, mentirosas,
Louvar os vossos, como nas estranhas
Musas de engrandecer-se desejosas:
As verdadeiras vossas são tamanhas
Que excedem as sonhadas fabulosas,
Que excedem Rodamonte e o vão Rugeiro
E Orlando, indaque fora verdadeiro.

VIII.

Thou mighty Monarch, o'er whose high domain
Sol when he riseth earliest ray doth cast,
Beholds it in mid hemisphere again,
And at his setting moment leaves it last;
Thou, the foreshadowed conqueror, scourge and bane,
Who the vile Ishmaelitish knight shalt blast,
And Oriental Turk and Heathen tribe,
Who still their sacred river's stream imbibe:

IX.

Incline thy majesty awhile, I pray—
For that same gentle mood, methinks, in thee
Smiles now as shall smile in thy latter day,
When thou art rising to Eternity—
Bend down thy gaze on earth; a new display
Thy royal and benignant eye shall see
Of love for patriot deeds of valour bold,
Spread far and wide in verses manifold.

X.

The love of country thou shalt see, not moved
By vile reward, e'en half eternal, grand;
For 'tis not vile reward to be approved
By an acclaim of my paternal land;
Hark: thou shalt blazoned see the name beloved
Of those whom, lord supreme, thou dost command:
And thou shalt judge which yields the nobler grace,
King of the world to be, or such a race.

XI.

Hark; thou shalt not behold with empty deeds,
Fantastical, fictitious, and untrue,
Thy people praised, as boastful Muse must needs,
Seeking to shine with glory more than due:
So great thy true deeds are, their fame exceeds
E'en all of fabulous and dreamy hue,
Of Rodamonte and Rugeiro vain,
Orlando too, could all as true be ta'en.

XII.

Por estes vos darei hum Nuno fero,
Que fez ao Rei e ao reino tal serviço:
Hum Egas e hum Dom Fuas, que de Homero
A cithara para elles só cobiço.
Pois pelos doze Pares dar-vos quero
Os doze de Inglaterra e o seu Magriço:
Dou-vos tambem aquelle illustre Gama,
Que para si de Eneas toma a fama.

XIII.

Pois se a troco de Carlos Rei de França,
Ou de Cesar quereis igual memoria,
Vêde o primeiro Afonso, cuja lança
Escura faz qualquer estranha gloria:
E aquelle que a seu reino a segurança
Deixou co'a grande e prospera victoria:
Outro Joanne invicto cavalleiro,
O quartó e quinto Afonsos e o terceiro.

XIV.

Nem deixarão meus versos esquecidos
Aquelles, que nos reinos là da Aurora
Se fizeram por armas tão subidos,
Vossa bandeira sempre vencedora:
Hum Pacheco fortissimo, e os temidos
Almeidas por quem sempre o Tejo chora:
Albuquerque terribil, Castro forte,
E outros em quem poder não teve a morte.

XV.

E em quanto eu estes canto, e a vós não posso
Sublime Rei, que não me atrevo a tanto,
Tomai as redeas vós do reino vosso,
Dareis materia a nunca ouvido canto:
Comecem a sentir o pezo grosso
(Que pelo mundo todo faça espanto)
De exercitos e feitos singulares
De Africa as terras, e do Oriente os mares.

XII.

For these I will a fiery Nuno bring,
Who did such service to the King and State,
An Egas and a Fuas, whom to sing
The harp of Homer I would emulate;
For the twelve peers, I would be tendering
The twelve of England, with Magriço great;
The illustrious Gama also I proclaim,
Who for himself takes e'en Æneas' fame.

XIII.

Then, if to vie with Charles the King of France,
Or Cæsar, thou would'st seek an equal crown,
Behold the first Alfonso—he whose lance
O'ershades aught else of marvellous renown:
And him, who left his realm in high advance,
Great victory and safety all its own;
The other John, a knight to none deferred,
The fourth and fifth Alfonsos, and the third.

XIV.

Nor shall my verses leave forgotten those
Who in the kingdoms of Aurora, there,
By arms they wielded so exalted rose,
Turning thy flag victorious everywhere;
Bravest Pacheco, and the feared of foes,
Almeidas, ever weeping Tagus' care:
Terrible Albuquerque, Castro bold,
And others, over whom death had no hold.

XV.

And while I these, tho' thee I cannot, sing,
Such powers I dare not deem to me belong,
Take thou the guidance of thy realm, great King,
And light new lustre for a ne'er heard song;
Now the great weight of armies gathering
(May they spread terror all mankind among),
Let Afric's lands and Oriental seas
Begin to prove, and mighty prodigies.

XVI.

Em vós os olhos tem o Mouro frio,
Em quem vê seu exicio affigurado;
Só com vos ver o barbaro Gentio
Mostra o pescoço ao jugo já inclinado:
Tethys todo o ceruleo senhorio
Tem para vós por dote apparelhado;
Que, affeiçoada ao gesto bello e tenro,
Deseja de comprar-vos para genro.

XVII.

Em vós se vem da Olympica morada
Dos dous Avós as almas cá famosas,
Huma na paz angelica dourada,
Outra pelas batalhas sanguinosas:
Em vós esperam ver-se renovada
Sua memoria e obras valerosas,
E lá vos tem lugar no fim da idade
No templo da suprema eternidade.

XVIII.

Mas em quanto este tempo passa lento
De regerdes os povos que o desejam,
Dai vós favor ao novo atrevimento,
Para que estes meus versos vossos sejam:
E vereis ir cortando o salso argento
Os vossos Argonautas; porque vejam
Que são vistos de vós no mar irado,
E costumai-vos já a ser invocado.

XIX.

Já no largo Oceano navegavam,
As inquietas ondas apartando,
Os ventos brandamente respiravam,
Das naos as velas concavas inchando:
Da branca escuma os mares se mostravam
Cobertos, onde as proas vão cortando
As maritimas aguas consagradas
Que do gado de Próteo são cortadas;

XVI.

On thee the shivering Moor keeps eye, as one
From whom his fear forebodes the fatal stroke;
The barbarous heathen at thy sight alone
Already bends the neck to take the yoke;
Tethys, in dower, the whole cerulean throne
For thy command prepares, and hath bespoke
Thy purchase as her son-in-law to be,
Charmed by thy gentle grace and majesty.

XVII.

In thee, from Heaven's abode, themselves behold
The souls of thy two grandsires, famous hero;
The one by peace angelic robed in gold,
The other in his blood-red battles' gear:
In thee they hope to see on earth retold
Their valorous deeds, their records reappear;
And there thou hast a seat, when life shall close,
In the high temple of supreme repose.

XVIII.

But as this term doth slowly pass away,
While for thy future reign thy people pine,
Thy favour lend to this new daring lay,
That these my humble verses may be thine:
Thus thou shalt see thine Argonauts display
Their flying sails across the silver brine;
And, knowing thou dost watch them o'er the sea,
Prepare thyself of them invoked to be.

XIX.

NOW were they sailing o'er wide ocean bright,
The restless waves dividing as they flew,
The winds were breathing prosperous and light,
The vessels' hollow sails were filled to view;
The seas were cover'd o'er with foaming white,
Where the advancing prows were cutting through
The consecrated waters of the deep,
Where Proteus' cattle all their gambols keep;

XX.

Quando os deoses no Olympo luminoso,
Onde o governo está da humana gente,
Se ajuntam em concilio glorioso
Sobre as cousas futuras do Oriente:
Pizando o crystallino ceo formoso,
Vem pela via Lactea juntamente,
Convocados da parte do Tonante
Pelo neto gentil do velho Atlante.

XXI.

Deixam dos sete ceos o regimento,
Que do poder mais alto lhe foi dado;
Alto poder, que só co'o pensamento
Governa o ceo, a terra e o mar irado:
Alli se acharam juntos n'hum momento
Os que habitam o Arcturo congelado,
E os que o Austro tem, e as partes onde
A Aurora nasce e o claro Sol se esconde.

XXII.

Estava o Padre alli sublime e dino,
Que vibra os feros raios de Vulcano,
N'hum assento de estrellas crystallino,
Com gesto alto, severo e soberano:
Do rosto respirava hum ar divino
Que divino tornara hum corpo humano,
Com huma corôa e sceptro rutilante
De outra pedra mais clara que diamante.

XXIII.

Em luzentes assentos, marchetados
De ouro e de perlas, mais abaixo estavam
Os outros deoses todos assentados,
Como a razão e a ordem concertavam:
Precedem os antiguos mais honrados,
Mais abaixo os menores se assentavam:
Quando Jupiter alto assi dizendo,
C'hum tom de voz começa grave e horrendo:

XX.

When lo! on luminous Olympus' height,
Where dwells the government of human fate,
In council glorious all the Gods unite,
And all the future of the East debate;
Treading the lovely crystal heaven of light,
Over the Milky Way they come in state,
By grandson fair of Atlas old above
Convoked, as ordered by the Thunderer, Jove.

XXI.

Their sevenfold rule of heavens they leave for One
By whom, as loftiest power, to them 'twas given;
A lofty power, Who, by mere thought alone
Governs the angry sea, the earth, and heaven;
All in a moment they together join—
Those from the realms by cold Arcturus riven,
Those of the south, those from earth's utmost ends
Where springs Aurora and bright Sol descends.

XXII.

There the great Father all sublime doth shine,
Who hurls the bolts of Vulcan from his sphere,
On star-bespangled throne, all crystalline,
With gesture lofty, sovereign, and severe;
Forth from his brow there breathed an air divine
That might a mortal make divine appear,
With crown and sceptre brilliant to the view,
Of stone more sparkling than the diamond's hue.

XXIII.

On shining thrones, all marquetried with gold
And pearls, the other Gods were seated too,
A little lower down their thrones they hold,
As rule and order need that they should do;
The place of honour 's ceded to the old;
The younger lower still appear in view;
When lofty Jupiter, while thus he said,
Lifted his voice in tones severe and dread:

XXIV.

'Eternos moradores do luzente
Estellifero polo e claro assento,
Se do grande valor da forte gente
De Luso não perdeis o pensamento,
Deveis de ter sabido claramente,
Como he dos fados grandes certo intento,
Que por ella se esqueçam os humanos
De Assyrios, Persas, Gregos e Romanos.

XXV.

'Já lhe foi, bem o vistes, concedido
C'hum poder tão singelo e tão pequeno
Tomar ao Mouro forte e guarnecido
Toda a terra que rega o Tejo ameno:
Pois contra o Castelhano tão temido
Sempre alcançou favor do Ceo sereno:
Assi que sempre em fim com fama e gloria
Teve os tropheos pendentes da victoria.

XVI.

'Deixo, deoses, atraz a fama antiga
Que co'a gente de Romulo alcançaram,
Quando com Viriáto na inimiga
Guerra Romana tanto se affamaram:
Tambem deixo a memoria que os obriga
A grande nome, quando alevantaram
Hum por seu capitão, que peregrino,
Fingio na Cerva espirito divino.

XXVII.

'Agora vedes bem que, commettendo
O duvidoso mar n'hum lenho leve,
Por vias nunca usadas, não temendo
De Africo e Noto a força, a mais se atreve:
Que, havendo tanto já que as partes vendo
Onde o dia he comprido e onde breve,
Inclinam seu proposito e porfia
A ver os berços onde nasce o dia.

XXIV.

'Eternal dwellers of the starry pole,
And of this shining throne partakers all,
If the great valour and the mighty soul
Of Lusitania's people ye recall,
Ye clearly know that by the Fates' control,
By whose great sure intent men rise and fall,
To them must now forgotten all give place
The Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman race;

XXV.

'To them, as ye behold, by Fates' decrees,
With power so small and slender 'gainst such foes,
From the strong-armèd Moor 'twas given to seize
The whole domain where gentle Tagus flows;
The dread Castilian, too, kind Heaven did please
Should always fall before them when they rose;
So that, in truth, to fame and glory known,
Trophies of conquest they have always shown.

XXVI.

'I leave aside, O Gods! the ancient fame
Which 'gainst the race of Romulus they gained,
With Viriatus, when so great a name
In hostile Roman warfare they obtained:
I leave that record, too, enforcing claim
To great renown, when, raising one who feigned
Through a white Hind heaven's counsels to command,
They made the Stranger Captain of their band.

XXVII.

Now well ye mark that sailing fearlessly
In fragile barque o'er tracts uncoursed before
O'er unsure seas, not doubting to defy
Afric's and Notus' force, they venture more;
And having Ocean crossed in times gone by
Those parts where day is long, where short, to explore,
They turn their purpose and their enterprise
To view the cradles whence the mornings rise.

XXVIII.

'Promettido lhe está do Fado eterno,
Cuja alta lei não póde ser quebrada,
Que tenham longos tempos o governo
Do mar que vê do Sol a roxa entrada:
Nas aguas tem passado o duro inverno,
A gente vem perdida e trabalhada;
Já parece bem feito que lhe seja
Mostrada a nova terra que deseja.

XXIX.

'E porque, como vistes, tem passados
Na viagem tão asperos perigos,
Tantos climas e ceos exprimentados,
Tanto furor de ventos inimigos,
Que sejam, determino, agasalhados
Nesta costa Africana, como amigos,
E, tendo guarnecida a lassa frota,
Tornarão a seguir sua longa rota.'

XXX.

Estas palavras Jupiter dizia:
Quando os deoses, por ordem respondendo,
Na sentença hum do outro differia,
Razões diversas dando e recebendo.
O padre Baccho alli não consentia
No que Jupiter disse; conhecendo
Que esquecerão seus feitos no Oriente,
Se lá passar a Lusitana gente.

XXXI.

Ouvido tinha aos fados que viria
Huma gente fortissima de Hespanha
Pelo mar alto, a qual sujeitaria
Da India tudo quanto Doris banha;
E com novas victorias venceria
A fama antigua, ou sua, ou fosse estranha;
Altamente lhe doe perder a gloria
De que Nysa celebra inda a memoria.

XXVIII.

'Tis promised, as the Eternal Fates ordain,
Whose lofty mandate cannot broken be,
They shall for many years rule o'er the main
Which the red rising of the Sun doth see:
On the wide waves was passed the winter's pain,
They come all over-wrought and wearily:
Therefore 'tis right, the time should be at hand
For shewing them the new and longed-for land.

XXIX.

'And seeing that in their voyage they now have passed
Perils so cruel and of every kind,
Have in so many climes and storms been cast,
Endured such rage of every hostile wind,
I now resolve they be received at last
On Afric's coast as friends, and shelter find,
And, there refreshing the exhausted crew,
Shall afterwards their lengthened course renew.'

XXX.

These words spake Jupiter, and lo! around,
The Gods in order answer to the call;
Among them are opposing judgments found,
Giving and hearing various reasons all.
But Father Bacchus wills not to be bound
By Jove's decision, knowing 'twill befall
That men forget his feats in Eastern land
If thither sail the Lusitanian band.

XXXI.

For he had heard o' the Fates that out of Spain
A very mighty people should come down
O'er the deep sea, and for themselves obtain
All Doris bathes in India, with renown,
And with new victories advantage gain
O'er ancient fame or others', or his own:
And deeply would he grieve to lose the glory
Whereof yet Nysa celebrates the story.

XXXII.

Vê que já teve o Indo subjugado,
E nunca lhe tirou fortuna, ou caso,
Por vencedor da India ser cantado
De quantos bebem a agua do Parnaso;
Teme agora que seja sepultado
Seu tão celebre nome em negro vaso
Da agua do esquecimento, se lá chegam
Os fortes Portuguezes que navegam.

XXXIII.

Sustentava contra elle Venus bella,
Affeiçoada á gente Lusitana
Por quantos qualidades via nella
Da antigua tão amada sua Romana;
Nos fortes corações, na grande estrella
Que mostraram na terra Tingitana;
E na lingua, na qual quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupção crê que he a Latina.

XXXIV.

Estas causas moviam Cytherea,
E mais, porque das Parcas clara entende
Que ha de ser celebrada a clara dea
Onde a gente belligera se estende.
Assi que, hum pela infamia que arrecea,
E o outro pelas honras que pretende,
Debatem e na porfia permanecem;
A qualquer seus amigos favorecem.

XXXV.

Qual Austro fero ou Boreas na espessura
De sylvestre arvoredo abastecida,
Rompendo os ramos vão da mata escura
Com impeto e braveza desmedida,
Brama toda a montanha, o som murmura,
Rompem-se as folhas, ferve a serra erguida;
Tal andava o tumulto levantado
Entre os deoses no Olympo consagrado.

XXXII.

He knows 'twas he who Indus overcame,
And ne'er had fortune or events denied
That all as India's conqueror sang his name,
Who drink the fountain on Parnassus' side;
And now he fears such celebrated fame
The dark bed of oblivion's stream shall hide,
If the brave Portuguese should e'er arrive
On those far coasts whither to sail they strive.

XXXIII.

Him Venus challenges, of lovely mien,
Affected towards the Lusitanian race
For all their qualities which she hath seen,
And to her loved of Ancient Rome can trace;
For their brave hearts, and for their great star's sheen
That shone in Tingitana full of grace:
And for their tongue, which, as her fancy deems,
With slight corruption e'en the Latin seems.

XXXIV.

These causes Cytherea's motives were,
And more, that in the Fates she clearly read
That she, fair Goddess, should the glory share
Where these her warlike people should be spread;
Thus, one by honours she aspired to bear,
And one by terror of oblivion led,
Debating, in their views persistent stand;
The friends of each support on either hand.

XXXV.

As when the fierce South wind or Boreas drive
Through the vast thickness of some forest land,
In deep recesses boughs on boughs they rive
With force and fury all beyond command;
The mountains roar, the rolling murmurs strive,
Leaves tear, the aspiring Serras seething stand;
So midst the Gods like tumult seemed to spread,
Raised on Olympus' consecrated head.

XXXVI.

Mas Marte, que da deosa sustentava
Entre todos as partes em porfia,
Ou porque o amor antiguo o obrigava,
Ou porque a gente forte o merecia,
De entre os deoses em pé se levantava:
Merencorio no gesto parecia:
O forte escudo ao collo pendurado
Deitando para traz, medonho e irado;

XXXVII.

A viseira do elmo de diamante
Alevantando hum pouco, mui seguro,
Por dar seu parecer se poz diante
De Jupiter, armado forte e duro;
E dando huma pancada penetrante
Co'o conto do bastão no solio puro,
O ceo tremeo, e Apollo de torvado
Hum pouco a luz perdeo, como enfiado.

XXXVIII.

E disse assi: 'Ó Padre, a cujo imperio
Tudo aquillo obedece que creaste,
Se está gente que busca outro hemispherio,
Cuja valia e obras tanto amaste,
Não queres que padeçam vituperio,
Como ha já tanto tempo que ordenaste,
Não ouças mais, pois es juiz direito,
Razões de quem parece que he suspeito;

XXXIX.

'Que, se aqui a razão se não mostrasse
Vencida do temor demasiado,
Bem fora que aqui Baccho os sustentasse;
Pois que de Luso vem, seu tão privado:
Mas esta tenção sua agora passe,
Porque em fim vem de estomago damnado;
Que nunca tirará alheia inveja
O bem que outrem merece, e o Ceo deseja.

XXXVI.

But Mars, who with persistence ever strove
The Goddess to support in every case,
Either as bound by his old-standing love,
Or swayed by merits of the valiant race,
Forth from among the Gods his form did move,
While gloom and anger overcast his face;
His warlike shield that hung upon his breast
Placing behind with dread and angry crest,

XXXVII.

A little raising on his godlike brow
The visor of his adamantine helm,
Firm before Jove, his judgment to avow,
He stands irate and armed to overwhelm;
With his spear's staff he strikes a piercing blow
On heaven's bright floor, which thrills throughout the realm;
Apollo changes, ruffled in his might,
And e'en, a passing moment, pales his light.

XXXVIII.

And thus he spake: 'O Father! whose command
All that created was by thee obeys,
If now this race that seeks the Eastern land,
So loved of thee for valorous displays,
Thou will'st not shall endure ignoble brand,
(As truly was thy will in ancient days,)
To him, as thou art just, accord no force
Whose reasons flow from a suspected source;

XXXIX.

'And were not reason now, as is too plain,
By an unreasonable fear o'erthrown,
Bacchus should certainly this race sustain
From Lusus sprung, so verily his own;
But his intention may be passed as vain,
For from a poisoned spirit it hath grown;
Envy against another's weal aspires
In vain, when he deserves and Heaven desires.

XL.

'E tu, Padre de grande fortaleza,
Da determinação que tens tomada
Não tornes por detraz; pois he fraqueza
Desistir-se da cousa começada.
Mercurio (pois excede em ligeireza
Ao vento leve e á setta bem talhada)
Lhe vá mostrar a terra, onde se informe
Da India, e onde a gente se reforme.'

XLI.

Como isto disse, o Padre poderoso
A cabeça inclinando, consentio
No que disse Mavorte valeroso,
E nectar sobre todos esparzio.
Pelo caminho Lacteo glorioso
Logo cada hum dos deoses se partio,
Fazendo seus reaes acatamentos,
Para os determinados aposentos.

XLII.

Em quanto isto se passa na formosa
Casa etherea do Olympo omnipotente,
Cortava o mar a gente bellicosa
Já lá da banda do Austro e do Oriente,
Entre a costa Ethiopica e a famosa
Ilha de São-Lourenço; e o Sol ardente
Queimava então os deoses, que Typheo
Co'o temor grande em peixes converteo.

XLIII.

Tão brandamente os ventos os levavam
Como quem a Ceo tinha por amigo;
Sereno o ar, e os tempos se mostravam
Sem nuvens, sem receio de perigo:
O promontorio Prasso já passavam
Na costa de Ethiopia, nome antigo;
Quando o mar descobrindo lhe mostrava
Novas ilhas que em torno cerca e lava.

XL.

'And thou, O Father, strong and firm in will,
From the determined vow that thou didst make
Turn thou not back: for it is weakness still
A matter once engaged in to forsake;
More swift than air or arrow to fulfil
Thy word, let Mercury the message take,
Showing the land where they may learn the course
For India, and the crews recruit their force.'

XLI.

As thus he spake, the mighty Father's head
Inclining gave consent, on reason found,
To all that valorous Mars before him said;
With nectar, then, he sprinkled all around.
Then through the glorious milky way there sped
Each of the gods, who, as in reverence bound,
First made his royal courtesy to Jove,
Ere he departed to his seat above.

XLII.

WHILE this was passing in the fair abode
Of bright Olympus' realm omnipotent,
The warlike race along the ocean rode
And to the south and eastern regions went;
'Twixt Ethiopian coast and th' isle they stood
Of famed St Lawrence; and the hot sun bent
Fire on the gods, whom, flying in great fear,
Typhœus forced as fishes to appear.

XLIII.

As softly blew the winds to bear them on
As if for one whom Heaven esteemed a friend,
The air was calm, the weather cloudless shone,
Nought moved a fear that danger might impend;
The promontory Prassum they had won,
Of ancient name, where Ethiop shores extend,
When lo! there rose amid the expanding waves
New islands, which the ocean girds and laves.

XLIV.

Vasco da Gama, o forte capitão,
Que a tamanhas emprezas se offerece,
De soberbo e de altivo coração,
A quem fortuna sempre favorece,
Para se aqui deter não vê razão,
Que inhabitada a terra lhe parece;
Por diante passar determinava;
Mas não lhe succedeo como cuidava.

XLV.

Eis apparecem logo em companhia
Huns pequenos bateis, que vem daquella
Que mais chegada á terra parecia,
Cortando o longo mar com larga vela;
A gente se alvoroça, e de alegria
Não sabe mais que olhar a causa della;
'Que gente será esta?' em si diziam;
'Que costumes, que lei, que Rei teriam?'

XLVI.

As embarcações eram na maneira
Mui veloces, estreitas e compridas:
As velas com que vem eram de esteira
D'humas folhas de palma bem tecidas;
A gente da côr era verdadeira
Que Phaeton nas terras accendidas
Ao mundo deo, de ousado e não prudente:
O Pado o sabe, e Lampetusa o sente.

XLVII.

De pannos de algodão vinham vestidos,
De varias cores, brancos e listrados:
Huns trazem derredor de si cingidos,
Outros em modo airoso sobraçados,
Das cintas para cima vem despidos;
Por armas tem adargas e terçados,
Com toucas na cabeça, e navegando
Anafis sonorosos vão tocando.

XLIV.

Vasco da Gama, captain of the crew,
So many enterprises prompt to dare,
Of proud high heart that nothing could subdue,
And object ever of kind Fortune's care,
No reason to detain him held in view,
Deeming the islands all unpeopled were;
To steer his onward course he therefore sought,
But things came not to pass as he had thought.

XLV.

For lo! in company there now appear
A number of small boats which toward the fleet,
As from the Island next the mainland, steer,
Cutting long ocean with wide spreading sheet;
The crews are all alive; and as they near,
Blind to all else, the boats delighted greet:
'What race,' they say, 'are these?' all wondering,
'What law, what customs have they, and what King?'

XLVI.

The vessels as they came the shape displayed
For swiftness, being narrow-built and long:
The sails they hoisted were of matting made,
Woven of leaves of palm-tree, close and strong:
The people in their colour wore that shade
Which Phaëton, the burning lands among,
Gave to the world with rash imprudent wheel;
This Po doth know, this Lampetusa feel.

XLVII.

The people came all clothed in cotton gear
Of various colours, striped as well as white;
Some round the waist are bound, which others wear
Gathered beneath the arm, graceful and light;
Naked above the waist they all appear;
For arms they carry shields and sabres bright;
Turbans upon their heads; and, as they sail,
Sonorous trumpets sound upon the gale.

XLVIII.

Co'os pannos, e co'os braços acenavam
As gentes Lusitanas que esperassem;
Mas já as proas ligeiras se inclinavam
Para que junto ás ilhas amainassem:
A gente e marinheiros trabalhavam,
Como se aqui os trabalhos s'acabassem;
Tomam velas, amaina-se a verga alta,
Da ancora o mar ferido em cima salta.

XLIX.

Não eram ancorados quando a gente
Estranha pelas cordas já subia,
No gesto ledos vem, e humanamente
O Capitão sublime os recebia.
As mesas manda pôr em continente;
Do licor que Lyeo prantado havia,
Enchem vasos de vidro, e do que deitam
Os de Phaeton queimados nada engeitam.

L.

Comendo alegremente perguntavam
Pela Arabica lingua donde vinham;
Quem eram; de que terra; que buscavam;
Ou que partes do mar corrido tinham.
Os fortes Lusitanos lhe tornavam
As discretas respostas que convinham;
'Os Portuguezes somos do Occidente,
Imos buscando as terras do Oriente.

LI.

'Do mar temos corrido, e navegado
Toda a parte do Antarctico e Callisto,
Toda a costa Africana rodeado,
Diversos ceos e terras temos visto;
D'hum Rei potente somos, tão amado,
Tão querido de todos e bemquisto,
Que não no largo mar com leda fronte
Mas no lago entraremos de Acheronte.

XLVIII.

Now with their robes and arms the people hailed
The Lusitanians, signing them to stay;
But the light ships already thither sailed
To anchor near the Islands, on their way;
Mongst men and crews such labour now prevailed
As at their voyage's end they might display;
They take in sail, the yards run down the mast,
The wounded sea leaps o'er the anchor cast.

XLIX.

They had not anchored when this stranger race
At once came climbing up the ropes on board;
In joyous mood and with a kindly grace
The noble Captain welcome doth afford,
The tables ordering at once to place;
Of juice, which Bacchus planted, forth they poured
Glass goblets full; and what before them lies
The sun-scorched people by no means despise.

L.

While eating cheerfully they straight demand
In Arabic whence come the ships and crew?
What seek they, who they are, and from what land,
What parts of ocean, too, they had coursed through?
The hardy Lusitanians understand
Fitting replies to give, discreet and true:
'We are the Portuguese, come from the West,
And of the Eastern lands we go in quest.

LI.

'In every part of ocean we have been,
The Antarctic and Callisto, sailing there;
And various skies and various lands have seen,
And Africa's wide sea-coast everywhere;
Of a great King we are, to whom all lean
With hearts of love; so sought, of fame so fair,
That not alone o'er ocean vast we'll go,
But e'en with joy to Acheron's lake below.

LII.

'E por mandado seu buscando andamos
A terra Oriental que o Indo rega:
Por elle o mar remoto navegamos
Que só dos feos phocas se navega.
Mas já razão parece que saibamos,
Se entre vós a verdade não se nega,
Quem sois: que terra he esta que habitais;
Ou se tendes da India alguns sinais.'

LIII.

'Somos,' hum dos das ihas lhe tornou,
'Estrangeiros na terra, lei e nação:
Que os proprios são aquelles que criou
A natura sem lei e sem razão;
Nós temos a lei certa que ensinou
O claro descendente de Abrahão,
Que agora tem do mundo o senhorio,
A mãi Hebrea teve e o pai Gentio.

LIV.

'Esta ilha pequena que habitamos
He em toda esta terra certa escala
De todos os que as ondas navegamos
De Quíloa, de Mombaça e de Sofala;
E, por ser necessaria, procuramos
Como proprios da terra de habita-la;
E, porque tudo em fim vos notifique,
Chama-se a pequena ilha Moçambique.

LV.

'E já que de tão longe navegais,
Buscando o Indo Hydaspe e terra ardente,
Piloto aqui tereis por quem sejais
Guiados pelas ondas sabiamente;
Tambem será bem feito que tenhais
Da terra algum refresco, e que o Regente,
Que esta terra governa, que vos veja,
E do mais necessario vos proveja.'

LII.

'And forth we sail to seek, by his decree,
The Eastern country laved by Indus' tide;
For him we navigate the distant sea,
Wherein do only ugly seals abide.
But now it reasonable seems that we
Should know, if midst you truth be not denied,
Who ye are; what this land wherein ye live,
And what account of India can ye give.'

LIII.

One of the Islanders in answer said,
'We're strangers to this nation, law and land;
The people here are those whom nature made
All without law or sense to understand;
We have the certain law, to us conveyed
At Abraham's renowned descendant's hand,
Who o'er the world doth seignory now hold,
Heathen and Jew by parentage of old.'

LIV.

'This little island we inhabit near
For all these regions gives a certain port,
For those who from Mombaça may appear,
From Qùiloa and Sofala; all, in short;
And, as 'tis necessary for us, here
To dwell as natives of the land we've sought;
And that you be, in fine, informed of all,
The little Island Mozambique we call.

LV.

'And now that you have been so long at sea,
Seeking the torrid land Hydaspes laves,
A pilot you shall have, that you may be
Guided by him with skill across the waves;
'Twere also well that from the shore a free
Supply should come, which your condition craves;
The Regent, too, should see you, whose desire
Will be to furnish what you most require.'

LVI.

Isto dizendo, o Mouro se tornou
A seus bateis com toda a companhia;
Do Capitão e gente se apartou,
Com mostras de devida cortezia.
Nisto Phebo nas aguas encerrou
Co'o carro de crystal o claro dia,
Dando cargo á irmãa que allumiasse
O largo mundo em quanto repousasse.

LVII.

A noite se passou na lassa frota
Com estranha alegria e não cuidada,
Por acharem da terra tão remota
Nova de tanto tempo desejada;
Qualquer então comsigo cuida e nota
Na gente e na maneira desusada,
E como os que na errada seita creram
Tanto por todo o mundo se estenderam.

LVIII.

Da Lua os claros raios rutilavam
Pelas argenteas ondas Neptuninas;
As estrellas os ceos acompanhavam,
Qual campo revestido de boninas;
Os furiosos ventos repousavam
Pelas covas escuras peregrinas;
Porem, da armada a gente vigiava,
Como por longo tempo costumava.

LIX.

Mas, assi como a Aurora marchetada
Os formosos cabellos espalhou
No ceo sereno, abrindo a roxa entrada
Ao claro Hyperionio, que acordou;
Começa a embandeirar-se toda a armada,
E de toldos alegres se adornou,
Por receber com festas e alegria
O Regedor das ilhas, que partia:

LVI.

Thus spake he, and forthwith to his canoes
The Moor returned with all his company,
Bidding the fleet and captain his adieux,
With gestures of becoming courtesy.
Then Phœbus in the waters 'gan to close
In crystal chariot the refulgent day,
Charging his sister moonlight watch to keep
O'er the wide world while he reposed in sleep.

LVII.

With joy exceeding and without a thought
The night among the weary fleet was passed,
As having of the land, so far remote
And so long looked for, tidings found at last;
Then each the people 'gins to con and note,
And their strange manners in his mind to cast,
And how that they who followed a false creed
O'er the whole world should be so widely spread.

LVIII.

Now did the moon in purest lustre rise
On Neptune's silvery waves her beams to pour,
With stars attendant glittered all the skies,
E'en like a meadow daisy-spangled o'er;
The fury of the winds all peaceful lies
In the dark caverns close along the shore;
But still the night-watch constant vigils keep,
As long had been their custom on the deep.

LIX.

So soon, however, as the enamelled Morn
O'er the calm heaven her lovely locks outspread,
Opening to bright Hyperion, new born,
Her purple portals as he raised his head,
Then the whole fleet their ships with flags adorn,
And cheerful awnings o'er the decks they spread,
To welcome with delight and feastings gay
The Ruler of the Isles now on his way.

LX.

Partia alegremente navegando
A ver as naos ligeiras Lusitanas,
Com refresco da terra, em si cuidando
Que são aquellas gentes inhumanas
Que, os aposentos Caspios habitando,
A conquistar as terras Asianas
Vieram, e por ordem do destino
O imperio tomaram a Constantino.

LXI.

Recebe o Capitão alegremente
O Mouro e toda sua companhia;
Da-lhe de ricas peças hum presente,
Que só para este effeito já trazia;
Da-lhe conserva doce, e da-lhe o ardente
Não usado licor que dá alegria;
Tudo o Mouro contente bem recebe,
E muito mais contente come e bebe.

LXII.

Está a gente maritima de Luso
Subida pela enxarcia, de admirada,
Notando o estrangeiro modo e uso,
E a linguagem tão barbara e enleada.
Tambem o Mouro astuto está confuso,
Olhando a côr, o trajo e a forte armada,
E perguntando tudo, lhe dizia
Se por ventura vinham de Turquia.

LXIII.

E mais lhe diz tambem que ver deseja
Os livros de sua lei, preceito, ou fé;
Para ver se conforme á sua seja,
Ou se são dos de Christo, como crê:
E porque tudo note e tudo veja,
Ao Capitão pedia que lhe dê
Mostra das fortes armas de que usavam,
Quando co'os inimigos pelejavam.

LX.

Now on his way all cheerfully he went,
Sailing the gallant Lusian ships to see,
With stores from land, and feeling confident
That they are of the inhuman progeny,
Who, of the Caspian realms inhabitant,
Came forth of Asiatic lands to be
The conquerors; and who by fate's design
Seized on the empire of great Constantine.

LXI.

The Captain with a courteous cheerful mind
Receives the Moor and all his company,
Presenting him with robes of richest kind,
Which for this end he had brought purposely;
He gives him sweet conserves and drinks refined
Of spirit quite unknown, that fill with glee;
The Moor well satisfied accepts the toys,
And, still more satisfied, the feast enjoys.

LXII.

Now all the curious Lusitanian crew
Mount with astonishment the shrouds among,
Noting the strangers' modes and customs new,
With their so barbarous and perplexing tongue;
And th' artful Moor was puzzled with the view
Of colour, garb, and all the fleet so strong,
And, asking everything, he now demands
If haply they have come from Turkish lands.

LXIII.

He also says that he desires to see
Their books of precept, law or faith, to read;
To trace if haply like his own they be,
Or, as he judges, of the Christian creed;
And to note all, and see all properly,
He prays the gallant Captain to concede
A sample of the powerful arms they wield,
When 'gainst their enemies they take the field.

LXIV.

Responde o valeroso Capitão
Por hum que a lingua escura bem sabia ;
' Dar-te-hei, senhor illustre, relação
De mi, da lei, das armas que trazia.
Nem sou da terra, nem da geração
Das gentes enojosas de Turquia ;
Mas sou da forte Europa bellicosa,
Busco as terras da India tão famosa.

LXV.

' A Lei tenho daquelle a cujo imperio
Obedecè o visibil e invisibil,
Aquelle que creou todo o hemispherio,
Tudo o que sente e todo-o insensibil ;
Que padeceo deshonra e vituperio,
Soffrendo mórte injusta e insoffribil ;
E que do Ceo á terra em fim desceo
Por subir os mortaes da terra ao Ceo.

LXVI.

' Deste DEOS-Homem, alto e infinito,
Os livros que tu pedes não trazia ;
Que bem posso escusar trazer escrito
Em papel o que na alma andar devia.
Se as armas queres ver, como tens dito,
Cumprido esse desejo te seria ;
Como amigo as verás ; porque eu me obrigo
Que nunca as queiras ver como inimigo."

LXVII.

Isto dizendo, manda os diligentes
Ministros amostrar as armaduras ;
Vem arnezes e peitos relúzentes,
Malhas finas e laminas seguras,
Escudos de pinturas differentes,
Pelouros, espingardas de aço puras,
Arcos e sagittiferas aljavas,
Partazanas agudas, chuças bravas ;

LXIV.

To this the valorous Gama doth reply
Through one who knew their unknown language well,
'Illustrious Sir, I will the history
Of self of laws and arms I carry tell;
I am not of the land or progeny
O' the odious races that in Turkey dwell,
But from great Europe's warlike countries came,
In search of India's land, renowned in fame.

LXV.

'I own the law of Him whose high command
Visible and invisible are beneath,
Him Who created all, the sea and land
And all that breatheth, all that hath not breath;
Who bore dishonour at revilers' hand,
Suffering unjust insufferable death;
And Who, in fine, from Heaven to Earth came down
That Man might rise from Earth to Heavenly Crown.

LXVI.

'Of this God-Man, lofty and infinite,
The books thou askest for I have not brought,
For little need I bring, on paper writ,
What in the soul inscribed to travel ought.
If of our arms you still request the sight,
That wish shall be fulfilled as thou hast sought;
As friend thou shalt behold them; for, as foe,
I vouch thou ne'er wilt wish their sight to know.'

LXVII.

Thus saying, his active men he forthwith sent
The armour to display, all proved and sure;
Come warrior's gear and breastplates brilliant,
Fine coats of mail and platings all secure;
Shields with emblazonries all different,
Large shot and muskets all of steel most pure;
Then bows and arrow-bearing quivers, too,
Sharp-pointed partizans, pikes strong and true;

LXVIII.

As bombas vem de fogo, e juntamente
As panellas sulphureas, tão damnosas;
Porem aos de Vulcano não consente
Que dem fogo ás bombardas temerosas;
Porque o generoso animo e valente,
Entre gentes tão poucas e medrosas,
Não mostra quanto póde; e com razão;
Que he fraqueza entre ovelhas ser leão.

LXIX.

Porêm disto que o Mouro aqui notou,
E de tudo o que vio com olho attento,
Hum odio certo na alma lhe ficou,
Huma vontade má de pensamento;
Nas mostras e no gesto o não mostrou;
Mas com risonho e ledo fingimento
Tratal-os brandamente determina,
Até que mostrar possa o que imagina.

LXX.

Pilotos lhe pedia o Capitão
Por quem podesse á India ser levado;
Diz-lhe que o largo premio levarão
Do trabalho que nisso for tomado.
Promette-lhos o Mouro com tenção
De peito venenoso e tão damnado
Que a morte, se podesse, neste dia
Em lugar de pilotos lhe daria.

LXXI.

Tamanho o odio foi e a má vontade
Que aos estrangeiros subito tomou;
Sabendo ser sequaces da verdade
Que o filho de David nos ensinou.
Oh segredos daquella Eternidade,
A quem juizo algum não alcançou!
Que nunca falte hum perfido inimigo
Áquelles de quem foste tanto amigo!

LXVIII.

And jointly with the fiery bombs are blent
The sulphurous grenades, of force so dire;
But from his Gunners he withholds consent
That they the mortars terrible should fire;
Because a heart, noble and valiant,
A scanty timid race would ne'er aspire
To scare by showing all; and with good cause;
'T is small 'midst lambs to vaunt the lion's claws.

LXIX.

But as to this, of which the Moor took note,
And as to all he saw with watchful eye,
His soul an inward envious hatred smote,
And vile intentions in his bosom lie;
Nor look nor gesture showed a sign remote,
But he with smiling gay hypocrisy
To treat them well resolves within his mind,
Till for his schemes an opening he can find.

LXX.

For pilots now the Captain turns to ask
By whom to India's land he may be ta'en,
And promises that they for such a task
Shall be rewarded with befitting gain;
The Moor concedes them, but beneath doth mask
A bosom of such dark and poisonous stain,
That he, instead of pilots, at that hour
Would death have given, had such been in his power.

LXXI.

So great his hatred was and evil thought
Thus toward the strangers suddenly conceived,
Knowing that in the truth which Jesus taught
To all of us they verily believed:
Oh mysteries of that Eternal, wrought
Beyond what human mind e'er yet achieved!
That traitorous enemies should never end
Towards those of whom Thou wast so great a friend!

LXXII.

Partio-se nisto em fim co'a companhia
Das naos o falso Mouro despedido,
Com enganosa e grande cortezia,
Com gesto ledo a todos e fingido.
Cortaram os bateis a curta via
Das aguas de Neptuno, e recebido
Na terra do obsequente ajuntamento
Se foi o Mouro ao cognito aposento.

LXXIII.

De claro assento ethereo o grão Thebano
Que da paternal coxa foi nascido,
Olhando o ajuntamento Lusitano
Ao Mouro ser molesto e aborrecido,
No pensamento cuida hum falso engano
Com que seja de todo destruido;
E em quanto isto só na alma imaginava,
Comsigo estas palavras praticava:—

LXXIV.

'Está do fado já determinado
Que tamanhas victorias, tão famosas
Hajam os Portuguezes alcançado
Das Indianas gentes bellicosas;
E eu só, filho do Padre sublimado,
Com tantas qualidades generosas,
Hei de soffrer que o fado favoreça
Outrem por quem meu nome se escureça?

LXXV.

'Já quizeram os deoses que tivesse
O filho de Philippo nesta parte
Tanto poder que tudo sobmettesse
Debaixo do seu jugo o fero Marte:
Mas ha-se de soffrer que o fado desse
A tão poucos tamanho esforço e arte,
Que eu co'o grão Macedonio e co'o Romano
Demos lugar ao nome Lusitano?

LXXII.

On this, departing with his company,
Took leave of all the ships the treacherous Moor,
With great and with misleading courtesy;
With fraud, a pleasing mien towards all he wore.
The boats through Neptune's waves all cheerfully
Cut their short way, and, as they come to shore,
Received by his obsequious retinue,
The Moor to his accustomed seat withdrew.

LXXIII.

From bright ethereal throne the Theban great
Who from his father's thigh they say was born,
Observing that the Lusitanian fleet
Provoked the Moor to hatred and to scorn,
Designed within his heart a false deceit,
Which to their utter ruin he might turn;
And, while he secretly conceived his plan,
These words within himself he thus began:

LXXIV.

'It has already been resolved by fate
That o'er the warlike race of India's land
Their victories, so many and so great,
The Lusitanian people should command;
And I alone, of mighty Jove create,
Of qualities so many and so grand,
Am I to suffer that the Fates grant fame
To others who shall thus obscure my name?

LXXV.

'Already have the Gods their wish declared
That Philip's son should here such power obtain
That nought should by ferocious Mars be spared
In subjugating all things to his rein;
And is it now of fate to be endured
That so much power and art so few should gain,
That I, great Macedonian, Roman race
Should to the Lusitanian name give place?

LXXVI.

'Não será assi ; porque, antes que chegado
Seja este Capitão, astutamente
Lhe será tanto engano fabricado
Que nunca veja as partes do Oriente :
Eu descerei á terra, e o indignado
Peito revolverei da Maura gente ;
Porque sempre por via irá direita
Quem do opportuno tempo se aproveita.'

LXXVII.

Istó dizendo, irado e quasi insano,
Sobre a terra Africana descendeo,
Onde vestindo a forma e gesto humano
Para o Prasso sabido se moveo ;
E, por melhor tecer o astuto engano,
No gesto natural se converteo
D'hum Mouro em Moçambique conhecido,
Velho, sabio e co'o Xeque mui valido.

LXXVIII.

E entrando assi a fallar-lhe a tempo e horas
Á sua falsidade accommodadas,
Lhe diz como eram gentes roubadoras
Estas que ora de novo são chegadas ;
Que das nações na costa moradoras
Correndo a fama veio que roubadas
Foram por estes homens que passavam,
Que com pactos de paz sempre ancoravam.

LXXIX.

'E sabe mais,' lhe diz, 'como entendido
Tenho destes Christãos sanguinolentos,
Que quasi todo o mar tem destruido
Com roubos, com incendios violentos ;
E trazem já de longe engano ordido
Contra nós, e que todos seus intentos
São para nos matarem e roubarem,
E mulheres e filhos captivarem.

LXXVI.

'It shall not be; for ere he can arrive,
This Captain, at his goal, all craftily
'I will against him so much fraud contrive
That Eastern lands shall never greet his eye.
On earth will I descend and there will strive
To rouse the Moorish breast with enmity;
For always in a proper course he sails
Who of the proper time himself avails.'

LXXVII.

Thus saying, all angry and as one insane,
On Afric's land he lighted from above,
Where, taking on the face and form of man,
Towards Prassum's well-known cape he 'gan to move;
And better the astute deceit to plan,
His natural form he changed, as did behove,
For that of a known Moor in Mozambique,
Old, wise, and much esteemèd of the Sheik.

LXXVIII.

And entering thus to speak at time and hour
Which most convenient for his falsehood were,
He tells him of the devastating power
Of those who had arrived but lately there;
And how the rumour ran they did devour
The nations on the coast, and none did spare,
Robbing and plundering people as they passed;
Yet aye with pacts of peace their anchor cast.

LXXIX.

'And know ye more that I have heard,' he said,
'About these Christians so on slaughter bent;
That nearly all the sea they've desert made,
With robberies and with burnings violent;
They bring their plots from far, all framed and laid
Against us here; and that their whole intent
Is to destroy us, our possessions take,
And wives and children all their captives make.

LXXX.

'E tambem sei que tem determinado
De vir por agua a terra muito cedo
O Capitão dos seus acompanhado;
Que da tenção damnada nasce o medo.
Tu deves de ir tambem co'os teus armado
Esperal-o em cilada, occulto e quedo;
Porque, sahindo a gente descuidada,
Cahirão facilmente na cilada.

LXXXI.

'E se inda não ficarem deste geito
Destruidos, ou mortos totalmente,
Eu tenho imaginada no conceito
Outra manha e ardil que te contente:
Manda-lhe dar piloto, que de geito
Seja astuto no engano, e tão prudente
Que os leve aonde sejam destruidos,
Desbaratados, mortos, ou perdidos.'

LXXXII.

Tanto que estas palavras acabou,
O Mouro nos taes casos sabio e velho
Os braços pelo collo lhe lançou,
Agradecendo muito o tal conselho:
E logo nesse instante concertou
Para a guerra o belligero apparelho;
Para que ao Portuguez se lhe tornasse
Em roxo sangue a agua, que buscasse.

LXXXIII.

E busca mais, para o cuidado engano,
Mouro que por piloto á nao lhe mande,
Sagaz, astuto, e sabio em todo o dano,
De quem fiar-se possa hum feito grande;
Diz-lhe que, acompanhando o Lusitano,
Por taes costas e mares co'elle ande,
Que se daqui escapar que lá diante
Vá cahir donde nunca se alevante.

LXXX.

'I also know that, ere the dawn, on land
To come for water is the Captain's will,
Accompanied by those in his command;
For fear is gendered when the intent is ill;
You must with yours go also arms in hand,
In ambush waiting him, concealed and still;
Because his people, coming unprepared,
Will all be very easily ensnared.

LXXXI.

'And if perchance they should not in this style
Be all destroyed, or altogether slain,
I have imagined yet another wile
Within my mind, which your consent may gain;
Give them a pilot, who, of natural guile,
And prudent the deception to maintain,
May lead them where they may be tempest-tossed,
Scattered abroad, or put to death, or lost.'

LXXXII.

Soon as these words to utter Bacchus ceased,
Wise in such things the aged Moor who heard
Forthwith his neck with grateful arms embraced,
Thanking him deeply for his warning word;
And, on the instant, he in order placed
Against attack his warlike spear and sword;
And thus to turn to purple blood they thought
The water that the Lusitanians sought.

LXXXIII.

He also tries by a well-planned deceit
A Moor as pilot for the ship to send,
Sagacious, shrewd, and skilled in every cheat,
On whom for some great act he could depend;
Tells him, when sailing with the Lusian fleet,
His course about such shores and seas to bend,
That if at first they 'scape, yet farther on
They still may fall with hope for ever gone.

LXXXIV.

Já o raio Apollineo visitava
Os montes Nabathëos accendido,
Quando o Gama co'os seus determinava
De vir por agua a terra apercebido;
A gente nos bateis se concertava,
Como se fosse o engano já sabido;
Mas pode suspeitar-se facilmente,
Que o coração presago nunca mente.

LXXXV.

E mais tambem mandado tinha a terra
De antes pelo piloto necessario,
E foi-lhe respondido em som de guerra;
Caso do que cuidava mui contrario.
Por isto, e porque sabe quanto erra
Quem se crê de seu perfido adversario,
Apercebido vai, como podia,
Em tres bateis sómente que trazia.

LXXXVI.

Mas os Mouros que andavam pela praia
Por lhe defender a agua desejada,
Hum de escudo embraçado e de azagaia,
Outro de arco encurvado e setta ervada,
Esperam que a guerreira gente saia;
Outros muitos já postos em cilada;
E, porque o caso leve se lhe faça,
Põem huns poucos diante por negaça.

LXXXVII.

Andam pela ribeira alva arenosa
Os bellicosos Mouros acenando
Com a adarga e co'a hastea perigosa,
Os fortes Portuguezes incitando.
Não soffre muito a gente generosa
Andar-lhe os cães os dentes amostrando;
Qualquer em terra salta tão ligeiro
Que nenhum dizer póde que he primeiro.

LXXXIV.

Apollo's ray now visited again
The Nabathean peaks all gilded o'er,
When Gama had determined with his men
To go prepared for water to the shore;
The sailors all the boats were ranged within,
As if the treachery had been known before;
But easily suspicion inward breeds,
For when the heart forebodes it ne'er misleads.

LXXXV.

And more than this, when message he had sent,
Asking the looked-for pilot from the shore,
They gave an answer warlike in intent,
Which quite an unexpected meaning bore:
For this, and knowing how who faith hath lent
To faithless foe the error must deplore,
He goes upon his guard, as seems him best,
With the three only launches he possessed.

LXXXVI.

But now the Moors who on the coast had strayed
His passage to the longed-for stream to thwart,
Some shield on arm and pointed spear displayed,
Others with bended bow and poisoned dart,
For the approaching valiant sailors stayed;
Many are placed in ambush, hid apart;
And that they may the easier make the case
Some few in front as a decoy they place.

LXXXVII.

Moving along the white sea-shore of sand
The warlike Moors with signs defiant go,
With target and with dangerous lance in hand,
The Portuguese inciting to the blow;
But little brook the gallant Lusian band
That thus the dogs their teeth to them should show;
Each jumps on shore, and all so quick, indeed,
That no one well can say who takes the lead.

LXXXVIII.

Qual no corro sanguino o ledo amante,
Vendo a formosa dama desejada,
O touro busca, e pondo-se diante
Salta, corre, sibila, acena e brada;
Mas o animal atroce nesse instante,
Com a fronte cornigera inclinada,
Bramando duro corre e os olhos cerra,
Derriba, fere e mata e põe por terra.

LXXXIX.

Eis nos bateis o fogo se levanta
Na furiosa e dura artilheria;
A plumbea pella mata, o brado espanta,
Ferido o ar retumba e assovia;
O coração dos Mouros se quebranta,
O temor grande o sangue lhe resfria;
Já foge o escondido de medroso,
E morre o descoberto aventuroso.

XC.

Não se contenta a gente Portugueza;
Mas seguindo a victoria estrue e mata;
A povação sem muro e sem defeza
Esbombardea, accende e desbarata.
Da cavalgada ao Mouro já lhe peza
Que bem cuidou compral-a mais barata:
Já blasphema da guerra, e maldizia
O velho inerte e a mãi que o filho cria.

XCI.

Fugindo, a settá o Mouro vai tirando
Sem força, de covarde, e de apressado,
A pedra, o pao e o canto arremessando;
Da-lhe armas o furor desatinado:
Já a ilha e todo o mais desamparando,
A terra firme foge amedrontado:
Passa, e corta do mar o estreito braço,
Que a ilha em torno cerca, em pouco espaço.

LXXXVIII.

As the fond lover in the blood-stained ring,
Seeing his dear fair lady in the crowd,
Hastens himself before the bull to fling;
Jumps, runs, and whistles, threatens, shouts aloud;
But suddenly the beast, all maddening,
And with his hornèd frontlet downward bowed,
Runs bellowing wild with eyes all madly shut,
Wounds, tosses, kills and tramples under foot;

LXXXIX.

So in the boats the firing 'gins to rise,
The hard and fierce artillery rebounds,
Death in the bullet, terror in the cries,
The air, all wounded, echoes and resounds;
The spirit of the Moors within them dies,
Their blood a fear o'erwhelming chills and wounds:
E'en now the hidden flee for very fear,
And those are slain who venture to appear.

XC.

The Portuguese withal are not content,
But following victory destroy and slay;
The village without wall or battlement,
They burn, bombard, disperse, drive all away;
Now doth the Moor of his attack repent,
Who thought he had secured a cheaper prey:
Now helpless age and mother nursing child
Blasphemed 'gainst war and bitterly reviled.

XCI.

The flying Moor runs throwing back the lance,
Hurriedly, forceless, and with cowardice,
Hurling stones, wood, and jagged flints askance;
A wild and senseless fury arms supplies;
The Isle and all abandoning to chance,
Towards the mainland all terror-struck he flies,
Passes across the ocean's narrow space,
Whose waves surround the Isle, flying apace.

XCII.

Huns vão nas almadias carregadas,
Hum corta o mar a nado diligente,
Quem se affoga nas ondas encurvadas,
Quem bebe o mar e o deita juntamente,
Arrombam as miudas bombardadas
Os pangaios subtis da bruta gente:
Desta arte o Portuguez em fim castiga
A vil malicia, perfida, inimiga.

XCIII.

Tornam victoriosos para a armada
Co'o despojo da guerra e rica presa,
E vão a seu prazer fazer aguada,
Sem achar resistencia nem defesa.
Ficava a Maura gente magoada,
No odio antiguo mais que nunca accesa:
E, vendo sem vingança tanto dano,
Sómente estriba no segundo engano.

XCIV.

Pazes commetter manda arrependido
O Regedor daquella iniqua terra,
Sem ser dos Lusitanos entendido
Que em figura de paz lhe manda guerra;
Porque o piloto falso promettido,
Que toda a má tenção no peito encerra,
Para os guiar á morte lhe mandava,
Como em signal das pazes que tratava.

XCV.

O Capitão, que já lhe então convinha
Tornar a seu caminho acostumado,
Que tempo concertado e ventos tinha,
Para ir buscar o Indo desejado;
Recebendo o piloto que lhe vinha,
(Foi delle alegremente agasalhado)
E respondendo ao mensageiro, attento,
As velas manda dar ao largo vento.

XCII.

Some to the shore in crowded Almades ride,
Others across the channel swim apace,
Some are now drowned beneath the curling tide,
Some swallow and spurt sea, i' the same space;
And now the frequent cannon shots divide
The narrow launches of the barbarous race,
And thus, in fine, the Portuguese chastise
Their hate, their malice vile, and perfidies.

XCIII.

Victorious towards the fleet they now retire,
Laden with spoils of war and prize immense,
And to take water go, as they desire,
Resistance not encountering, nor defence;
The Moor now feels his every hope expire,
While worse than the old hatred doth incense;
And seeing such loss, and vengeance all unwrought,
Only a second snare to manage sought.

XCIV.

The governor of that so wicked land,
Repenting now, to offer peace pretends;
Nor do the Lusitanians understand,
That in the guise of peace 'tis war he sends;
For by the promised pilot's treacherous hand,
Who in his breast hides all these evil ends,
In sign of peace, he falsely proffereth,
He sends, in truth, to pilot them to death.

XCV.

The Captain, as it suited with his view
To sail again on his accustomed way,
As weather favoured and as fair winds blew,
For seeking out where longed-for India lay,
Received the pilot with all welcome due
On board his ship; and ready to obey,
Deferring courteous to that envoy's mind,
Forthwith gave orders to hoist sail to wind.

XCVI.

Desta arte despedida, a forte armada
As ondas de Amphitrite dividia,
Das filhas de Nereo acompanhada,
Fiel, alegre e doce companhia;
O Capitão, que não cahia em nada
Do enganoso ardil que o Mouro ordia,
Delle mui largamente se informava
Da India toda e costas que passava.

XCVII.

Mas o Mouro, instruido nos enganos
Que o malevolo Baccho lhe ensinara,
De morte ou captiveiro novos danos,
Antes que á India chegue, lhe prepara;
Dando razão dos portos Indianos,
Tambem tudo o que pede lhe declara;
Que havendo por verdade o que dizia,
De nada a forte gente se temia.

XCVIII.

E diz-lhe mais co'o falso pensamento
Com que Sinon os Phrygios enganou,
Que perto está huma ilha, cujo assento
Povo antiguo Christão sempre habitou.
O Capitão, que a tudo estava attento,
Tanto com estas novas se alegrou
Que com dadivas grandes lhe rogava
Que o leve á terra, onde esta gente estava.

XCIX.

O mesmo o falso Mouro determina
Que o seguro Christão lhe manda e pede;
Que a ilha he possuída da malina
Gente que segue o torpe Mafamede;
Aqui o engano e morte lhe imagina;
Porque em poder e forças muito excede
A Moçambique esta ilha, que se chama
Quíloa, mui conhecida pela fama.

XCVI.

After this form despatched, the gallant fleet
Sailed forth, dividing Amphitrite's wave,
Their course the attending nymphs of Nereus greet,
Who their sweet, cheerful, faithful presence gave;
The Captain, who of all the false deceit
Framed by the Moor could no suspicion have,
Much information from him sought to draw
All about India and the coasts they saw.

XCVII.

But he, the Moor, instructed in the snares
Which Bacchus' teaching spitefully contrives,
New ills by capture or by death prepares
Against him, ere in India he arrives;
All that the Captain asks the Moor declares,
And of the Indian ports account he gives,
And, treating as the truth whate'er he said,
Of nought the gallant people were afraid.

XCVIII.

And more he tells him, with that false design
Which 'gainst the Phrygians Sinon once contrived,
That there's an island close upon their line,
Where ancient Christian people always lived.
The Captain, who to all did ear incline,
Such joy from this intelligence derived
That with great promised presents he besought
Unto that people's land he might be brought.

XCIX.

This same the treacherous Moor resolves to do
At the confiding Christian's high behest,
Because the isle by the malignant crew
Who follow the base Mahomet is possessed;
Here treachery and death he has in view,
Seeing the isle far stronger is confessed
In force than Mozambique, and by its name
Is Quiloa called, and widely known to fame.

C.

Para lá se inclinava a leda frota:
Mas a deosa em Cythere celebrada,
Vendo como deixava a certa rota,
Por ir buscar a morte não cuidada,
Não consente que em terra tão remota
Se perca a gente della tanto amada;
E com ventos contrarios a desvia
Donde o piloto falso a leva e guia.

CI.

Mas o malvado Mouro, não podendo
Tal determinação levar avante,
Outra maldade iniqua commettendo,
Ainda em seu proposito constante:
Lhe diz que, pois as aguas discorrendo
Os levaram por força por diante,
Que outra ilha tem perto, cuja gente
Eram Christãos com Mouros juntamente.

CII.

Tambem nestas palavras lhe mentia,
Como por regimento em fim levava;
Que aqui gente de Christo não havia,
Mas a que a Mafamede celebrava.
O Capitão, que em tudo o Mouro cria,
Virando as velas a ilha demandava;
Mas, não querendo a deosa guardadora,
Não entra pela barra e surge fóra.

CIII.

Estava a ilha á terra tão chegada
Que hum estreito pequeno a dividia;
Huma cidade nella situada,
Que na fronte do mar apparecia,
De nobres edificios fabricada,
Como por fóra ao longe descobria;
Regida por hum Rei de antigua idade,
Mombaça he o nome da ilha e da cidade.

C.

E'en while the joyous fleet that way incline,
The Goddess, in Cythæra far renowned,
Beholding how they left their certain line,
Unwittingly on their destruction bound,
Wills not in land so distant such design
Should slay the people whom so dear she found;
And turns them with opposing winds aside
From where the pilot's scheme would take and guide.

CI.

But the malignant Moor, not able now
That same resolve of his to put in force,
Dealing another foul and wicked blow,
Persisting in his schemes without remorse,
Declares that, as opposing currents' flow
Had driven them now beyond their proper course,
There was another island near, whose race
Did Moors and Christians equally embrace.

CII.

In these same words to him he lied as well,
As by instructions, which in truth he bore,
For here in truth no Christian people dwell,
But only those who Mahomet adore;
The Captain in the Moor confided still,
And, veering sail, struck for the island shore,
But, as the Goddess-guide doth else decree,
He passes not the bar, but rides at sea.

CIII.

The island lay so close upon the land,
A narrow channel did the two divide:
A city might be seen thereon to stand,
Which facing on the sea was now descried;
It was composed of edifices grand,
As could be sighted from the far outside;
An aged King ruled o'er it, and for name,
Mombaça, isle and city had the same.

CIV.

E sendo a ella o Capitão chegado,
Estranhamente ledo, porque espera
De poder ver o povo baptizado,
Como o falso piloto lhe dissera,
Eis vem bateis da terra com recado
Do Rei, que já sabia a gente que era;
Que Baccho muito de antes o avisara
Na forma d'outro Mouro que tomara.

CV.

O recado que trazem he de amigos,
Mas debaixo o veneno vem coberto;
Que os pensamentos eram de inimigos,
Segundo foi o engano descoberto.
Oh grandes e gravissimos perigos!
Oh caminho de vida nunca certo!
Que aonde a gente põe sua esperança
Tenha a vida tão pouca segurança!

CVI.

No mar tanta tormenta e tanto dano,
Tantas vezes a morte apercebida!
Na terra tanta guerra, tanto engano,
Tanta necessidade aborrecida!
Onde pode acolher-se hum fraco humano,
Onde terá segura a curta vida?
Que não se arme e se indigne o Ceo sereno
Contra hum bicho da terra tão pequeno!

CIV.

And having now arrived, o'erjoyed with glee—
For the good Captain had to hope been led
The baptized people that he now should see,
As the false pilot, promising, had said—
From shore come boats with welcome, presently,
By the old King, who knew the strangers, sped;
For Bacchus long ago had this advised
In likeness of the other Moor disguised.

CV.

The message that they bring appears of friends,
But underneath the poison comes concealed;
Because their thoughts were all with hostile ends,
E'en as the fraud was afterwards revealed:
Oh path of life that ne'er to safety tends!
Oh great and gravest perils aye afield!
For wheresoe'er man's choicest hopes are stored,
There life such little safety doth afford!

CVI.

At sea, so many storms and loss so great,
So often death arrayed and seeming sure,
On land, so many wars, so much deceit,
And so much wretched misery to endure!
Where shall weak man discover a retreat,
Where may he deem his short life's hour secure?
That calm Heaven's might and anger may not fall
Upon a worm of earth so weak and small!

## *CANTO SEGUNDO.*

I.

Ja neste tempo o lucido planeta,
Que as horas vai do dia distinguindo,
Chegava á desejada e lenta meta,
A luz celeste ás gentes encobrindo,
E da casa maritima secreta
Lhe estava o deos nocturno a porta abrindo,
Quando as infidas gentes se chegaram
As naos que pouco havia que ancoraram.

II.

D'entre elles hum, que traz encommendado
O mortifero engano, assi dizia:
'Capitão valeroso, que cortado
Tens de Neptuno o reino e salsa via,
O Rei que manda esta ilha, alvoroçado
Da vinda tua, tem tanta alegria
Que não deseja mais que agasalhar-te,
Ver-te, e do necessario reformar-te.

III.

'E porque está em extremo desejoso
De te ver como cousa nomeada,
Te roga que, de nada receoso,
Entres a barra tu com toda armada;
E porque do caminho trabalhoso
Trarás a gente debil e cansada,
Diz que na terra podes reformal-a;
Que a natureza obriga a desejal-a.

## *CANTO II.*

I.

'Twas now the moment when the planet bright,
Who in his circuit doth day's hour define,
Withdrawing from mankind his heavenly light,
Did slowly towards his longed-for goal decline,
While, as he still came on, the God of Night
Opened the gate of his dark ocean mine,
When the false people flocked the fleet around
Which, but that moment, anchorage had found.

II.

Then one among them, to that end employed,
Bearing the deadly falsehood, thus did say :—
'O valorous Captain! who hast crossed the void
Of Neptune's kingdom and his briny way,
The King who rules this island, overjoyed
That thou art come, such pleasure doth display
That only to receive thee he desires,
See thee and furnish all thy need requires.

III.

'And as he is desirous in the extreme
To see thee as a person famed afar,
He begs that nought of danger thou wilt dream,
But come with all thy fleet within the bar;
And as thy voyage laborious doth seem,
And that thy people weak and weary are,
He says that they may be refreshed on land,
For Nature must, perforce, this much demand.

IV.

'E, se buscando vás mercadoria
Que produze o aurifero Levante,
Canella, cravo, ardente especiaria,
Ou droga salutifera e prestante;
Ou se queres luzente pedraria,
O rubi fino, o rigido diamante,
Daqui levarás tudo tão sobejo,
Com que faças o fim a teu desejo.'

V.

Ao mensageiro o Capitão responde,
As palavras do Rei agradecendo;
E diz que porque o Sol no mar se esconde
Não entra para dentro, obedecendo:
Porem que como a luz monstrar por onde
Vá sem perigo a frota, não temendo,
Cumprirá sem receio seu mandado;
Que a mais por tal senhor está obrigado.

VI.

Pergunta-lhe despois, se estão na terra
Christãos, como o piloto lhe dizia:
O mensageiro astuto que não erra
Lhe diz que a mais da gente em Christo cria.
Desta sorte do peito lhe desterra
Toda a suspeita e cauta phantasia;
Por onde o Capitão seguramente
Se fia da infiel e falsa gente.

VII.

E de alguns, que trazia condemnados
Por culpas e por feitos vergonhosos,
Porque podessem ser aventurados
Em casos desta sorte duvidosos,
Manda dous mais sagazes, ensaiados;
Porque notem dos Mouros enganosos
A cidade e poder; e porque vejam
Os Christãos que só tanto ver desejam.

IV.

'And if thou travellest seeking merchandise,
Which in the gold-producing East is found,
Cinnamon, clove and ardent spiceries,
Or drug health-giving, excellent and sound;
Or searchest shining precious stones where lies
The ruby lucid, or hard diamond,
These so abundant shalt thou take with thee
Thy utmost wishes satisfied shall be.'

V.

The Captain to the message doth reply,
Acknowledging the kind words of the King;
But, in that Sol beneath the sea doth lie,
He cannot yet obey, by entering.
So soon, however, as the morning's sky
Shall show how he the fleet may safely bring,
Then without fear the order he'll fulfil,
For to such lord his debt is greater still.

VI.

He asks him, are there Christians in the land,
As from the pilot word he had received:
The crafty herald, apt to understand,
Says that the greater part in Christ believed;
Thus, of all dreams of fancied treason planned
Removal from his breast was now achieved,
And hence the Captain sure belief could place
In the unbelieving and deceitful race.

VII.

Then, among those whom he as convicts brought
For crimes and various deeds of infamy,
On whom in doubtful cases of this sort
He might, as being bolder, more rely,
Two of the most sagacious and expert
He sends, that they the crafty Moors may spy,
Their town and power; and where these Christians be,
Whom only they so much desire to see.

VIII.

E por estes ao Rei presentes manda;
Porque a boa vontade que mostrava
Tenha firme, segura, limpá e branda,
A qual bem ao contrario em tudo estava.
Já a companhia perfida e nefanda
Das naos se despedia e o mar cortava:
Foram com gestos ledos e fingidos
Os dous da frota em terra recebidos.

IX.

E, despois que ao Rei apresentaram
Co'o recado os presentes que traziam,
A cidade correram, e notaram
Muito menos daquillo que queriam;
Que os Mouros cautelosos se guardaram
De lhe mostrarem tudo o que pediam;
Que, onde reina a malicia está o receio,
Que a faz imaginar no peito alheio.

X.

Mas aquelle que sempre a mocidade
Tem no rosto perpetua, e foi nascido
De duas mãis, que ordia a falsidade
Por ver o navegante destruido,
Estava n'huma casa da cidade,
Com rosto humano e habito fingido,
Mostrando-se Christão, e fabricava
Hum altar sumptuoso que adorava.

XI.

Alli tinha em retrato affigurada
Do alto e Sancto Espirito a pintura,
A candida pombinha debuxada
Sobre a unica phenix Virgem pura:
A companhia sancta está pintada
Dos doze, tão torvados na figura
Como os que, só das linguas que cahiram
De fogo, varias linguas referiram.

VIII.

And to the King by these he gifts doth send,
So that the goodwill which he seemed to show
Might rest secure and kindly to the end;
But quite the contrary there worked below.
And now the false and impious crew descend,
Salute the ships and o'er the waters row;
With joyous tokens, but in all deceit,
The two on shore were welcomed from the fleet.

IX.

And when they had presented to the King
The offerings with the message that they brought,
They coursed the city; but not everything,
By much, could they take note of, as they thought;
Because the Moors, suspicion nourishing,
Avoided showing many things they sought:
For where reigns malice, fear hath also part,
And breeds suspicion of another's heart.

X.

But he who ever doth perpetual youth
Bear on his brow, offspring of mothers twain,
Who wove and fabricated the untruth
That he might see the navigator slain,
With human face and habit, feignèd both,
A dwelling in the city now had ta'en,
And, putting on the Christian garb, had reared
A sumptuous altar which he there revered.

XI.

And there, in full drawn figure was displayed
The exalted Holy Ghost in portraiture,
The milk-white Dove in outline was portrayed,
Over the only phœnix Virgin pure;
The sacred Twelve in painting were arrayed,
With the perturbèd countenance they wore,
Who spoke by tongues of fire that fell from Heaven
Tongues various, as to each to speak was given.

XII.

Aqui os dous companheiros conduzidos
Onde com este engano Baccho estava,
Põem em terra os giolhos, e os sentidos
Naquelle Deos que o mundo governava.
Os cheiros excellentes produzidos
Na Panchaia odorifera queimava
O Thyoneo; e assi por derradeiro
O falso deos adora o verdadeiro.

XIII.

Aqui foram de noite agasalhados
Com todo o bom e honesto tratamento
Os dous Christãos, não vendo que enganados
Os tinha o falso e sancto fingimento.
Mas assi como os raios espalhados
Do Sol foram no mundo, e n'hum momento
Appareceo no rubido horizonte
Da moça de Titão a roxa fronte,

XIV.

Tornam da terra os Mouros co'o recado
Do Rei para que entrassem, e comsigo
Os dous que o Capitão tinha mandado,
A quem se o Rei mostrou sincero amigo:
E sendo o Portuguez certificado
De não haver receio de perigo,
E que gente de Christo em terra havia,
Dentro no salso rio entrar queria.

XV.

Dizem-lhe os que mandou que em terra viram
Sacras aras e sacerdote santo;
Que alli se agasalharam e dormiram,
Em quanto a luz cobrio o escuro manto;
E que no Rei e gentes não sentiram
Senão contentamento e gosto tanto
Que não podia certo haver suspeita
N'huma mostra tão clara e tão perfeita.

XII.

Hither the two companions now were brought,
Where Bacchus stood this treacherous part to play:
They place the knee on earth and lift the thought
Up to that God Who all the world doth sway;
The fragrant fumes of incense, which are sought
In redolent Panchaia far away,
Thyoneus burned around, and thus they view,
In fine, the false God worshipping the true.

XIII.

The Christians twain for night were sheltered,
With all attention worthy and complete,
Nought seeing how they both had been misled
By the false sanctimonious counterfeit.
So soon, however, as bright Sol forth spread
His rays o'er earth, whom instantly to meet
Her purple brow Aurora rising shows,
And ruddy life around the horizon throws,

XIV.

The Moors return with message from the King
The fleet should enter; and with them the two,
Who by the Captain had been sent, they bring,
To whom the King had feigned a kindness true;
And thus the Portuguese, in everything
Assured 'gainst fear of danger to ensue,
And that on shore a Christian race he'd find,
To ascend the briny stream made up his mind.

XV.

His messengers report that they on shore
Had holy priests and sacred altars seen,
That when night's mantle shrouded daylight o'er
They had reposed, and kindly sheltered been;
That in the King and people nothing more
Than happiness they saw, and joy so keen
That surely nothing could suspected be,
Where all was shown so clear and perfectly.

XVII.

Com isto o nobre Gama recebia
Alegremente os Mouros que subiam;
Que levemente hum animo se fia
De mostras que tão certas pareciam.
A não de gente perfida se enchia,
Deixando a bordo os barcos que traziam;
Alegres vinham todos; porque crem
Que a presa desejada certa tem.

XVII.

Na terra cautamente apparelhavam
Armas e munições; que como vissem
Que no rio os navios ancoravam,
Nelles ousadamente se subissem;
E, nesta traição determinavam
Que os de Luso de todo destruissem,
E que incautos pagassem deste geito
O mal que em Moçambique tinham feito.

XVIII.

As ancoras tenaces vão levando
Com a nautica grita costumada,
Da proa as velas sós ao vento dando,
Inclinam para a barra abalizada.
Mas a linda Erycina, que guardando
Andava sempre a gente assinalada,
Vendo a cilada grande e tão secreta,
Voa do ceo ao mar como huma setta.

XIX.

Convoca as alvas filhas de Nereó,
Com toda a mais cerulea companhia;
Que, porque no salgado mar nasceo,
Das aguas o poder lhe obedecia;
E propondo-lhe a causa a que desceo,
Com todos juntamente se partia,
Para estorvar que a armada não chegasse
Aonde para sempre se acabasse.

XVI.

With this, doth noble Gama now receive
The Moors that come on board, with goodly cheer,
For very prone the mind is to believe
In shows which of such certainty appear.
The treacherous people fill the ship and leave
The boats that brought them lying very near;
All cheerful come because they all feel sure
The capture they desire is now secure.

XVII.

And secretly on shore do they provide
Arms and munitions, for, as they could see,
The ships must anchored in the river ride,
Where they might daringly assaulted be;
And, by this treachery working, they decide
To annihilate the Lusians utterly,
Who, taken unawares should thus atone
The wrongs that they in Mozambique had done.

XVIII.

The clinging anchors now are forthwith weighed
With the well-known accustomed sailor's shout,
Fore-sails alone are to the wind displayed,
To make the bar, as by the course marked out:
But Erycina fair, whose constant aid
Hovered in watch her famous race about,
Sees the [illegible] snare, and from the skies
Swift [illegible] the ocean flies.

XIX.

[illegible] Nereus' daughters fair,
[illegible] company,
[illegible] her obedient were,
[illegible] of the briny sea;
[illegible] the cause that brought her there,
[illegible] them together takes her way,
[illegible] that the fleet should be decoyed
[illegible] ere it must for ever be destroyed.

XX.

Já na agua erguendo vão com grande pressa
Com as argenteas caudas branca escuma;
Doto co'o peito corta, e atravessa
Com mais furor o mar do que costuma;
Salta Nise, Nerine se arremessa
Por cima de agua crespa em força summa;
Abrem caminho as ondas encurvadas,
De temor das Nereidas apressadas.

XXI.

Nos hombros de hum Tritão com gesto acceso
Vai a linda Dióne furiosa;
Não sente quem a leva o doce peso,
De soberbo com carga tão formosa;
Já chegam perto donde o vento teso
Enche as velas da frota bellicosa;
Repartem-se, e rodeam nesse instante
As náos ligeiras que hiam por diante.

XXII.

Põe-se a deosa com outras em direito
Da proa capitaina, e alli fechando
O caminho da barra, estão de geito
Que em vão assopra o vento, a vela inchando;
Põe no madeiro duro o brando peito,
Para detraz a forte náo forçando;
Outras em derredor levando-a estavam,
E da barra inimiga a desviavam.

XXIII.

Quaes para a cova as probidas formigas,
Levando o pezo grande accommodado,
As forças exercitam, de inimigas
Do inimigo inverno congelado;
Alli são seus trabalhos e fadigas,
Alli mostram vigor nunca esperado;
Taes andabam as nymphas estorvando
A gente Portugueza o fim nefando.

XX.

Now o'er the wave with mighty speed they ride,
Lashing the white foam with their silver tails;
Breasting the waters which in front divide,
Doto with more than usual vigour sails;
Leaps Nisa, while Nerine flings aside
The turgid waters and with force prevails;
The curling waves give way, a path is traced
From very terror of the Nereids' haste.

XXI.

High on a Triton's shoulders, fierce in face,
Lovely Dione full of fury sate;
Proud of a burden of such charm and grace,
The bearer felt not the delicious weight;
Now they arrive where the stiff breezes chase
With foresails all well filled the warlike fleet,
Then separating, instantly surround
The lighter vessels which in front they found.

XXII.

The Goddess stands with others in array,
Fronting the Captain's prow, and there doth veil
The passage to the bar, in such a way
That vainly blows the wind to fill the sail;
'Gainst the hard hull she doth her soft breast lay,
Forcing the brave ship back upon the gale;
Others around attend its course to guide,
And turn it from the hostile bar aside.

XXIII.

E'en as the prudent ants which towards their nest
Bearing the adjusted heavy burden go,
Exercise all their forces at their best,
Hostile to hostile winter's frost and snow;
There all their toils and labours stand confessed,
There never looked-for energy they show;
So, from the Lusitanians to avert
Their horrid fate, the nymphs their powers exert.

XXIV.

Torna para detraz a náo forçada
A pezar dos que leva, que gritando
Maream velas, ferve a gente irada,
O leme a hum bordo e a outro atravessando:
O mestre astuto em vão da poppa brada,
Vendo como diante ameaçando
Os estava hum maritimo penedo,
Que de quebrar-lhe a náo lhe mette medo.

XXV.

A celeuma medonha se alevanta
No rudo marinheiro que trabalha;
O grande estrondo a Maura gente espanta,
Como se vissem horrida batalha;
Não sabem a razão de furia tanta,
Não sabem nesta pressa quem lhe valha;
Cuidam que seus enganos são sabidos,
E que hão de ser por isso aqui punidos.

XXVI.

Eil-os subitamente se lançavam
A seus bateis veloces que traziam;
Outros em cima o mar alevantavam,
Saltando n'agua, e a nado se acolhiam;
De hum bordo e d'outro subito saltavam;
Que o medo os compellia do que viam;
Que antes querem ao mar aventurar-se
Que nas mãos inimigas entregar-se.

XXVII.

Assi como em selvatica alagoa
As rãas, no tempo antiguo Lycia gente,
Se sentem por ventura vir pessoa,
Estando fóra da agua incautamente;
Daqui e dalli saltando, o charco soa,
Por fugir do perigo que se sente;
E acolhendo-se ao couto que conhecem,
Sós as cabeças na agua lhe apparecem;

XXIV.

Back on her course the ship is forced to turn,
In spite of those on board, who with loud shout
The sails manœuvre; all with anger burn,
Putting from side to side the helm about;
In vain the experienced master at the stern,
Observing all, with warning voice cries out,
For a huge ocean rock is threatening near,
Which makes him every moment shipwreck fear.

XXV.

The alarming sea-shout rises up around
From the rude sailor thus to work impelled,
The Moors are scared by the distracting sound,
As if a horrid battle they beheld;
They know not why such fury should abound,
Nor by whose aid the turmoil can be quelled;
They fancy that their treacheries are known,
And that for these they now must here atone.

XXVI.

And lo! then suddenly themselves they flung
Into the rapid boats that they had brought,
Others the sea stirred up, leaping among
The waters, and by swimming shelter sought;
On either side forth hastily they sprung,
By fear of what they witnessed overwrought;
For rather would they trust them to the sea
Than into hostile hands delivered be.

XXVII.

Thus, as in some sequestered sylvan mere
The frogs (the Lycian people formerly),
If that by chance some person should appear
While out of water they incautious be,
Awake the pool by hopping here and there,
To fly the danger which they deem they see,
And gathering to some safe retreat they know,
Only their heads above the water show;

XXVIII.

Assi fogem os Mouros: e o piloto,
Que ao perigo grande as náos guiara,
Crendo que seu engano estava noto,
Tambem foge, saltando na agua amara.
Mas por não darem no penedo immoto,
Onde percam a vida doce e chara,
A ancora solta logo a capitaina,
Qualquer das outras junto della amaina.

XXIX.

Vendo o Gama attentado a estranheza
Dos Mouros não cuidada, e juntamente
O piloto fugir-lhe com presteza,
Entende o que ordenava a bruta gente;
E vendo sem contraste, e sem braveza
Dos ventos, ou das aguas sem corrente,
Que a náo passar avante não podia,
Havendo-o por milagre, assi dizia:

XXX.

'Oh caso grande, estranho e não cuidado!
Oh milagre clarissimo e evidente!
Oh descoberto engano inopinado!
Oh perfida, inimiga e falsa gente!
Quem poderá do mal apparelhado
Livrar-se sem perigo sabiamente,
Se lá de cima a Guarda soberana
Não acudir á fraca força humana?

XXXI.

'Bem nos mostra a divina Providencia
Destes portos a pouca segurança;
Bem claro temos visto na apparencia,
Que era enganada a nossa confiança;
Mas pois saber humano, nem prudencia,
Enganos tão fingidos não alcança,
O tu, Guarda divina, tem cuidado
De quem sem ti não pode ser guardado.

XXVIII.

So fly the Moors; the pilot left alone,
Who had led the vessels to their peril grave,
Believing that his treachery was known,
Flies too, and leaps into the bitter wave;
But that they might not on the rock be thrown,
Where nought their dearly cherished life could save,
The Flagship, swift, casts anchor where they lie,
And all the others furl their sails hard by.

XXIX.

Gama all watchful, noting the surprise
Unlooked for of the Moors, and noting too
How quickly from his side the pilot flies,
Discovers what the savages would do.
And, seeing there was no obstacle, likewise,
No current running, no hard wind that blew,
Yet that the vessel could not head-way make,
He held it miracle—and thus he spake:

XXX.

'Oh great event, most strange, beyond compare!
Oh miracle most clear and evident!
Oh unexpected treachery laid bare!
Oh race perfidious, false, malevolent!
Who can of evil pre-arranged beware,
Or wisely means of safe escape invent,
If from above the Sovereign Guard decline
To aid weak human force with force divine?

XXXI.

'Most clearly Providence Divine hath shown
These harbours but afford us treacherous aid;
For clearly 'tis apparent, we must own,
That all our confidence has been betrayed;
And since not man's capacities alone
Can compass treacheries so deeply laid,
Guardian Divine! do Thou vouchsafe Thy care
To those who, without Thee, unguarded are.

XXXII.

'E se te move tanto a piedade
Desta misera gente peregrina,
Que só por tua altissima bondade
Da gente a salvas perfida e malina,
N'algum porto seguro de verdade
Conduzir-nos já agora determina,
Ou nos amostra a terra que buscâmos;
Pois só por teu serviço navegâmos.'

XXXIII.

Ouvio-lhe estas palavras piedosas
A formosa Dióne: e commovida,
D'entre as nymphas se vai, que saudosas
Ficaram desta subita partida;
Já penetra as estrellas luminosas,
Já na terceira esphera recebida,
Avante passa, e lá no sexto ceo
Para onde estava o Padre se moveo.

XXXIV.

E como hia affrontada do caminho,
Tão formosa no gesto se mostrava
Que as estrellas e o ceo e o ar visinho
E tudo, quanto a via, namorava.
Dos olhos, onde faz seu filho o ninho,
Huns espiritos vivos inspirava,
Com que os polos gelados accendia,
E tornava do fogo a esphera fria.

XXXV.

E por mais namorar o soberano
Padre, de quem foi sempre amada e chara,
Se l'h' appresenta assi como ao Troiano
Na selva Idêa já se apresentara.
Se a vira o caçador que o vulto humano
Perdeo, vendo Diana na agua clara,
Nunca os famintos galgos o mataram;
Que primeiro desejos o acabaram.

XXXII.

'And if so far thy sympathy can move
Pity for this unhappy wandering race,
Whom only through thy most exalted love
Thou savest from this people false and base,
Then in some port secure, which true may prove,
Resolve to carry us in little space,
Or point us out the land that we would hail,
For only in thy service do we sail!'

XXXIII.

A kindly ear did fair Dione turn
To all these pious words, and feeling grieved
Parts from the nymphs, who all regretful yearn
For her, of whom they're suddenly bereaved.
Now penetrates she where the bright stars burn,
And now, within the third sphere being received,
Still mounts, and entering the sixth heaven above
Where stood the Father, therein did she move.

XXXIV.

And, as all flushed upon her way she pressed,
So beautiful her form and bearing were,
That everything that saw her love confessed,
The stars, the heaven, and the surrounding air.
And in the eyes, where Cupid makes his nest,
Some living spirits she awakened there,
Wherewith the very frozen poles she fired,
And the cold sphere with living heat inspired.

XXXV.

And the great Father more to fascinate,
For whom she ever had been loved and dear,
She shows herself in that enchanting state
Wherein in Ida's grove she did appear;
Oh had the hunter, by Diana's hate
Transformed, for gazing on her bath so clear,
Seen her!—not hungry hounds his life had ta'en,
For first by very love had he been slain.

XXXVI.

Os crespos fios d'ouro se esparziam
Pelo collo que a neve escurecia;
Andando, as lacteas tetas lhe tremiam,
Com quem amor brincava e não se via;
Da alva petrina flammas lhe sahiam,
Onde o Menino as almas accendia;
Pelas lisas columnas lhe trepavam
Desejos, que como hera se enrolavam.

XXXVII.

C'hum delgado cendal as partes cobre,
De quem vergonha he natural reparo;
Porêm nem tudo esconde nem descobre
O veo, dos roxos lirios pouco avaro;
Mas, para que o desejo accenda e dobre,
Lhe põe diante aquelle objecto raro;
Já se sentem no ceo por toda a parte
Ciumes em Vulcano, amor em Marte.

XXXVIII.

E mostrando no angelico semblante
Co'o riso huma tristeza misturada,
Como dama, que foi do incauto amante
Em brincos amorosos mal tratada,
Que se aqueixa e se ri n'hum mesmo instante,
E se torna entre alegre magoada;
Desta arte a deosa, a quem nenhuma iguala,
Mais mimosa que triste ao Padre falla:

XXXIX.

'Sempre eu cuidei, ó Padre poderoso,
Que para as cousas que eu do peito amasse,
Te achasse brando, affabil e amoroso;
Postoque a algum contrario lhe pezasse:
Mas, pois que contra mi te vejo iroso,
Sem que to merecesse nem te errasse,
Faça-se como Baccho determina,
Assentarei em fim que fui mofina.

XXXVI.

The curling locks of gold were spread to view
Upon her breast, which darkened e'en the snow;
Her milky bosom trembled as she flew,
Where love was sporting, but in nought did show;
Out of her waist, so white, flames amorous grew,
Wherewith all hearts the urchin made to glow,
Climbing the columns smooth, desires abound,
And these like ivy they encircle round.

XXXVII.

With fine silk web she doth her charms conceal,
As one whose natural care is modesty;
Yet doth the veil not hide nor all reveal,
Scarfing the roseate lilies scantily;
But that fond love a double flame may feel
The subtle robe in front must pendent be;
Now through all heaven 'tis felt that she doth move
Vulcan with jealousies, and Mars with love!

XXXVIII.

Thus, in angelical similitude,
Showing a sadness mingled with her smile,
Like lady whom her lover, somewhat rude,
In amorous playfulness hath chanced to spoil,
Who laughs and scolds together while she's woo'd,
And turns offended, pleased though all the while,
The Goddess now, matchless by all confessed,
More sweet than sad the Father thus addressed:

XXXIX.

'Great Father! I ne'er doubted in my mind
That for those objects which at heart I loved
Thee gentle, loving, yielding I should find,
Though thus some foe's displeasure might be moved;
But 'gainst me being angrily inclined,
Though nought offending, nor unworthy proved,
So be it done, as Bacchus may decree,
And I despised will submit to be!

XL.

'Este povo que he meu, por quem derramo
As lagrimas que em vão cahidas vejo,
Que assaz de mal lhe quero pois que o amo,
Sendo tu tanto contra meu desejo;
Por elle a ti rogando choro e bramo,
E contra minha dita em fim pelejo;
Ora pois, porque o amo he mal tratado,
Quero-lhe querer mal será guardado.

XLI.

'Mas moura em fim nas mãos das brutas gent
Que pois eu fui. . . .' E nisto, de mimosa,
O rosto banha em lagrimas ardentes,
Como co'o orvalho fica a fresca rosa;
Callada hum pouco, como se entre os dentes
Se lhe impedira a falla piedosa,
Torna a seguil-a; e indo por diante,
Lhe atalha o poderoso, grão Tonante.

XLII.

E destas brandas mostras commovido,
Que moveram de hum tigre o peito duro,
Co'o vulto alegre, qual do ceo subido
Torna sereno e claro o ar escuro,
As lagrimas lhe alimpa, e accendido
Na face a beija e abraça o collo puro;
De modo que dalli, se só se achara,
Outro novo Cupido se gerara.

XLIII.

E co'o seu apertando o rosto amado,
Que os soluços e lagrimas augmenta,
(Como menino da ama castigado,
Que, quem no affaga, o choro lhe accrescenta)
Por lhe pôr em socego o peito irado,
Muitos casos futuros lhe apresenta,
Dos fados as entranhas révolvendo,
Desta maneira em fim lhe está dizendo:

XL.

'This people, who are mine, for whom I shed
Tears, which I now behold but fall in vain,
Wishing them well I cause them ill instead,
As thou dost treat my vows with such disdain;
With tears, with cries, my prayers are offerèd,
And 'gainst my fate, in fine, I plead with pain;
Now therefore, as they suffer by my love,
I wish to wish them ill, their help to prove.

XLI.

'But let them die by hands of this brute race,
For since I was'——then lovingly, anew,
With burning tears she bathes her pleading face,
E'en like the fresh rose watered by the dew;
Her gentle voice now silent for a space,
As if to her closed teeth it stifled grew,
Would speak again; but while she more would say,
The mighty Thunderer doth her utterance stay.

XLII.

The Father by these soft means doth she move
Which might a tiger's savage breast secure;
With smiling face, such as in heaven above
Doth turn serene and clear the air obscure,
He dries her tears and, eager in his love,
Kisses her cheek and clasps her bosom pure,
In such a way that had he been alone
One more young Cupid out of it had grown.

XLIII.

And with his cheek against the loved cheek pressed,
Which merely doth the sighs and tears augment,
(As child whom nurse has punished, if caressed,
Will all the more pour forth its weeping plaint),
He doth, to put her angry heart at rest,
Many forthcoming incidents present;
And thus the future to her ear relates,
The deep decrees revolving of the Fates:

XLIV.

'Formosa filha minha, não temais
Perigo algum nos vossos Lusitanos,
Nem que ninguem comigo possa mais
Que esses chorosos olhos soberanos;
Que eu vos prometto, filha, que vejais
Esquecerem-se Gregos e Romanos
Pelos illustres feitos que esta gente
Ha de fazer nas partes do Oriente:

XLV.

'Que, se o facundo Ulysses escapou
De ser na Ogygia ilha eterno escravo,
E se Antenor os seios penetrou
Illyricos e a fonte de Timavo;
E se o piedoso Eneas navegou
De Scylla e de Charybdis o mar bravo;
Os vossos, móres cousas attentando,
Novos mundos ao mundo irão mostrando:

XLVI.

'Fortalezas, cidades, e altos muros
Por elles vereis, filha, edificados;
Os Turcos bellacissimos e duros
Delles sempre vereis desbaratados;
Os Reis da India livres e seguros
Vereis ao Rei potente sobjugados;
E por elles, de tudo em fim senhores,
Serão dadas na terra leis melhores:

XLVII.

'Vereis este, que agora pressuroso
Por tantos medos o Indo vai buscando,
Tremer delle Neptuno de medroso,
Sem vento suas aguas encrespando.
Oh caso nunca visto e milagroso,
Que trema e ferva o mar em calma estando!
Oh gente forte e de altos pensamentos,
Que tambem della hão medo os elementos!

XLIV.

'Do not, my lovely daughter, fearful be
That danger to thy Lusians shall arisē,
Nor deem that any can prevail with me
More than those weeping, overwhelming eyes;
I promise thee, my daughter, thou shalt see
None will the Greeks and Romans recognise,
Compared with all the illustrious deeds this race
Is destined in the Eastern realms to trace:

XLV.

'If eloquent Ulysses 'scaped the fate
Of hopeless slavery in Calypso's isle,
And if Illyrian depths could penetrate
Antenor, where Timavus' sources smile,
If pious Æneas, too, could navigate
Where Scylla and Charybdis' waters boil,
Thy people, daring deeds of sterling use,
New worlds unto the world shall introduce:

XLVI.

'City and fortress and the lofty wall
Founded by them, my daughter, thou shalt see;
The hardy and most warlike Turk shall fall,
And by thy race shall always routed be;
Shalt see the mighty King his subjects call
The Kings of India now secure and free;
Till lords of all, at last, thy race shall grow,
And better laws upon the world bestow:

XLVII.

'Thou shalt behold this man, who forth hath sped
The Indus, through so many fears, to find,
Cause Neptune's self to shake with very dread,
Seeing his waves to curl without a wind;
Oh fact miraculous ne'er witnessèd;
A trembling boiling sea with calm combined!
Oh powerful people, and of thoughts so high,
That e'en the elements they terrify!

XLVIII.

'Vereis a terra que a agua lhe tolhia,
Que inda ha de ser hum porto mui decente,
Em que vão descançar da longa via
Ás náos que navegarem do Occidente;
Toda esta costa em fim, que agora ordia
O mortifero engano, obediente
Lhe pagará tributos, conhecendo
Não poder resistir ao Luso horrendo:

XLIX.

'E vereis o mar Roxo tão famoso
Tornar-se-lhe amarello de enfiado;
Vereis de Ormuz o reino poderoso
Duas vezes tomado e sobjugado;
Alli vereis o Mouro furioso
De suas mesmas settas traspassado;
Que, quem vai contra os vossos, claro veja
Que se resiste contra si peleja:

L.

'Vereis a inexpugnabil Dio forte,
Que dous cercos terá, dos vossos sendo,
Alli se mostrará seu preço e sorte,
Feitos de armas grandissimos fazendo;
Invejoso vereis o grão Mavorte
Do peito Lusitano fero e horrendo;
Do Mouro alli verão que a voz extrema
Do falso Mafamede ao Ceo blasphema:

LI.

'Goa vereis a os Mouros ser tomada,
A qual virá despois a ser senhora
De todo o Oriente, e sublimada
Co'os triumphos da gente vencedora;
Alli soberba, altiva e exalçada,
Ao Gentio, que os idolos adora;
Duro freio porá, e a toda a terra
Que cuidar de fazer aos vossos guerra:

XLVIII.

'Thou shalt behold where water was denied,
That land shall yield a port among the best,
Wherein from weary voyage may peaceful ride
The ships that shall come sailing from the West;
This coast, in fine, which now doth scheme and hide
The deadly fraud, shall bow to his behest,
Paying him tribute, as a land that knows
None can the Lusian terrible oppose:

XLIX.

'Thou shalt behold the far-renowned Red Sea
Fade from its colour into yellow hue,
And how that Ormuz' mighty kingdom he
Shall twice make captive and shall twice subdue;
There also, that the furious Moor shall be
By his own very arrows pierced through;
For he who strives 'gainst thine, let him judge right,
If he resist, against himself doth fight:

L.

'Dio impregnable thou shalt behold
Sustain two sieges, by thine own possessed;
There shall their value and their lot be told,
Performing feats of arms the hardiest;
There, shalt thou Mavors see, though great and bold,
Envying the fierce and fearful Lusian breast;
There shall they witness that the Moor's last scream
Of the false Mahomet shall to Heaven blaspheme:

LI.

'Thou shalt see Góa captured from the Moor,
Which, afterwards, shall mistress come to be
Of all the East, and all sublime shall soar
With triumphs of thy people's victory;
Upon the Gentoos there, who now adore
Their idols, haughty proud and lofty, they
Hard rein shall lay—and so on every land
That dares in war thy people to withstand.

LII.

'Vereis a fortaleza sustentar-se
De Cananor com pouca força e gente;
E vereis Calecut desbaratar-se,
Cidade populosa e tão potente;
E vereis em Cochim assinalar-se
Tanto hum peito soberbo e insolente,
Que cithara já mais cantou victoria
Que assi mereça eterno nome e gloria:

LIII.

'Nunca com Marte instructo e furioso
Se vio ferver Leucate, quando Augusto,
Nas civis Actias guerras animoso,
O capitão venceo Romano injusto,
Que dos povos da Aurora e do famoso
Nilo e do Bactra Scythico e robusto
A victoria trazia e presa rica;
Preso da Egypcia linda e não pudica;

LIV.

'Como vereis o mar fervendo acceso
Co'os incendios dos vossos, pelejando,
Levando o Idolatra e o Mouro preso,
De nações differentes triumphando:
E sujeita a rica Aurea-Chersoneso,
Até o longinquo China navegando,
E as ilhas mais remotas do Oriente;
Ser-lhe-ha todo o Oceano obediente:

LV.

'De modo, filha minha, que de geito
Amostrarão esforço mais que humano;
Que nunca se verá tão forte peito
Do Gangetico mar ao Gaditano,
Nem das Boreaes ondas ao Estreito
Que mostrou o aggravado Lusitano;
Postoque em todo o mundo, de affrontados,
Resuscitassem todos os passados.'

LII.

'Thou shalt behold the fortress Cananor
Maintain itself with little force, and few,
Shalt Calecut behold destroyed in war,
Populous city; and of power so true;
In Cochin, see renown obtained so rare
By haughty heart and arrogant to do,
That never harp sang victory to fame
So worthy glory and eternal name:

LIII.

'Never was Mars, though skilled and all enraged,
Seen in Leucate with such fury, when
Augustus civil war off Actium waged
And the false Roman captain vanquished then,—
Who, with the nations of the Morn engaged,
Did Nile and Scythian Bactria mighty gain,
Himself, though victor and with costly prize,
Captive of Egypt's fair, not modest eyes—

LIV.

'As thou shalt see o'er burning waves displayed,
Lighted with flames of thy contending race,
Idolator and Moor their prisoners made,
While triumphs everywhere their course shall grace:
Rich golden Chersonese is prostrate laid:
They sail to China over mighty space,
And to remotest isles in Eastern sea;
All Ocean shall to them obedient be.

LV.

'So that they shall, my daughter, on their part
More than of human prowess e'en display,
For never shall be seen so brave a heart
From Ganges to the Gaditanian sea,
Nor 'twixt the Boreal waters and the strait
Where the offended Lusian found a way,
Though all the dead o'er all the world arose
Their claims of ancient valour to oppose.'

LVI.

Como isto disse, manda o consagrado
Filho de Maia á terra; porque tenha
Hum pacifico porto e socegado
Para onde sem receio a frota venha;
E, para que em Mombaça aventurado
O forte Capitão se não detenha,
Lhe manda mais, que em sonhos lhe mostrasse
A terra onde quieto repousasse

LVII.

Já pelo ar o Cyllenêo voava;
Com as azas nos pés á terra dece;
Sua vara fatal na mão levava,
Com que os olhos cansados adormece;
Com esta as tristes almas revocava
Do inferno, e o vento lhe obedece;
Na cabeça o galero costumado;
E desta arte a Melinde foi chegado.

LVIII.

Comsigo a Fama leva; porque diga
Do Lusitano o preço grande e raro;
Que o nome illustre a hum certo amor obriga,
E faz a quem o tem amado e charo.
Desta arte vai fazendo a gente amiga
Co'o rumor famosissimo e preclaro;
Já Melinde em desejos arde todo
De ver da gente forte o gesto e modo.

LIX.

Dalli para Mombaça logo parte,
Aonde as náos estavam temerosas;
Para que á gente mande que se aparte
Da barra imiga e terras suspeitosas:
Porque mui pouco val esforço e arte
Contra infernaes vontades enganosas;
Pouco val coração, astucia e siso,
Se lá dos Ceos não vem celeste aviso.

LVI.

Thus having said, he sends the sacred son
Of Maia to the earth to find a home
Within some port, a safe and quiet one,
Whither all free from fear the fleet might come;
And that the captain might be quickly gone,
Nor in Mombaça stay, too venturesome,
He orders that in dreams he shall disclose
A tranquil land where they may find repose.

LVII.

Now through the air doth Cylleneus fly,
With wings upon his feet to earth doth sweep,
His fatal rod in hand he bears on high,
Wherewith the weary eyes he lulls to sleep;
With this sad souls he calls to liberty
From Hades, and the winds doth subject keep;
The accustomed Pétasus adorned his head,
And to Melinde in this form he sped.

LVIII.

And Fame he takes with him to celebrate
The Lusitanian valour great and rare;
For name renowned will certain love create,
And make the man who hath it loved and dear;
Their friendship thus doth he propitiate
With rumour very loud and passing fair;
Now all Melinde curious burns to see
The mighty people's modes and what they be.

LIX.

Thence to Mombaça swift doth he depart,
Where still the fleet, beset by fear, remained,
That he might order them forthwith to start
From hostile bar and land where treason reigned;
For very little worth are force and art
Against intentions infamous and feigned;
Little can courage, shrewdness, sense avail,
If Heaven to grant celestial counsel fail.

LX.

Meio caminho a noite tinha andado,
E as estrellas no ceo co'a luz alhea
Tinham o largo mundo allumiado
E só co'o somno a gente se recrea ;
O Capitão illustre, já cansado
De vigiar a noite que arrecea,
Breve repouso então aos olhos dava ;
A outra gente a quartos vigiava ;

LXI.

Quando Mercurio em sonhos lhe apparece.
Dizendo : 'Fuge, fuge, Lusitano,
Da cilada que o Rei malvado tece,
Por te trazer ao fim e extremo dano ;
Fuge ; que o vento e o ceo te favorece ;
Sereno o tempo tens e o Oceano,
E outro Rei mais amigo n'outra parte,
Onde pódes seguro agasalhar-te ;

LXII.

'Não tens aqui senão apparelhado
O hospicio que o cru Diomedes dava,
Fazendo ser manjar acostumado
De cavallos a gente que hospedava ;
As aras de Busiris infamado,
Onde os hospedes tristes immolava,
Terás certas aqui se muito esperas ;
Fuge das gentes perfidas e feras.

LXIII.

'Vai-te ao longo da costa discorrendo,
E outra terra acharás de mais verdade
Lá quasi junto donde o Sol ardendo
Iguala o dia e noite em quantidade ;
Alli tua frota alegre recebendo,
Hum Rei com muitas obras de amizade
Gasalhado seguro te daria,
E para a India certa e sabia guia.'

LX.

Half through her course had Night already gone,
The stars in Heaven with all their foreign light
The great round world illuminating shone,
And mortals in repose were sunken quite;
The illustrious Gama, now all overdone,
With vigils through a dark and anxious night,
At last a brief repose his eyelids gave,
And left the rest to watch upon the wave;

LXI.

When in his dreams doth Mercury appear,
And saith to him: "Flee, Lusitanian, flee
The snare the evil King is weaving here,
Thy end, thy utter ruin meant to be;
Flee—the winds favour and the heavens are clear;
Thou hast the weather tranquil and the sea,
And other King in other parts more kind,
Where thou with certainty may'st shelter find;

LXII.

'For here shalt thou be only entertained
By welcome given by savage Diomede,
Who with those guests that 'neath his roof remained
His very horses e'en was wont to feed;
Busiris' altars also, murder-stained,
Who all his guests condemned thereon to bleed,
These, these await thee, if thou tarriest long,
Fly, then, from this false savage race among!

LXIII.

'Run coasting down along these shores away,
And other country thou shalt find more true,
There, almost joining where the sun's hot ray
Divides the day and night in equal two,
There will a King invite thy fleet to stay,
And, pleased, will many acts of kindness do;
Shelter secure, and welcome will provide,
And grant for India safe and skilful guide.'

LXIV.

Isto Mercurio disse, e o somno leva
Ao Capitão, que com mui grande espanto
Acorda e vê ferida a escura treva
De huma subita luz e raio santo;
E, vendo claro quanto lhe releva
Não se deter na terra iniqua tanto,
Com novo esprito ao mestre seu mandava
Que as velas desse ao vento que assoprava.

LXV.

'Dai velas,' disse, 'dai ao largo vento;
Que o Ceo nos favorece e Deos o manda;
Que hum mensageiro vi do claro assento
Que só em favor de nossos passos anda.'
Alevanta-se nisto o movimento
Dos marinheiros de huma e de outra banda;
Levão gritando as ancoras acima,
Mostrando a ruda força que se estima.

LXVI.

Neste tempo que as ancoras levavam,
Na sombra escura os Mouros escondidos
Mansamente as amarras lhe cortavam;
Por serem, dando á costa, destruidos;
Mas com vista de linces vigiavam
Os Portuguezes, sempre apercebidos;
Elles, como acordados os sentiram,
Voando e não remando lhe fugiram.

LXVII.

Mas já as agudas proas apartando
Hiam as vias humidas do argento,
Assopra-lhe galerno o vento e brando,
Com suave e seguro movimento;
Nos perigos passados vão fallando;
Que mal se perderão do pensamento
Os casos grandes, donde em tanto aperto
A vida em salvo escapa por acerto.

LXIV.

E'en thus spake Mercury, and straight withdrew
From Gama sleep, who, waking with affright,
Sees all the leaden darkness stricken through
With sudden and all holy ray of light;
And, holding how important 'twas in view
From that false land forthwith to take his flight,
The master he commands, with wakened mind,
To hoist full sail before the blowing wind.

LXV.

'Hoist sail,' he cried, 'hoist to the blowing wind,
God doth command, and Heaven the way provide,
For I a messenger of heavenly kind
Have seen, who only moves our steps to guide.'
On this the sailors rise, as of one mind,
And all is movement now on every side:
They weigh the anchors while they shout aloud,
And the rude strength put forth whereof they're proud.

LXVI.

E'en at the moment when they anchor weighed,
All hidden in the murky dark, the Moor
To cut the cables quietly essayed,
And so destroy them, running them ashore.
But with lynx eyes the Lusians all surveyed,
Keeping sharp watch and looking well before:
Soon as the Moors perceive they are awake,
By flying, not by rowing, flight they take.

LXVII.

And now the pointed prows already go,
Cleaving the liquid paths of silver sea;
The north-east wind doth blandly on them blow,
With movement soft and of security;
Of all their perils past much talk doth grow,
For scarce could they have lost from memory
The great events from which, so much distressed,
Life by good fortune with escape was blessed.

LXVIII.

Tinha huma volta dado o Sol ardente
E n'outra começava, quando viram
Ao longe dous navios, brandamente
Co'os ventos navegando, que respiram;
Porque haviam de ser da Maura gente,
Para elles, arribando, as velas viram;
Hum de temor do mal que arreceava,
Por se salvar a gente á costa dava.

LXIX.

Não he o outro que fica tão manhoso,
Mas nas mãos vai cahir do Lusitano
Sem o rigor de Marte furioso,
E sem a furia horrenda de Vulcano;
Que, como fosse debil e medroso
Da pouca gente o fraco peito humano,
Não teve resistencia; e se a tivera
Mais damno resistando recebera.

LXX.

E como o Gama muito desejasse
Piloto para a India que buscava,
Cuidou que entre estes Mouros o tomasse;
Mas não lhe succedeo como cuidava;
Que nenhum delles ha que lhe ensinasse
A que parte dos céos a India estava;
Porêm dizem-lhe todos que tem perto
Melinde, onde acharão piloto certo.

LXXI.

Louvam do Rei os Mouros a bondade,
Condição liberal, sincero peito,
Magnificencia grande e humanidade,
Com partes de grandissimo respeito.
O Capitão o assella por verdade;
Porque já lho dissera deste geito
O Cyllenêo em sonhos; e partia
Para onde o sonho e o Mouro lhe dizia.

LXVIII.

Bright, burning Sol had now coursed round one space,
And risen upon another, when they view
Two ships afar, that came at quiet pace,
Sailing upon the wind that calmly blew;
And as these must be of the Moorish race, [drew;
They tacked and, changing course, they towards them
Then one, from fear of mischief, veering round
The crew that they might save, straight ran aground.

LXIX.

The other did not show such cunning quite;
And fell a victim to the Lusian crew,
Without the rigour of an angry fight,
And without Vulcan's angry cannon, too.
For as she was in weak and feeble plight,
From want of courage in her paltry few,
Resistance there was none, and had there been,
Worse evil from resisting they had seen.

LXX.

Now Gama, being anxious in his mind
For pilot safe for India, which he sought,
He fancied one among these Moors he'd find,
But this came not to pass as he had thought;
For none could give him news of any kind,
Where under heaven to turn for Ind he ought;
But all inform him that Melinde's ground
Lies near, where trusty pilot may be found.

LXXI.

The goodness of the King the Moors all praise,
His liberal nature and his heart sincere,
His great magnificence and kindly ways,
And gifts which all with great respect revere.
All this the Captain to his bosom lays
As truth, since Cylleneus to his ear
So spoke in dreams—thus pondering, forth he sped,
Following what dreams and Moors, alike had said.

LXXII.

Era no tempo alegre quando entrava
No roubador de Europa a luz Phebea,
Quando hum e o outro corno lhe aquentava,
E Flora derramava o de Amalthea ;
A memoria do dio renovava
O pressuroso Sol que o ceo rodea,
Em que Aquelle, a quem tudo está sujeito,
O sello poz a quanto tinha feito,

LXXIII.

Quando chegava a frota áquella parte
Onde o reino Melinde já se via,
De toldos adornada e leda de arte ;
Que bem mostra estimar o sancto dia ;
Treme a bandeira, voa o estandarte,
A côr purpurea ao longe apparecia,
Soam os atambores e pandeiros ;
E assi entravam ledos e guerreiros.

LXXIV.

Enche-se toda a praia Melindana
Da gente que vem ver a leda armada,
Gente mais verdadeira e mais humana
Que toda a d'outra terra atraz deixada.
Surge diante a frota Lusitana,
Péga no fundo a ancora pezada ;
Mandam fóra hum dos Mouros que tomaram,
Por quem sua vinda ao Rei manifestaram.

LXXV.

O Rei, que já sabia da nobreza
Que tanto os Portuguezes engrandèce,
Tomarem o seu porto tanto preza
Quanto a gente fortissima merece;
E com verdadeiro animo e pureza,
Que os peitos generosos ennobrece,
Lhe manda rogar muito que sahissem,
Para que de seus reinos se servissem.

LXXII.

'Twas at that joyful season when the Sun
The raptor of Europa greets anew,
And either horn to illumine hath begun,
And Flora doth of Amalthea's strew;
Swift whirling Sol, who round the heaven doth run,
To that great day again attention drew
Whereon the Power, by Whom all things are swayed,
Stamped with His seal all things that He had made,

LXXIII.

When in those latitudes arrived the fleet,
Whence in full view Melinde's kingdom lay,
Adorned with awnings, bright with art complete,
Showing they venerate the sacred day;
Banners and royal standard fluttering meet,
The purple colour glitters far away;
Tambours and tambourines resound, the while
They enter, warriors with a peaceful smile.

LXXIV.

Now is Melinde's shore all thickly lined
With people come to see the joyful fleet,
A people far more truthful, far more kind
Than they in lands they left behind could meet.
In front the Lusian vessels station find,
The heavy anchor clings at many feet;
One of their captive Moors they send before,
To show the King their coming to his shore.

LXXV.

The King, who well that noble heart did know,
Which doth the Portuguese so aggrandise,
Doth as much pleasure at their presence show
As the great people merit in his eyes;
And with true heart, where purity doth grow,
And wherewith generous souls to grandeur rise,
He orders that to land they may be pressed,
To use his kingdom as it liked them best.

LXXVI.

São offerecimentos verdadeiros,
E palavras sinceras, não dobradas,
As que o Rei manda aos nobres cavalleiros,
Que tanto mar e terras tem passadas;
Manda-lhe mais lanigeros carneiros,
E gallinhas domesticas cevadas,
Com as fructas que então na terra havia;
E a vontade á dadiva excedia.

LXXVII.

Recebe o Capitão alegremente
O mensageiro ledo e seu recado;
E logo manda ao Rei outro presente,
Que de longe trazia apparelhado;
Escarlata purpurea, côr ardente,
O ramoso coral, fino e prezado,
Que debaixo das aguas molle crece,
E, como he fóra dellas, se endurece.

LXXVIII.

Manda mais hum na pratiça elegante,
Que co'o Rei nobre as pazes concertasse,
E que de não sahir naquelle instante
De suas náos em terra o desculpasse.
Partido assi o embaixador prestante,
Como na terra ao Rei se apresentasse,
Com estylo que Pallas lhe ensinava
Estas palavras taes fallando orava:

LXXIX.

'Sublime Rei, a quem do Olympo puro
Foi da Summa Justiça concedido
Refrear o soberbo povo duro,
Não menos delle amado que temido;
Como porto mui forte e mui seguro,
De todo o Oriente conhecido,
Te vimos a buscar; para que achemos
Em ti o remedio certo que queremos;

LXXVI.

The offers are all truthful and sincere,
The words are honest and not underhand,
Sent by the King the noble fleet to cheer,
Who so much sea have passed, so many a land.
Wool-bearing sheep as presents, too, appear,
And fowls domestic, fattened to command,
With all the fruits of earth they then could have;
And the good will exceeded what it gave.

LXXVII.

The Captain all receives with joy elate,
The cheerful messenger, his words and fare:
Gifts to the King he doth reciprocate,
Brought from afar and all arranged with care;
Scarlet and purple, colours bright, ornate,
And branchy coral, fine, and prized as rare,
Which grows all soft the ocean waves below,
But, taken out of them, all hard doth grow.

LXXVIII.

He sends, moreover, one of graceful phrase,
That with the noble King peace might be signed,
And that he might be pardoned too, he prays,
If he just then to leave the ships declined.
The trusty messenger went on his ways
An audience of the King on land to find,
And in the style which Pallas bid him take,
Delivering these same words, 'twas thus he spake:

LXXIX.

'Monarch sublime! to whom the grant was made
By Supreme Justice from Olympus clear,
A proud strong people should by thee be swayed,
Not less the object of their love than fear;
Thee, a strong port, that can with safety aid,
Renowned through all the Eastern hemisphere,
Thee we have come to seek, to find in thee
All that we need of certain remedy;

LXXX.

'Não somos roubadores, que passando
Pelas fracas cidades descuidadas,
A ferro e a fogo as gentes vão matando,
Por roubar-lhe as fazendas cobiçadas;
Mas da soberba Europa navegando,
Imos buscando as terras apartadas
Da India grande e rica por mandado
De hum Rei que temos, alto e sublimado;

LXXXI.

'Que geração tão dura ha hi de gente
Que barbaro costume e usança fea,
Que não vedem os portos tamsomente
Mas inda o hospicio da deserta area?
Que má tenção, que peito em nós se sente,
Que de tão pouca gente se arrecea;
Que com laços armados tão fingidos
Nos ordenassem ver-nos destruidos?

LXXXII.

'Mas tu, em quem mui certo confiâmos
Achar-se mais verdade, ó Rei benino,
E aquella certa ajuda em ti esperâmos
Que teve o perdido Ithaco em Alcino,
A teu porto seguros navegâmos,
Conduzidos do Interprete divino;
Que, pois a ti nos manda está mui claro,
Que és de peito sincero, humano e raro;

LXXXIII.

E não cuides, ó Rei, que não sabisse
O nosso Capitão esclarecido
A ver-te, ou a servir-te porque visse
Ou suspeitasse em ti peito fingido;
Mas saberás que o fez; porque cumprisse
O regimento em tudo obedecido
De seu Rei, que lhe manda que não saia,
Deixando a frota em nenhum porto ou praia;

LXXX.

'We are not pirates, we, who take our way
Through weak, unwary cities as we please,
To fire and sword condemning men a prey,
Their coveted good lands that we may seize;
But, from proud Europe sailing, we essay
To seek the lands, so far removed from these,
Of India rich and great; commanded forth
By one we own as King of power and worth;

LXXXI.

'What people of so harsh a race are those,
What rude fierce ways and habits of their land,
Who not alone their ports against us close,
But e'en grudge lodging on the desert sand?
What ill-will in our hearts can they suppose,
That of so few of us in awe they stand?
Why should they, with contrived and secret snares,
Have doomed us to destruction unawares?

LXXXII.

'But thou, on whom our hopes are surely stayed
To find in thee more truth, O King benign,
We trust that such as was Alcinous' aid
To the lost Ithacan, may now be thine;
Securely to thy port our voyage we've made,
Conducted by Interpreter Divine;
That He to thee commands us is most clear,
Who art of feeling fine, humane, sincere.

LXXXIII.

'And do not thou, O King, we pray, suppose,
Because our famous Captain did not land
To see thee and to serve thee, there arose
Suspicion of intention underhand;
For be it known to thee this course he chose,
In all things to obey his King's command,
Who gives his orders that it is not meet,
In any port or shore, to leave the fleet;

LXXXIV.

'E porque he de vassallos o exercicio
Que os membros tem regidos da cabeça,
Não quererás, pois tens de Rei o officio,
Que ninguem a seu Rei desobedeça;
Mas as mercés e o grande beneficio
Que ora acha em ti, promette que conheça
Em tudo aquillo que elle e os seus puderem,
Em quanto os rios para o mar correrem.'

LXXXV.

Assi dizia; e todos juntamente,
Huns com outros em pratica fallando,
Louvavam muito o estomago da gente
Que tantos ceos e mares vai passando;
E o Rei illustre, o peito obediente
Dos Portuguezes na alma imaginando,
Tinha por valor grande e mui subido
O do Rei, que he tão longe obedecido.

LXXXVI.

E com risonha vista e ledo aspeito
Responde ao Embaixador, que tanto estima:
'Toda a suspeita má tirai do peito,
Nenhum frio temor em vós se imprima;
Que vosso preço e obras são de geito
Para vos ter o mundo em muita estima;
E quem vos fêz molesto tratamento
Não póde ter subido pensamento;

LXXXVII.

'De não sahir em terra toda a gente
Por observar a usada preeminencia,
Ainda que me pêze estranhamente,
Em muito tenho a muita obediencia;
Mas, se lho o regimento não consente,
Nem eu consentirei que a excellencia
De peitos tão leaes em si desfaça,
Só porque a meu desejo satisfaça.

LXXXIV.

'And since the rule of vassals doth require
That of the head the members own the sway,
Holding King's office, thou canst not desire
That any one his King should disobey;
But those kind acts and grace he doth admire
As found in thee, he grateful will repay
In everything that he and his can show,
Long as the rivers to the ocean flow!'

LXXXV.

'Twas thus he spake; and all forthwith combined,
Discoursing with each other as they please,
Due praises for the hardy race to find,
Who travelled o'er so many lands and seas;
And the great monarch, weighing in his mind
The heart so loyal of the Portuguese,
Held of high valour and exalted sway
That of the King, obeyed so far away.

LXXXVI.

And then, with cheerful brow and smiling face,
The ambassador he speaks with much esteem:
'Of dark misgiving banish every trace,
Nor let your heart of cold suspicion dream:
For all your works and worth are of such grace
The world your merit very high doth deem,
And he who, to molest you, evil wrought,
Must be a person void of lofty thought;

LXXXVII.

'That all your people cannot come on shore,
Obeying recognised pre-eminence,
Although this disappointment I deplore,
I much esteem so much obedience;
But, if your rules will not permit of more,
Neither will I permit that excellence
Of hearts so loyal should itself belie,
Merely my own desire to satisfy;

LXXXVIII.

'Porêm, como a luz crastina chegada
Ao mundo fôr, em minhas almadias
Eu irei visitar a forte armada,
Que ver tanto desejo, ha tantos dias;
E, se vier do mar desbaratada,
Do furioso vento e longas vias,
Aqui terá de limpos pensamentos
Piloto, munições e mantimentos.'

LXXXIX.

Isto disse, e nas aguas se escondia
O filho de Latona; e o mensageiro
Co'a embaixada alegre se partia
Para a frota no seu batel ligeiro.
Enchem-se os peitos todos de alegria,
Por terem o remedio verdadeiro
Para acharem a terra que buscavam;
E assi ledos a noite festejavam.

XC.

Não faltam alli os raios de artificio,
Os tremulos cometas imitando;
Fazem os bombardeiros seu officio,
O ceo, a terra e as ondas atroando;
Mostra-se dos Cyclópas o exercicio
Nas bombas, que de fogo estão queimando;
Outros com vozes, com que o ceo feriam,
Instrumentos altisonos tangiam.

XCI.

Respondem-lhe da terra juntamente
Co'o raio volteando, com zonido;
Anda em gyros no ar a roda ardente,
Estoura o pó sulphureo escondido;
A grita se alevanta ao ceo da gente;
O mar se via em fogos accendido,
E não menos a terra; e assi festeja
Hum ao outro, á maneira de peleja.

LXXXVIII.

'But when to-morrow's light o'er earth shall glow,
Embarked in my canoes, without delay
The mighty fleet to visit I will go,
Which I have longed to see for many a day.
And if from ocean damage it should show,
From furious wind, or long-protracted way,
Here you shall pilot of an honest mind,
With ammunition and provisions, find.'

LXXXIX.

Thus spake he; nor Latona's son delayed
Beneath the western waters to retreat.
Cheerful the envoy with the ambassade
In his light boat departed to the fleet.
Then all their hearts are over-joyful made,
Seeing that now the real mode they meet
To find the country that they seek, at last;
And merrily the night in feasting passed.

XC.

Nor fail artistic streams of fire to rise,
Which e'en the tremulous comets imitate,
The bombardiers their work perform, likewise,
And heaven and earth and waves reverberate;
Of Vulcan's force is shown the exercise,
In bombs which burn with fire all animate,
Others, with voices which the heavens invade,
Their loud-toned instruments attendant played.

XCI.

Then from the land together they reply,
With sounding bolt, which whirling doth aspire,
The burning wheels aloft in circles fly,
The loaded powder bursts with fury dire.
To very heaven is heard the people's cry;
The sea beholds itself alive with fire,
Nor less the shore; and thus they welcome pay
One to another, as in battle's way.

XCII.

Mas já o ceo inquieto revolvendo,
As gentes incitava a seu trabalho;
E já a mãi de Memnon a luz trazendo,
Ao somno longo punha certo atalho;
Hiam-se as sombras lentas desfazendo
Sobre as flores da terra em frio orvalho,
Quando o Rei Melindano se embarcava
A ver a frota que no mar estava.

XCIII.

Viam-se em derredor ferver as praias
Da gente que a ver só concorre leda;
Luzem da fina purpura as cabaias,
Lustram os pannos da tecida seda;
Em lugar de guerreiras azagaias,
E do arco que os cornos arremeda
Da Lua, trazem ramos de palmeira,
Dos que vencem coroa verdadeira.

XCIV.

Hum batel grande e largo, que toldado
Vinha de sedas de diversas cores,
Traz o Rei de Melinde, acompanhado
De nobres de seu reino e de senhores.
Vem de ricos vestidos adornado,
Segundo seus costumes e primores;
Na cabeça huma fota guarnecida,
De ouro e de seda, e de algodão tecida.

XCV.

Cabaia de damasco rico e dino,
Da Tyria côr, entre elles estimada;
Hum collar ao pescoço de ouro fino,
Onde a materia da obra he superada;
C'hum resplandor reluze adamantino
Na cinta a rica adaga bem lavrada;
Nas alparcas dos pés, em fim de tudo,
Cobrem ouro e aljofar ao veludo.

XCII.

But now the unquiet heaven revolving ran,
And called the people to their work anew;
Now Memnon's mother, closing up the span
Of lengthened sleep, o'er all light's mantle threw;
Slowly the shadows to dissolve began,
Over the flowers of earth, in chilly dew,
When the Melindan Monarch took his way,
To see the fleet that out at anchor lay.

XCIII.

The crowded shores around are seen to swarm
With cheerful people, only come to see;
Caftans of purple fine all glittering charm,
And cloths of woven silk shine brilliantly;
In place of warlike assegais, to'alarm,
And bow, which crescent of the moon might be,
Branches of palm they bear, which Peace doth own
Emblem of those that wear the real crown.

XCIV.

A long and spacious barge, which round was hung
With silks of various colours, sailing came,
And brought the King, attended by a throng
Of nobles of his land and lords of name;
He was adorned with raiment rich and long,
Of art and fashion of domestic fame;
A glittering turban doth his head infold,
Woven with silk and cotton mixed with gold;

XCV.

Caftan of costly damascene designs,
Of Tyrian dyes, of every one the pride;
His neck a collar of fine gold entwines,
Material being by the work outvied;
With adamantine splendour also shines
A highly-wrought rich dagger at his side;
Sandals of velvet on his feet he wore,
With gold and seed-pearls thickly covered o'er.

XCVI.

Com hum redondo amparo alto de seda,
N'huma alta e dourada hastea enxerido,
Hum ministro á solar quentura veda
Que não offenda e queime o Rei subido.
Musica traz na prôa, estranha e leda,
De aspero som, horrissimo ao ouvido,
De trombetas arcadas em redondo,
Que sem concerto fazem rudo estrondo.

XCVII.

Não menos guarnecido o Lusitano
Nos seus bateis da frota se partia
A receber no mar o Melindano,
Com lustrosa e honrada companhia;
Vestido o Gama vem ao modo Hispano
(Mas Franceza era a roupa que vestia)
De setim da Adriatica Veneza
Carmesi, côr que a gente tanto preza.

XCVIII.

De botões d'ouro as mangas vem tomadas,
Onde o Sol reluzindo a vista cega;
As calças soldadescas recamadas
Do metal que fortuna a tantos nega;
E com pontas do mesmo delicadas
Os golpes do gibão ajunta e achega;
Ao Italico modo a aurea espada;
Pluma na gôrra hum pouco declinada.

XCIX.

Nos de sua companhia se mostrava
Da tinta que dá o murice excellente,
A varia côr que os olhos alegrava,
E a maneira do trajo differente.
Tal o formoso esmalte se notava
Dos vestidos olhados juntamente,
Qual apparece o arco rutilante
Da bella nympha, filha de Thaumante.

XCVI.

And with a silken sunshade round and wide,
Which on long gilded handle he did rear,
A minister did the burning sunshine hide,
Whose hurtful heat the lofty King might fear.
Strange cheerful music on the prow did ride,
Harsh sounding and most horrid to the ear,
Of trumpets twisted into archèd rounds,
Which without consort utter noisy sounds.

XCVII.

Nor was the Lusitanian's garb less meet,
When he, to hail Melinde's King at sea,
In his long barges sailed forth from the fleet,
With honoured and illustrious company;
Gama comes clothed in Spanish style complete
(But all was French he wore of drapery),
Satin, in Adriatic Venice wrought,
Crimson—a colour by them all much sought.

XCVIII.

His sleeves a row of golden buttons ties,
Which glistening in the sun the vision blind;
His martial trousers show embroideries
O' the metal, whereof Fortune is not kind.
His doublet's slashes with the same, likewise,
He fastens and unites by points refined:
Italian like, a golden sword he bears;
His cap, with plume, somewhat aslant he wears.

XCIX.

Those of his retinue displayed to sight
The tints that come from murex excellent,
With various colours which the eye delight,
And costumes in their fashion different.
And such appeared the enamel, gay and bright,
Of all the dresses when together blent,
As doth appear upon the brilliant bow,
Which Thauma's daughter, lovely nymph, doth show.

C.

Sonorosas trombetas incitavam
Os animos alegres, resoando;
Dos Mouros os bateis o mar coalhavam,
Os tôldos pelas aguas arrojando;
As bombardas horrisonas bramavam,
Com as nuvens de fumo o Sol tomando,
Amiudam-se os brados accendidos,
Tapam co'as mãos os Mouros os ouvidos.

CI.

Já no batel entrou do Capitão
O Rei, que nos seus braços o levava;
Elle co'a cortezia que a razão
(Por ser Rei) requeria lhe fallava.
C'humas mostras de espanto e admiração
O Mouro o gesto e o modo lhe notava,
Como quem em mui grande estima tinha
Gente, que de tão longe á India vinha;

CII.

E com grandes palavras lhe offerece
Tudo o que de seus reinos lhe cumprisse,
E que, se mantimento lhe fallece,
Como se proprio fosse lho pedisse;
Diz-lhe mais, que por fama bem conhece
A gente Lusitana sem que a visse;
Que já ouvio dizer que n'outra terra
Com gente de sua lei tivesse guerra.

CIII.

E, como por toda Africa se soa,
Lhe diz os grandes feitos que fizeram,
Quando nella ganharam a corôa
Do reino onde as Hesperidas viveram:
E com muitas palavras apregoa
O menos que os de Luso mereceram,
E o mais que pela fama o Rei sabia:
Mas desta sorte o Gama respondia:—

C.

Sonorous trumpets with their sound of glee
Fresh impulse to the joyful spirits gave,
The Moorish barges curdled all the sea,
Pushing their awnings forth upon the wave;
The bombards echoed, sounding horribly,
Dense clouds of smoke across the sunshine drave:
So loud and quick each roaring flash appears
That with their hands the scared Moors stop their ears.

CI.

Now in the Captain's boat, at his desire,
The Monarch entered, borne on his embrace,
With courtesy, as reason did require
(For he was King) he spake him, and with grace.
The Moor with shows of wonder did admire
And note the looks and manners of the race,
As one who held in very great esteem
People who from so far to India came;

CII.

And offers him, with lofty phrases rare,
All in his realm that could be useful shown,
Begging that if provisions should be spare,
He'd ask for them as if they were his own;
And tells him more: that, ere he'd seen them there,
The Lusian race by fame to him were known;
For he had heard that they, in lands afar,
With people of his Faith had waged war.

CIII.

And, as by fame o'er Africa 'twas known,
Of the great scenes they acted he doth tell,
When there they had obtained that kingdom's crown,
Where the Hesperides were wont to dwell;
And he set forth in phrases of renown
The least wherein the Lusians did excel,
And yet the most the King by fame had learned:
Then Gama answer in this sort returned—

CIV.

'Ó tu, que só tiveste piedade,
Rei benigno, da gente Lusitana,
Que com tanta miseria e adversidade
Dos mares exprimenta a furia insana;
Aquella alta e divina Eternidade,
Que o ceo revolve e rege a gente humana,
Pois que de ti taes obras recebemos,
Te pague o que nós outros não podemos;

CV.

'Tu só, de todos quantos queima Apollo,
Nos recebes em paz do mar profundo;
Em ti dos ventos horridos de Eolo
Refugio achâmos bom, fido e jucundo;
Em quanto apascentar o largo polo
As estrellas, e o Sol der lume ao mundo,
Onde quer que eu viver, com fama e gloria
Viverão teus louvores em memoria.'

CVI.

Isto dizendo, os barcos vão remando
Para a frota que o Mouro ver deseja;
Vão as naos huma e huma rodeando,
Porque de todas tudo note e veja;
Mas para o ceo Vulcano fuzilando,
A frota co'as bombardas o festeja,
E as trombetas canoras lhe tangiam;
Co'os anafis os Mouros respondiam.

CVII.

Mas, despois de ser tudo já notado
Do generoso Mouro que pasmava,
Ouvindo o instrumento inusitado
Que tamanho terror em si mostrava;
Mandava estar quieto e ancorado
N'agua o batel ligeiro que os levava;
Por fallar de vagar co'o forte Gama
Nas cousas de que tem noticia e fama.

CIV.

'O thou alone whose piteous sympathy,
Benignant King, the Lusitanians prove,
Who, with such adverse fate and misery,
'Gainst the wild fury of the waves have strove,
Oh, may that high Divine Eternity,
Who rules the human race and heaven doth move,
Since we receive from thee such service true,
Pay thee as we ourselves can never do!

CV.

'Thou, of all those Apollo burns, alone,
In peace dost hail us from the sea profound;
In thee, by Eolus' dread tempests blown,
We find a refuge cheerful, good and sound.
While the vast Pole doth feed the starry zone,
While Sol illuminates the world around,
Wherever I may live, with fame and glory
Shall live thy praises in my heart and story.'

CVI.

Thus saying, towards the fleet their boats they row,
The which the Moor most anxious is to see,
And round the vessels one by one they go,
That all of all may viewed and noted be.
Now towards the heaven his bolts doth Vulcan throw,
The fleet with mortars makes festivity,
The trumpets musical around him play;
And all the Moorish shawms responsive bray.

CVII.

Now all things having by the generous Moor
Been noted well, who seemed almost dismayed
By instruments he ne'er had heard before,
Which so much terror in themselves conveyed,
He orders that they should the anchor lower,
And the light boat they came in to be stayed,
For with brave Gama quiet speech he sought
On matters fame had to his notice brought.

CVIII.

Em praticas o Mouro differentes
Se deleitava, perguntando agora
Pelas guerras famosas e excellentes
Co'o povo havidas, que a Mafoma adora;
Agora lhe pergunta pelas gentes
De toda a Hesperia ultima onde mora;
Agora pelos povos seus visinhos,
Agora pelos humidos caminhos.

CIX.

'Mas antes, valeroso Capitão,
Nos conta,' lhe dizia, 'diligente
Da terra tua o clima e região
Do Mundo onde morais, distinctamente;'
E assi de vossa antigua geração,
E o principio do reino tão potente,
Co'os successos das guerras do começo;
Que sem sabel-as sei que são de preço;

CX.

'E assi tambem nos conta dos rodeios
Longos em que te traz o mar irado,
Vendo os costumes barbaros alheios,
Que a nossa Africa ruda tem criado;
Conta; que agora vem co'os aureos freios
Os cavallos, que o carro marchetado
Do novo Sol da fria Aurora trazem;
O vento dorme, o mar e as ondas jazem;

CXI.

'E não menos co'o tempo se parece
O desejo de ouvir-te o que contares;
Que quem ha que por fama não conhece
As obras Portuguezas singulares?
Não tanto desviado resplandece
De nós o claro Sol, para julgares
Que os Melindanos tem tão rudo peito
Que não estimem muito hum grande feito;

CVIII.

And thus the Moor on themes all different
Amused himself conversing; asking now
About the wars far famed and excellent,
Waged with the people that to Mahomet bow;
Of where he dwells, Hesperia's far extent,
Of races there, full many questions grow;
Now of the people who his neighbours be,
Now of the watery ways across the sea.

CIX.

'But first, O Captain! full of valour's grace,
With care' (he said) 'recounting all full well,
The climate of thy land distinctly trace,
The region of the world where thou dost dwell;
And, likewise, further of thy ancient race,
And founding of thy powerful kingdom tell,
With war's events, as from the first they came;
For though I know them not I know their fame;

CX.

'And also let those circuits wide be told,
Wherein the angry sea doth bear thee far,
The foreign barbarous customs to behold,
Which in our Afric rude created are.
Begin: for now there come with reins of gold
The horses who the variegated car
Of bright new Sol from cold Aurora bring;
The wind, the sea and waves lie slumbering;

CXI.

'And with the hour appears my wish the same,
To hearken all that thou to tell shalt please,
For, who is there that doth not know by fame
The deeds distinguished of the Portuguese?
Nor must thou deem that Sol's refulgent flame
Doth shine on us from such remote degrees,
That the Melindan heart too rude doth beat
To esteem with great regard a mighty feat.

CXII.

'Commetteram soberbos os Gigantes
Com guerra vãa o Olympo claro e puro;
Tentou Piríthoo e Théseo, de ignorantes,
O reino de Plutão horrendo e escuro;
Se houve feitos no mundo tão possantes,
Não menos he trabalho illustre e duro
Quanto foi commetter inferno e ceo,
Que outrem commetta a furia de Nereo;

CXIII.

'Queimou o sagrado templo de Diana,
Do subtil Ctesiphonio fabricado,
Herostrato, por ser da gente humana
Conhecido no mundo, e nomeado:
Se tambem com taes obras nos engana
O desejo de hum nome avantajado,
Mais razão ha que queira eterna gloria
Quem faz obras tão dignas de memoria.'

CXII.

'The giants, full of pride, would fain invade
With foolish war Olympus bright and pure;
Pirithöus and Theseus blind schemes laid
'Gainst Pluto's kingdom, horrid and obscure;
If feats so vast as these have been essayed,
Not less 'tis labour hard, of glory sure,
E'en as it was with hell and heaven to engage,
When man doth battle against Nereus' rage;

CXIII.

'Herostratus Diana's sacred fane,
Which by the ingenious Ctesiphon was framed,
Destroyed by fire; that thus he might obtain
A world's renown, and be for ever named;
If then with acts like these we blindly strain
In lasting eminence to be proclaimed,
Far more may he aspire to live in story,
Who doeth deeds so worthy lasting glory.'

## *CANTO TERCEIRO.*

I.

AGORA tu, Calliope, me ensina
O que contou ao Rei o illustre Gama:
Inspira immortal canto e voz divina
Neste peito mortal, que tanto te ama;
Assi o claro inventor da Medicina,
De quem Orpheo pariste, ó linda dama,
Nunca por Daphne, Clicie ou Leucothoe
Te negue o amor devido, como soe.

II.

Põe tu, Nympha, em effeito meu desejo,
Como merece a gente Lusitana;
Que veja e saiba o mundo que do Tejo
O licôr de Aganippe corre e mana;
Deixa as flores de Pindo; que já vejo
Banhar-me Apollo na agua soberana,
Senão, direi que tens algum receio
Que se escureça o teu querido Orpheio.

III.

Promptos estavam todos escutando
O que o sublime Gama contaria;
Quando, despois de hum pouco estar cuidando,
Alevantando o rosto, assi dizia:
'Mandas-me, ó Rei, que conte declarando
De minha gente a grão genealogia:
Não me mandas contar estranha historia,
Mas mandas-me louvar dos meus a gloria.

## *CANTO III.*

I.

O thou, Calliope! to teach incline
What to the King great Gama did relate:
Immortal song inspire and voice divine
In mortal breast, thine own by love so great.
Thus may the inventor bright of Medicine,
With whom, fair dame, thy Orpheus was create,
For Daphne, Clicia, Leucothoe, ne'er
As wont, the love he owes to thee defer.

II.

O Nymph! consent to realise my dream,
As doth deserve the Lusitanian race;
That all may see and know in Tagus' stream
How Aganippe's flowing source we trace:
The flowers of Pindus leave; for now I deem
Apollo bathes me in my river's grace;
Or, I shall say that thou dost somewhat dread
Lest thy loved Orpheus be o'ershadowèd.

III.

Now, all in listening mood attention were
To what by lofty Gama might be told;
When, after somewhat a collected air,
He raised his brow, and thus did he unfold:
'Thou biddest me, O King! the tale declare
Of all my race, their lineage of old;
Thou dost not bid me tell a foreign story,
Thou biddest me to praise my people's glory;

IV.

'Que outrem possa louvar esforço alheio
Cousa he que se costuma e se deseja;
Mas louvar os meus proprios, arreceio
Que louvor tão suspeito mal me esteja;
E para dizer tudo, temo e creio
Que qualquer longo tempo curto seja;
Mas, pois o mandas, tudo se te deve;
Irei contra o que devo, e serei breve.

V.

'Alem disso, o que a tudo em fim me obriga
He não poder mentir no que disser;
Porque de feitos taes, por mais que diga,
Mais me ha de ficar inda por dizer;
Mas, porque nisto a ordem leve e siga,
Segundo o que desejas de saber,
Primeiro tratarei da larga terra,
Despois direi da sanguinosa guerra.

VI.

'Entre a zona que o Cancro senhorea,
Meta Septentrional do Sol luzente,
E aquella que por fria se arrecea
Tanto como a do meio por ardente,
Jaz a soberba Europa, a quem rodea
Pela parte do Arcturo e do Occidente
Com suas salsas ondas o Oceano,
E pela Austral o mar Mediterrano.

VII.

'Da parte donde o dia vem nascendo
Com Asia se avisinha; mas o rio
(Que dos montes Rhipheios vai correndo
Na alagoa Meotis), curvo e frio,
As divide e o mar, que fero e horrendo
Vio dos Gregos o irado senhorio,
Onde agora de Troia triumphante
Não vê mais que a memoria o navegante.

IV.

'To praise the power of others doth appear
As matter both of custom and of will,
But if I praise my own, I greatly fear
That praise so partial will become me ill;
And to say all, I doubt, nay deem it clear,
That time however long will fail us still;
But as thou biddest, all is due to thee;
'Gainst what I ought I act, and brief will be.

V.

'And more, in fine, what binds me to it all
Is that I cannot lie, tell what I may;
For of such feats, whate'er I may recall,
There always will remain still more to say;
But, as it should in natural order fall,
What by thy wish before thee I shall lay,
First, on the land at large I will debate,
And, afterwards, will bloody war relate.

VI.

'Between the zone where Cancer reign doth hold
(The northern bound whereto bright Sol doth run)
And that which men avoid as much from cold
As, from its heat, the middle zone they shun,
Proud Europe lies, upon whose coasts are rolled,
Both towards Arcturus and the setting sun,
The waves of Ocean's briny waters free,
And to the south the Mediterranean sea.

VII.

'On that side whence the morning light is spread
She joins with Asia: but the river rolled
From mountains of Rhipæus, whence are fed
The waters of Mæotis, winding and cold
Divides them and the sea, which, fierce and dread,
Beheld the Greeks their angry lordship hold,
Where now the sailor nothing more can see
Of Troy triumphant than the memory.

VIII.

'Lá onde mais debaixo está do polo
Os montes Hyperboreos apparecem,
E aquelles onde sempre sopra Eolo,
E co'o nome dos sôpros se ennobrecem;
Aqui tão pouca força tem de Apollo
Os raios que no mundo resplandecem,
Que a neve está contino pelos montes,
Gelado o mar, geladas sempre as fontes.

IX.

'Aqui dos Scythas grande quantidade
Vivem, que antiguamente grande guerra
Tiveram sobre a humana antiguidade
Co'os que tinham então a Egypcia terra;
Mas quem tão fóra estava da verdade,
(Já que o juizo humano tanto erra)
Para que do mais certo se informara
Ao campo Damasceno o perguntara.

X.

'Agora nestas partes se nomea
A Lappia fria, a inculta Noroega,
Escandinavia ilha, que se arrea
Das victorias que Italia não lhe nega;
Aqui, em quanto as aguas não refrea
O congelado inverno, se navega
Hum braço do Sarmatico Oceano
Pelo Brusio, Suecio e frio Dano.

XI.

'Entre este mar e o Tanais vive estranha
Gente, Ruthenos, Moscos e Livonios,
Sarmatas outro tempo, e na montanha
Hircinia os Marcomanos são Polonios.
Sujeitos ao imperio de Alemanha
São Saxones, Bohemios e Pannonios,
E outras varias nações que o Rheno frio
Lava, e o Danubio, Amasis e Albis rio.

VIII.

'There, where it all lies more the pole below,
The Hyperborean mountains ranged appear,
And those where Eolus doth always blow,
And from the name of winds their titles bear;
Here such small force Apollo's rays can show,
Which other parts of earth with brightness cheer,
That snow perpetual on the mountains gleams,
With sea all frozen, ever frozen streams.

IX.

'Of Scythians here great numbers live to-day,
Who anciently took mighty war in hand,
To prove none were so old a race as they,
With those who then possessed Egyptian land;
But he who from the truth so far could stray,
(Man's judgment doth so oft misunderstand)
Let him, the fact more certain to obtain,
Seek information in Damascus' plain.

X.

'Cold Lapland and rude Norway are contained
In name of Scandinavia here, nor failed
To robe themselves in victories they gained,
Nor Italy denies that they prevailed.
Here, while the running waters are not chained
By frozen winter, ships have always sailed
Over an arm of the Sarmatic main,
Of Swede, of Brussian, and of chilly Dane.

XI.

'Twixt Tanais and this sea strange people dwell,
Ruthenians, Moscos, and Livonians,
Sarmatians once; and on Hercynia's hill
The Marcomani are Polonians.
As subjects to the German Empire, fell
Bohemians, Saxons and Pannonians,
And various nations more, whom Rhine's cold wave,
Danube, Amasis, Albis river, lave.

XII.

'Entre o remoto Istro e o claro estreito
Aonde Helle deixou co'o nome a vida,
Estão os Thraces de robusto peito,
Do fero Marte patria tão querida,
Onde co'o Hemo o Rhódope sujeito
Ao Othomano está, que sobmettida
Byzancio tem a seu serviço indino;
Boa injuria do grande Constantino!

XIII.

'Logo de Macedonia estão as gentes
A quem lava do Axio a agua fria;
E vós tambem, ó terras excellentes
Nos costumes, engenhos e ousadia,
Que creastes os peitos eloquentes
E os juizos de alta phantasia,
Com quem tu, clara Grecia, o ceo penetras,
E não menos por armas que por letras.

XIV.

'Logo os Dalmatas vivem, e no seio
Onde Antenor já muros levantou,
A soberba Veneza está no meio
Das aguas, que tão baixa começou.
Da terra hum braço vem ao mar, que cheio
De esforço nações varias sujeitou,
Braço forte de gente sublimada
Não menos nos engenhos que na espada.

XV.

'Em torno o cerca o reino Neptunino,
Co'os muros naturaes por outra parte;
Pelo meio o divide o Apennino,
Que tão illustre fez o patrio Marte;
Mas despois que o Porteiro tem divino,
Perdendo o esforço veio e bellica arte,
Pobre está já de antigua potestade;
Tanto Deos se contenta de humildade!

XII.

'Twixt distant Ister and the famous strait
Where Helle left behind her name and life,
The Thracians live, of warlike courage great,
A land so loved of Mars who loveth strife,
Where Rhodope, with Hæmus, to the state
Of Turkey lies subdued, who doth contrive
Byzantium in base service to confine;
Great insult to the mighty Constantine!

XIII.

'Contiguous lie the Macedonian race,
Whom Axius washes with his waters cold;
And ye, O lands of such excelling grace
In customs, intellect and courage bold,
To whose creation eloquence we trace,
And wise men for high genius extolled,
With whom, illustrious Greece, to thee 'twas given
Not less by arms than arts to invade e'en heaven!

XIV.

'Next the Dalmatians live, and in the bay
Where once Antenor raised a city's wall,
There in mid waters doth her charms display
Proud Venice, whose beginning was so small.
From land an arm runs to the sea away,
Which, full of power, made various nations fall,
Strong arm, and of a race by all adored,
Not less for art and skill than for the sword.

XV.

'It lies encircled round with Neptune's brine,
With natural walls upon the northern side;
In half divided by the Apennine,
The which their country's Mars so dignified;
But, since its Father of the Church divine,
Its ancient force and warlike art have died:
Poor it remains of ancient power gone by;
God so contents him with humility!

XVI.

'Gallia alli se verá, que nomeada
Co'os Cesáreos triumphos foi no mundo,
Que do Séquana e Rhódano he regada,
E do Garumna frio e Rheno fundo;
Logo os montes da Nympha sepultada
Pyrene se alevantam, que, segundo
Antiguidades contam, quando arderam,
Rios de ouro e de prata então correram.

XVII.

'Eis-aqui se descobre a nobre Hespanha
Como cabeça alli de Europa toda,
Em cujo senhorio e gloria estranha
Muitas voltas tem dado a fatal roda;
Mas nunca poderá com força ou manha
A fortuna inquieta pôr-lhe noda,
Que lha náó tire o esforço e ousadia
Dos bellicosos peitos que em si cria.

XVIII.

'Com Tingitania entesta, e alli parece
Que quer fechar o mar Mediterrano,
Onde o sabido Estreito se ennobrece
Co'o extremo trabalho do Thebano:
Com nações differentes se engrandece,
Cercadas com as ondas do Oceano,
Todas de tal nobreza, e tal valor,
Que qualquer dellas cuida que he melhor.

XIX.

'Tem o Tarragonez, que se fez claro
Sujeitando Parthénope inquieta,
O Navarro, as Asturias, que reparo
Já foram contra a gente Mahometa;
Tem o Gallego cauto, e o grande e raro
Castelhano, a quem fez o seu planeta
Restituidor de Hespanha e senhor della,
Betis, Leão, Granada, com Castella.

XVI.

'There shalt thou Gaul behold, whose name was read
Throughout the world where Cæsar's triumphs shine,
Which by the Seine and Rhone is watered,
By cold Garonne and by deep-channelled Rhine;
And here those mountains rear aloft the head,
Wherein doth lie the nymph Pyrene's shrine,
Whence, when they burned, as by tradition told,
Then rivers ran of silver and of gold.

XVII.

'Lo! as of all that part of Europe lord,
Here rises into view the noble Spain,
With whose dominion and surpassing sword
The fatal wheel so many turns hath ta'en;
But never restless Fortune shall record
With force or fraud she cast on her a stain,
Which, with the power and daring they display,
Her warlike children could not wash away.

XVIII.

'And Tingitania opposite doth rise,
As fain to close the Mediterranean sea,
Where, by the Theban's wondrous enterprise
The well-known strait enjoys nobility.
The kingdom various nations aggrandise,
Which by the Ocean wave surrounded be,
All of such nobleness and worth confessed,
That each of them believes itself the best.

XIX.

'The Tarragonese, who gathered fame so fair,
Conquering the still disturbed Parthenope,
Navarre, Asturias, who protectors were
'Gainst races who to Mahomet bend the knee;
Cautious Gallician, and the great and rare
Castilian, destined by his star to be
Spain's renovator, and her lord at will,
Granada, Betis, Leon, and Castile.

XX.

'Eis-aqui, quasi cume da cabeça
De Europa toda, o reino Lusitano,
Onde a terra se acaba e o mar começa
E onde Phebo repousa no Oceano;
Este quiz o Ceo justo que floreça
Nas armas contra o torpe Mauritano,
Deitando-o de si fóra, e lá na ardente
Africa estar quieto o não consente.

XXI.

'Esta he a ditosa patria minha amada,
Á qual se o Ceo me dá que eu sem perigo
Torne, com esta empreza já acabada,
Acabe-se esta luz alli comigo.
Esta foi Lusitania, derivada
De Luso, ou Lysa, que de Baccho antigo
Filhos foram, parece, ou companheiros,
E nella então os incolas primeiros.

XXII.

'Desta o Pastor nasceo, que no seu nome
Se vê, que de homem forte os feitos teve,
Cuja fama ninguem virá que dome;
Pois a grande de Roma não se atreve.
Esta o velho, que os filhos proprios come,
Por decreto do Ceo, ligeiro e leve,
Veio a fazer no mundo tanta parte,
Creando-a reino illustre, e foi desta arte:

XXIII.

'Hum Rej, por nome Afonso, foi na Hespanha
Que fez aos Sarracenos tanta guerra,
Que por armas sanguinas, força, e manha,
A muitos fez perder a vida e a terra:
Voando deste Rei a fama estranha
Do Herculano Calpe á Caspia serra,
Muitos, para na guerra esclarecer-se,
Vinham a elle e á morte offerecer-se.

XX.

'Lo! here, as crown o' the head of Europe all,
Her front the Lusitanian Kingdom shows,
Where land into the sea abrupt doth fall,
And where in Ocean Phœbus seeks repose;
This country righteous Heaven to arms did call,
To flourish 'gainst her servile Moorish foes,
Thrusting them forth from her; nor with consent
That they in Afric's heat should rest content.

XXI.

'This is my loved, my happy land so sweet,
Whereto if Heaven concede that I repair
In safety, with this enterprise complete,
Then may this life be ended with me there!
This Lusitania was; in whom we greet
Lusus, or Lysa, who the offspring were,
Or friends, of ancient Bacchus, as appears,
And her first dwellers in her earliest years.

XXII.

'Here was the Shepherd born, who by his name
Is seen the deeds of valorous man to share,
Whose glory none shall ever come to tame,
For this e'en Rome's great glory did not dare;
This land the son-devouring Ancient came,
In shortest space, for Heaven did so declare,
To cause her in the world great part to play,
And made her kingdom glorious, in this way:

XXIII.

'A king of Spain, Alfonzo was his name,
Against the Saracens so greatly warred,
That, with red arms and force and stratagem,
To many neither life nor land were spared;
E'en from the Caspian range this King's vast fame
Far as Herculean Calpe had been heard;
And many, to achieve the warrior's wreath,
Came offering themselves to him and death.

XXIV.

'E c'hum amor intrinseco accendidos
Da Fé mais que das hõnras populares,
Eram de varias terras conduzidos,
Deixando a patria amada e proprios lares.
Despois que em feitos altos e subidos
Se mostraram nas armas singulares,
Quiz o famoso Afonso que obras taes
Levassem premio digno e dões iguaes.

XXV.

'Destes Henrique, dizem, que segundo
Filho de hum Rei de Hungria exprimentado,
Portugal houve em sorte, que no mundo
Então não era illustre, nem prezado;
E, para mais signal d'amor profundo,
Quiz o Rei Castelhano que casado
Com Teresa sua filha o Conde fosse;
E com ella das terras tomou posse.

XXVI.

'Este despois que contra os descendentes
Da escrava Agar victorias grandes teve,
Ganhando muitas terras adjacentes,
Fazendo o que a seu forte peito deve,
Em premio destes feitos excellentes
Deo-lhe o supremo Deos, em tempo breve,
Hum filho que illustrasse o nome ufano
Do bellicoso reino Lusitano.

XXVII.

'Já tinha vindo Henrique da conquista
Da cidade Hierosolyma sãgrada,
E do Jordão a arêa tinha vista
Que vio de Deos a carne em si lavada;
Que não tendo Gothfredo a quem resista,
Despois de ter Judea sobjugada,
Muitos, que nestas guerras o ajudaram,
Para seus senhorios se tornaram.

XXIV.

'And as their love o' the Faith did more inflame
Than the desire for vulgar honours moved,
Guided from various distant lands they came,
Leaving the native land and hearth they loved;
And after valorous feats of lofty fame,
And that in arms they most distinguished proved,
Renowned Alfonzo willed that deeds so great
With equal gifts and due reward should meet.

XXV.

'And among these one Henry, as they say,
Of Hungary's King the well-proved second son,
By lot had Portugal, which at that day
Nor fame nor value in the world had won;
And, that he might his deep love more display,
His child Teresa the Castilian
Willed on the Count in marriage to confer;
And thus did he possess the land with her.

XXVI.

'And when he had against the progeny
Of the slave Agar mighty victories wrought,
Gaining much country in proximity,
Performing all his valiant courage ought;
As a reward for feats of such degree,
The God supreme in short space to him brought
A son, who should exalt to brilliant fame
The warlike Lusian kingdom's haughty name.

XXVII.

'Now had come Henry conqueror to his land
From sacred city of Jerusalem,
And of the Jordan had beheld the sand,
Which saw the Incarnate God wash in its stream;
For none remaining Godfrey to withstand,
After that he Judea did redeem,
Many, who in these wars had been his mates,
Already had returned to their estates.

XXVIII.

‘ Quando chegado ao fim de sua idade
O forte e famoso Hungaro estremado,
Forçado da fatal necessidade,
O esp'rito deo a quem lhe tinha dado;
Ficava o filho em tenra mocidade,
Em quem o pai deixava seu traslado,
Que do mundo os mais fortes igualava;
Que de tal pai tal filho se esperava.

XXIX.

‘ Mas o velho rumor, não sei se errado,
Que em tanta antiguidade não ha certeza,
Conta que a mãi, tomando todo o estado,
Do segundo hymeneo não se despreza;
O filho orphão deixava desherdado,
Dizendo que nas terras a grandeza
Do senhorio todo só sua era;
Porque para casar seu pai lhas dera.

XXX.

‘ Mas o principe Afonso, que desta arte
Se chamava, do avô tomando o nome,
Vendo-se em suas terras não ter parte,
Que a mãi com seu marido as manda e come,
Fervendo-lhe no peito o duro Marte,
Imagina comsigo como as tome;
Revolvidas as causas no conceito,
Ao proposito firme ségue o effeito.

XXXI.

‘ De Guimarães o campo se tingia
Co'o sangue, proprio da intestina guerra,
Onde a mãi, que tão pouco o parecia,
A seu filho negava o amor e a terra.
Com elle posta em campo já se via,
E não vê a soberba o muito que erra,
Contra Deos, contra o maternal amor;
Mas nella o sensual era o maior.

XXVIII.

'When he had reached his age's latest date,
The famed Hungarian, eminent and brave,
Forced by the stern necessity of fate,
His spirit gave again to Him who gave.
A son remained to him of child's estate,
Whom with his stamp the father did engrave,
Who ranked the bravest of the world among:
For, from such father should such son have sprung.

XXIX.

'But old report, if truly it relate,
For nought is sure in such antiquity,
Shows that the mother, taking all the estate,
Was not averse again to married be.
The orphan child, despoiled, she left to fate,
Claiming, by title of the seignory,
O'er all the lands to exercise her sway,
Her father's dowry on her marriage day

XXX.

'But Prince Alfonso, who assumed this name,
Which from his grandfather did fairly fall,
Seeing that of his lands nought to him came,
(His mother and her husband grasping all),
Burning within his breast with Mavor's flame,
Fell pondering how he might his rights recall;
And, causes being thus revolved in thought,
His firm intention to effect was brought.

XXXI.

'The plain of Guimarães was deeply dyed
With very blood of an intestine war,
Wherein the mother, who that name belied,
Of love and land her son would fain debar;
In battle ranged, her offspring she defied,
Too proud to see how deeply she must err
Both against God and 'gainst maternal love;
But in her reigned the sensual all above.

XXXII.

'Ó Progne crua! ó magica Medea!
Se em vossos proprios filhos vos vingais
Da maldade dos pais, da culpa alhea,
Olhai, que inda Teresa pecca mais.
Incontinencia má, cubiça fea,
São as causas deste erro principais;
Scylla por huma mata o velho pai,
Esta por ambas contra o filho vai.

XXXIII.

'Mas já o Principe claro o vencimento
Do padrasto e da iniqua mãi levava;
Já lhe obedece a terra n'hum momento,
Que primeiro contra elle pelejava;
Porêm, vencido de ira o entendimento,
A mãi em ferros asperos atava;
Mas de Deos foi vingada em tempo breve;
Tanta veneração aos pais se deve!

XXXIV.

'Eis se ajunta o soberbo Castelhano,
Para vingar a injuria de Teresa,
Contra o tão raro em gente Lusitano,
A quem nenhum trabalho aggrava, ou pesa.
Em batalha cruel o peito humano,
Ajudado da angelica defesa,
Não só contra tal furia se sustenta,
Mas o inimigo asperrimo affugenta.

XXXV.

'Não passa muito tempo, quando o forte
Principe em Guimarães está cercado
De infinito poder; que desta sorte
Foi refazer-se o imigo magoado;
Mas, com se offerecer á dura morte
O fiel Egas amo, foi livrado;
Que de outra arte pudera ser perdido;
Segundo estava mal apercebido.

XXXII.

'O magical Medea! O Progne dire!
If 'gainst your very sons you vengeance aim,
For others' faults, in hatred of the sire,
Behold Teresa's sin of darker fame!
From avarice foul, incontinent desire,
From these, their leading source, her errors came;
Scylla her aged father slays, from one,
She, from them both, makes war against her son.

XXXIII.

'But now, the illustrious Prince the victory
O'er cruel mother and stepfather gained,
And all the land obeys him instantly,
Which 'gainst him at the first the war maintained;
Yet, rage o'ercoming all propriety,
His mother in harsh fetters he enchained;
But this from God a speedy vengeance drew;
So much is reverence unto parents due!

XXXIV.

'Behold the proud Castilian doth prepare
To avenge this insult in Teresa's name,
Against the Lusian with a force so spare,
Whom labour ne'er oppressed or overcame.
The human heart, in battle's cruel glare,
Warmed by protection of an angel's flame,
Not only 'gainst such madness holds the right,
But puts the hard and heartless foe to flight.

XXXV.

'In little time, around this Prince so brave,
In Guimarães, besieging arms were brought,
Of passing power; for thus his name to save
The sore vexed enemy occasion sought;
But, as to cruel death true Egas gave
His life an offering, rescue thus was wrought
Else must he doubtless other fate have shared,
In that he stood so very ill-prepared.

XXXVI.

'Mas o leal vassallo, conhecendo
Que seu senhor não tinha resistencia,
Se vai ao Castelhano, promettendo
Que elle faria dar-lhe obediencia;
Levanta o inimigo o cerco horrendo,
Fiado na promessa e consciencia
De Egas Moniz: mas não consente o peito
Do moço illustre a outrem ser sujeito.

XXXVII.

'Chegado tinha o prazo promettido
Em que o Rei Castelhano já aguardava
Que o Principe a seu mando sobmettido
Lhe désse a obediencia que esperava;
Vendo Egas, que ficava fementido,
O que delle Castella não cuidava,
Determina de dar a doce vida
A troco da palavra mal cumprida;

XXXVIII.

'E com seus filhos e mulher se parte
A alevantar com elles a fiança,
Descalços e despidos; de tal arte
Que mais move a piedade que a vingança.
"Se pretendes, Rei alto, de vingar-te
De minha temeraria confiança,"
Dizia, "eis-aqui venho offerecido
A te pagar co'a vida o promettido.

XXXIX.

'"Vês aqui trago as vidas innocentes
Dos filhos sem peccado, e da consorte;
Se a peitos generosos e excellentes
Dos fracos satisfaz a fera morte,
Vês aqui as mãos e a lingua delinquentes;
Nellas sós exprimenta toda sorte
De tormentos, de mortes pelo estylo
De Scinis, e do touro de Perillo."

XXXVI.

'For since the loyal vassal was aware
His lord had no resources of defence,
To the Castilian doth he straight repair,
With pledge to bring him to obedience.
Holding the word of Egas Moniz fair,
The horrid siege is raised, the foe moves thence;
But the youth's haughty breast resisteth still
Becoming subject to another's will.

XXXVII.

'Now 'twas the promised period to decide,
That, as expected by Castilia's King,
The Prince should by his sovereign will abide,
And his submission, as agreed on, bring;
But Egas, seeing that he was belied,
Of whom Castile suspected not such thing,
Resolves his precious life-blood shall be spilled
To expiate his promise not fulfilled;

XXXVIII.

'And with his wife and children doth he go
With them the faith he pledged to satisfy,
Unrobed and barefoot, in such piteoûs show
As less doth vengeance move than sympathy.
"If thou, great King," quoth he, "would'st vengeance [know
For that rash confidence professed by me,
Lo! here I come, offered with child and wife,
To pay thee what I promised thee with life;

XXXIX.

'"Thou see'st the sinless lives I hither lead
Of consort and of children innocent;
If, that the weak by cruel death should bleed
Can satisfy hearts kind and excellent,
Behold the offending hands and tongue indeed!
'Gainst them alone thou may'st all kinds invent
Of deaths and torments, modelled to the full
On Scinis, and Perillo's brazen bull."

XL.

‘ Qual diante do algoz o condemnado,
Que já na vida a morte tem bebido,
Põe no cepo a garganta, e já entregado
Espera pelo golpe tão temido;
Tal diante do Principe indignado
Egas estava a tudo offerecido;
Mas, o Rei vendo a estranha lealdade,
Mais pôde em fim que a ira a piedade.

XLI.

! Oh grão fidelidade Portugueza
De vassallo que a tanto se obrigava !
Que mais o Persa fez naquella empreza,
Onde rosto e narizes se cortava ?
Do que ao grande Dario tanto peza
Que, mil vezes dizendo, suspirava,
Que mais o seu Zopyro são prezara
Que vinte Babylonias que tomara.

XLII.

‘ Mas já o Principe Afonso apparelhava
O Lusitano exercito ditoso
Contra o Mouro, que as terras habitava
D'alem do claro Tejo deleitoso;
Já no campo de Ourique se assentava
O arraial soberbo e bellicoso
Defronte do inimigo Sarraceno,
Postoque em força e gente tão pequeno.

XLIII.

‘ Em nenhuma outra cousa confiado
Senão no summo Deos que o ceo regia;
Que tão pouco era o povo baptizado
Que para hum só cem Mouros haveria;
Julga qualquer juizo socegado
Por mais temeridade que ousadia,
Commetter hum tamanho ajuntamento;
Que para hum cavalleiro houvesse cento.

XL.

'As one, condemned the headman's axe before,
Who e'en in life hath drank of cup of death,
Lays on the block his neck, and, yielded o'er,
Waits the so dreaded blow that ends his breath,
E'en thus before the Prince, in anger sore,
Stands Egas while his all he offereth;
But when the King such wondrous truth beheld,
His anger by his sympathy was quelled.

XLI.

'Oh wondrous Portuguese fidelity
Of vassal who to so much did consent!
What more did Persian in that siege, when he
His features' mutilation underwent?
Which great Darius felt so bitterly,
That thousand vows he vowed, with sighings blent,
He'd prize his Zopyrus unmaimed again
Far more than twenty Babylons he'd ta'en.

XLII.

'But Prince Alfonso, now, set in array
The prosperous Lusian army for the fight
Against the Moor, who held the lands that lay
Beyond the Tagus, beautiful and bright;
Now in Ouriqüe's plain he made display
Of warlike proud encampment, well in sight,
Fronting his enemy, the Saracen,
Although his strength was small and few his men.

XLIII.

'In nothing else for succour he believed
Than in the God that ruleth heaven, alone;
For so few men had baptism received,
One hundred Moors were counted against one;
And any sober judgment must have grieved
That rashness more than bravery was shown
That 'gainst such numbers battle could be fought,
For 'gainst one knight one hundred could be brought.

XLIV.

'Cinco Reis Mouros são os inimigos,
Dos quaes o principal Ismar se chama,
Todos exprimentados nos perigos
Da guerra, onde se alcança a illustre fama;
Seguem guerreiras damas seus amigos,
Imitando a formosa e forte dama
De quem tanto os Troianos se ajudaram,
E as que o Thermodonte já gostaram.

XLV.

'A matutina luz serena e fria
As estrellas do polo já apartava,
Quando na Cruz o Filho de Maria,
Amostrando-se a Afonso o animava.
Elle, adorando quem lhe apparecia,
Na Fé todo inflammado assi gritava:
"Aos infieis, Senhor, aos infieis,
E não a mi que creio o que podeis!"

XLVI.

'Com tal milagre os animos da gente
Portugueza inflammados, levantavam
Por seu Rei natural este excellente
Principe que do peito tanto amavam;
E diante do exercito potente
Dos imigos, gritando o ceo tocavam,
Dizendo em alta voz: "Real, Real,
Por Afonso alto Rei de Portugal."

XLVII.

'Qual co'os gritos e vozes incitado
Pela montanha o rabido moloso,
Contra o touro remette, que fiado
Na força está do corno temeroso;
Ora pega na orelha, ora no lado,
Latindo, mais ligeiro que forçoso;
Até que em fim, rompendo-lhe a garganta,
Do bravo a força horrenda se quebranta;

XLIV.

'Five Moorish Monarchs are the enemies,
Of whom there is a chief, Ismar by name,
All well experienced in the extremities
Of war, where man obtains illustrious fame.
And warlike ladies come, their friend's allies,
Emulous o' the brave and beauteous dame,
By whom the Trojans did such succour gain,
And those who of Thermódon draughts have ta'en.

XLV.

'Now the cold morning light, serene and clear,
The constellations from the heavens withdrew,
When on the Cross to 'Alfonso did appear
Maria's Son, his courage to renew.
Before the vision, bowed with holy fear
And fired by Faith, his invocation flew—
"Lord, to the infidel, the infidel!
And not to me, who trust Thy power so well!"

XLVI.

'With such a miracle before their face
The Lusians' spirits burned, and they were moved
Towards him, their natural King, a Prince of grace,
Whom from their hearts they all so truly loved.
'Fore the strong army of the opposing race
With echoing shouts the very heaven they moved,
And cried with mighty voice: "Reál, Reál
Alfonso, mighty King of Portugal!"

XLVII.

'As when, incited by loud shouts and cries,
The rabid mastiff on the mountain height
Against the furious bull impetuous flies,
Who with his fearful horns accepts the fight;
Now at the ear, now at the side he tries,
Barking, till more with nimbleness than might
At last the bleeding throat he open tears,
And the wild beast of all his force despairs;

XLVIII.

'Tal do Rei novo o estomago, accendido
Por Deos e pelo povo juntamente,
O barbaro commette apercebido
Co'o animoso exercito rompente;
Levantam nisto os perros o alarido
Dos gritos, tocam á arma, ferve a gente,
As lanças e arcos tomam, tubas soam,
Instrumentos de guerra tudo atroam.

XLIX.

'Bem como quando a flamma, que ateada
Foi nos aridos campos, (assoprando
O sibilante Boreas) animada
Co'o vento, o secco mato vai queimando;
A pastoral companha, que deitada
Co'o doce somno estava, despertando
Ao estridor do fogo que se atea,
Recolhe o fato e foge para a aldea;

L.

'Desta arte o Mouro attonito e torvado
Toma sem tento as armas mui depressa;
Não foge, mas espera confiado,
E o ginete belligero arremessa.
O Portuguez o encontra denodado,
Pelos peitos as lanças lhe atravessa;
Huns cahem meios mortos, e outros vão
A ajuda convocando do Alcorão.

LI.

'Alli se vêm encontros temerosos,
Para se desfazer huma alta serra,
E os animaes correndo furiosos
Que Neptuno amostrou ferindo a terra;
Golpes se dão medonhos e forçosos,
Por toda a parte andava accessa a guerra;
Mas o de Luso arnêz, couraça e malha
Rompe, corta, desfaz, abola e talha.

XLVIII.

'So the new King, his bosom all on fire,
Fighting for God and for his people too,
Attacks the foe, prepared with war's attire,
With his courageous army breaking through.
The dogs raise Allah, shouts and curses dire,
Men crowd and call to arms with loud halloo,
Lances and bows they seize, the trumpets sound,
And instruments of warfare thunder round.

XLIX.

'E'en as when o'er the plain, that parching glows,
A flame, which may from some chance cause ignite,
(All while the whistling, puffing Boreas blows)
Fanned by the wind, sets the dry growth a-light,
The shepherd's group, all lying in repose
Of quiet sleep, aroused in wild affright
At crackling fire that spreads both wide and high,
Gather their goods and to the village fly;

L.

'So doth the Moor, alarmed and terrified,
Snatch up his random arms in blind dismay;
He flies not, but awaits in stubborn pride
Pushing his warlike genet to the fray;
Stoutly the Lusian doth the foe abide,
Through their mailed breasts his lances find their way;
Some fall half dead; some flying, as they can,
Invoke protection of the Alcoran.

LI.

'Here are beheld encounters that appal,
That truly some vast mountain shatter might,
With rushing of that furious animal
Which Neptune, striking earth, brought forth to light;
Now fearful blows and all resistless fall,
While on all sides still savage is the fight,
But armour, mail, cuirass the Lusians hew,
Break and destroy, crush up and cleave in two.

LII.

‘ Cabeças pelo campo vão saltando,
Braços, pernas, sem dono e sem sentido,
E d'outros as entranhas palpitando,
Pallida a côr, o gesto amortecido.
Já perde o campo o exercito nefando,
Correm rios do sangue desparzido,
Com que tambem do campo a côr se perde
Tornado carmesi de branco e verde.

LIII.

‘ Já fica vencedor o Lusitano,
Recolhendo os tropheos e presa rica;
Desbaratado e roto o Mouro Hispano,
Tres dias o grão Rei no campo fica.
Aqui pinta no branco escudo ufano
Que agora esta victoria certifica;
Cinco escudos azues esclarecidos,
Em signal destes cinco Reis vencidos.

LIV.

‘ E nestes cinco escudos pinta os trinta
Dinheiros por que Deos foi vendido,
Escrevendo a memoria em varia tinta
Daquelle de quem foi favorecido;
Em cada hum dos cinco cinco pinta;
Porque assi fica o numero cumprido,
Contando duas vezes o do meio
Dos cinco azues que em cruz pintando veio.

LV.

‘ Passado já algum tempo que passada
Era esta grão victoria, o Rei subido
A tomar vai Leiria, que tomada
Fôra mui pouco havia do vencido.
Com esta a forte Arronches sobjugada
Foi juntamente, e o sempre ennobrecido
Scalabicastro, cujo campo ameno
Tu, claro Tejo, regas tão sereno.

LII.

'Heads o'er the plain in numbers bounding go,
Arms, legs, all dead, belonging now to none,
Others their palpitating entrails show,
The colour pale, the look of life all gone.
The field is lost to the accursèd foe,
Rivers of blood, shed in all quarters, run,
Till on the plain its tints no more are seen,
And crimson takes the place of white and green.

LIII.

'Now stands the Lusian victor of the field,
Gathering the trophies and the precious prize;
The routed Spanish Moor being forced to yield,
Three days the mighty King encampèd lies.
And here he proudly paints on his white shield,
Which now this mighty victory certifies,
Five scutcheons all with azure tinctured shown,
In token of these five Kings overthrown.

LIV.

'And in these scutcheons five he paints, likewise,
The thirty pieces for which God was sold,
Writing his memory in various dyes,
Who with such favour did his cause uphold.
In each one of the five he five supplies;
For thus the number will be duly told,
Twice counting that which in the midst we find
Of the five azures, in a cross designed.

LV.

'There having passed some short time from the date
Of this great victory, the Monarch went
To capture Lëiría, which of late
Had to the conquered Moor, as captive, bent.
The brave Arronches, with a kindred fate,
Then also fell, and ever eminent
Scalabicastro, all whose plain amene
Thou silver Tagus waterest so serene!

LVI.

'A estas nobres villas sobmettidas
Ajunta tambem Mafra em pouco espaço,
E nas serras da Lua conhecidas
Sobjuga a fria Cintra o duro braço,
Cintra, onde as Naiádes escondidas
Nas fontes vão fugindo ao doce laço,
Onde amor as enreda brandamente,
Nas aguas accendendo fogo ardente.

LVII.

E tu, nobre Lisboa, que no mundo
Facilmente das outras es princesa,
Que edificada foste do facundo
Por cujo engano foi Dardania accesa;
Tu, a quem obedece o mar profundo,
Obedeceste á força Portuguesa,
Ajudada tambem da forte armada
Que das Boreaes partes foi mandada.

LVIII.

'Lá do Germanico Albis e do Rheno
E da fria Bretanha conduzidos,
A destruir o povo Sarraceno
Muitos com tenção sancta eram partidos;
Entrando a boca já do Tejo ameno
Co'o arraial do grande Afonso unidos,
Cuja alta fama então subia aos ceos,
Foi posto cerco aos muros Ulysseos.

LIX.

'Cinco vezes a Lua se escondera
E outras tantas mostrára cheio o rosto,
Quando a cidade entrada se rendera
Ao duro cerco que lhe estava posto.
Foi a batalha tão sanguina e fera
Quanto obrigava o firme presupposto
De vencedores asperos e ousados,
E de vencidos já desesperados.

LVI.

'Such noble cities now subdued, with these
In little space he numbers Mafra too;
In the known Serras, linked with Cynthia's praise,
His lusty arm cold Cintrá did subdue—
Cintra, within whose streams the Naiades,
Coy of the pleasing bondage, hide from view,
Where love entangles them in gentle game,
And in the waters lights the ardent flame.

LVII.

'And thou, proud Lisbon, who 'midst earth's displays
As Princess others easily dost sway,
Thou whom that Eloquent resolved to raise,
Whose fraud Dardania did in ashes lay—
Thou, whom the deep and boundless sea obeys,
Thou didst the valorous Portuguese obey,
Supported by the fleet of powerful fame
That, thither sent from northern regions, came.

LVIII.

'Thither from German Elb and from the Rhine,
And from cold Britain guided forth to ride,
To crush the unbelieving Saracene,
Many, from holy thoughts, their voyage decide;
Entering the mouth where Tagus' waters shine,
And with the great Alfonso's camp allied,
Whose then vast fame did e'en the heavens invade,
A siege around Ulysses' walls is laid.

LIX.

'Five times the moon had hid herself as new,
And her full face as many times displayed,
When all her gates the city open threw
To the close siege that was around her laid.
As bloody and as fierce the battle grew
As must be when the firm resolve is made
Of conquerors harsh, and forward all to dare,
Of conquered, driven already to despair.

LX.

'Desta arte em fim tomada se rendeo
Aquella que nos tempos já passados
A grande força nunca obedeceo
Dos frios povos Scythicos ousados,
Cujo poder a tanto se estendeo
Que o Ibero o vio, e o Tejo amedrontados;
E em fim co'o Betis tanto alguns poderam
Que á terra de Vandalia nome deram.

LXI.

'Que cidade tão forte por ventura
Haverá que resista, se Lisboa
Não pôde resistir á força dura
Da gente cuja fama tanto voa?
Já lhe obedece toda a Estremadura,
Obidos, Alemquer, por onde soa
O tom das frescas aguas entre as pedras
Que murmurando lavã, e Torres-Vedras.

LXII.

'E vós tambem, ó terras Transtaganas,
Affamadas co'o dom da flava Ceres,
Obedeceis ás forças mais que humanas,
Entregando-lhe os muros e os poderes;
E tu, lavrador Mouro, que te enganas
Se sustentar a fertil terra queres;
Que Elvas e Moura e Serpa conhecidas,
E Alcacere-do-Sal estão rendidas.

LXIII.

'Eis a nobre cidade, certo assento
Do rebelde Sertorio antiguamente,
Onde ora as aguas nitidas de argento
Vem sustentar de longo a terra e a gente
Pelos arcos reaes que cento e cento
Nos ares se alevantam nobremente,
Obedeceo por meio e ousadia
De Giraldo que medos não temia.

LX.

'Thus, ta'en at last, was that great city bent
To yield itself, which ne'er in times gone by
Did to the overwhelming force consent
Of the cold Scythian hordes' audacity,
Whose grasping power, spread forth to such extent,
Ebro and Tagus saw with trembling eye;
In fine, so strong 'gainst Bétis some became,
They gave the land Vandalia for its name.

LXI.

'What city so resistant, in such case,
If Lisbon all incapable appear,
As to resist this strong and hardy race,
Whose flying fame can fill so vast a sphere?
Estremadura all has given them place,
Obidos, Torres-Vedras, Alemquer,
Where the fresh waters sound with music-wave,
Among the rocks which, murmuring, they lave!

LXII.

'And ye, ye lands that beyond Tagus lay,
So much for Ceres' yellow gift renowned,
These more than human powers did ye obey,
Yielding the walls and the dominions round;
And peasant Moor! thou dost thyself betray,
If thou dost hope to keep the fertile ground;
For Elvas, Moura, Serpa, all well known,
And Alcacer, have all been overthrown.

LXIII.

'The noble city, see, of long ago,
Rebel Sertorius' seat in times gone by,
Where now the sparkling silver waters flow
From far, both land and people to supply,
On royal arches, hundreds in a row,
Which rear themselves in air right gloriously;
'Twas by Giraldo's means and daring soul,
Whom fear ne'er frightened, humbled to control.

LXIV.

'Já na cidade Beja vai tomar
Vingança de Trancoso destruida'
Afonso, que não sabe socegar
Por estender co'a fama a curta vida;
Não se lhe pôde muito sustentar
A cidade; mas, sendo já rendida,
Em toda a cousa viva a gente irada
Provando os fios vai da dura espada.

LXV.

'Com estas sobjugada foi Palmella,
E a piscosa Cezimbra, e juntamente,
Sendo ajudado mais de sua estrella,
Desbarata hum exercito potente:
Sentio-o a villa, e vio-o o senhor della,
Que a soccorrel-a vinha diligente
Pela fralda da serra, descuidado
Do temeroso encontro inopinado.

LXVI.

'O Rei de Badajoz era alto Mouro,
Com quatro mil cavallos furiosos,
Innumeros peões, d'armas, e de ouro
Guarnecidos guerreiros e lustrosos;
Mas, qual no mez de Maio o bravo touro
Co'os ciumes da vacca arreceosos
Sentindo gente o bruto e cego amante
Saltea o descuidado caminhante,

LXVII.

'Desta arte Afonso subito mostrado
Na gente dá, que passa bem segura,
Fere, mata, derriba denodado;
Foge o Rei Mouro, e só da vida cura;
D'hum panico terror todo assombrado,
Só de seguil-o o exercito procura,
Sendo estes que fizeram tanto abalo
No mais que só sessenta de cavallo.

LXIV.

'Now to avenge Trancoso's cruel end,
Alfonso to take Beja's city came;
To thought of peace his mind he cannot bend,
Wishing to lengthen out short life by fame.
Not long the city can itself defend;
And its last struggles they no sooner tame
Than the fierce army, carrying out the word,
Puts every living creature to the sword.

LXV.

'With these Palmella likewise was subdued;
Piscous Cezimbra, too: where, at its fall,
(The guidance of his star being still renewed),
He routs a powerful army 'neath the wall:
The city felt it; by its lord 'twas viewed,
Who to its succour came at urgent call
Round by the mountain skirts, all unaware
Of the fierce shock he nought expected there.

LXVI.

'The King of Badajos was a proud Moor,
With fiery horses to four thousand told;
Numberless soldiers—warriors bold who wore
Their lustrous arms, caparisoned in gold:
But as the savage bull in May's bright hour,
Watching the cow, with jealous fury bold,
Some object sees, with passion-blinded eye,
And straight assaults th' incautious passer-by,

LXVII.

'E'en thus Alfonso, suddenly made known,
Falls on his too confiding enemies—
Wounds, kills, and resolutely casts them down;
For life alone the Moorish Monarch flies,
With sudden panic utterly o'erthrown;
Only to follow him his army tries;
While they who had so shaken this vast host
Counted not more than sixty horse at most.

LXVIII.

'Logo segue a victoria sem tardança
O grão Rei incansabil, ajuntando
Gentes de todo o Reino cuja usança
Era andar sempre terras conquistando.
Cercar vai Badajoz, e logo alcança
O fim de seu desejo, pelejando
Com tanto esforço e arte e valentia
Que a faz fazer ás outras companhia.

LXIX.

'Mas o alto Deos, que para longe guarda
O castigo daquelle que o merece—.
Ou, para se que se emende ás vezes tarda,
Ou, por segredos que homem não conhece—
Se atéqui sempre o forte Rei resguarda
Dos perigos a que elle se offerece,
Agora lhe não deixa ter defesa
Da maldição da mãi que estava presa;

LXX.

'Que estando na cidade que cercara
Cercado nella foi dos Leonezes;
Porque a conquista della lhe tomara,
De Leão sendo e não dos Portuguezes.
A pertinacia aqui lhe custa cara,
Assi como acontece muitas vezes;
Que em ferros quebra as pernas, indo acceso
A batalha, onde foi vencido e preso.

LXXI.

'Ó famoso Pompeio, não te pene
De teus feitos illustrés a ruina,
Nem ver que a justa Némesis ordene
Ter teu sogro de ti victoria dina;
Postoque o frio Phasis, ou Syene
Que para nenhum cabo a sombra inclina,
O Bootes gelado, e a Linha ardente,
Temessem o teu nome geralmente;

LXVIII.

'Forthwith the great untiring King pursues
Without delay the victory, and joins hands
With all the realm who t'ne vile custom choose
Of ever going forth and seizing lands.
Still warring, he besieges Badajos,
And soon the end of his designs commands;
So great his force and art and bravery,
He makes it with the rest make company.

LXIX.

'But the high God, who doth long time suspend
O'er the deserver the chastising blow,
Either that by degrees he may amend,
Or for some secret cause man doth not know;
If the brave King He doth till now defend
From perils where it is his choice to go,
No more defence to him will He supply
His captive mother's curse that he may fly.

LXX.

'For in the city which he did surround
He was surrounded by the Leonese,
Because its conquest trenched upon their ground,
Being of Léon, not of Portuguese.
Here pertinacity too dear he found,
As will occur in cases such as these,
He breaks his legs 'gainst irons, while rushing blind
To battle, where he's conquered and confined.

LXXI.

'O famous Pompey! spare thyself the pain
The ruin of thy brilliant deeds to weep,
Or to behold just Nemesis ordain
That Cæsar victory of thee should reap;
Though all the gelid Phasis or Syene,
Where from no sloping point the shadows sweep,
Frozen Bootes and the burning Line,
Throughout have feared thy name as half divine;

LXXII.

'Postoque a rica Arabia e que os feroces
Heniochos e Colchos, cuja fama
O véo dourado estende, e os Cappadoces,
E Judea que hum Deos adora e ama;
E que os molles Sophenes, e os atroces
Cilicios, com a Armenia, que derrama
As aguas dos dous rios cuja fonte
Está n'outro mais alto e sancto monte;

LXXIII.

'E posto em fim que desd'o mar de Atlante
Até o Scythico Tauro, monte erguido,
Já vencedor te vissem; não te espante
Se o campo Emathio só te vio vencido;
Porque Afonso verás soberbo e ovante
Tudo render e ser despois rendido.
Assi o quiz o Concelho alto, celeste,
Que vença o sogro a ti, e o genro a este.

LXXIV.

'Tornado o Rei sublime finalmente
Do divino Juizo castigado,
Despois que em Santarem soberbamente
Em vão dos Sarracenos foi cercado,
E despois que do martyre Vicente
O santissimo corpo venerado
Do Sacro promontorio conhecido
A cidade Ulyssea foi trazido;

LXXV.

'Porque levasse avante seu desejo,
Ao forte filho manda o lasso velho
Que ás terras se passasse d'Alemtejo
Com gente e co'o belligero apparelho.
Sancho, d'esforço e d'animo sobejo
Avante passa, e faz correr vermelho
O rio, que Sevilha vai regando,
Co'o sangue Mauro, barbaro e nefando.

LXXII.

'Though rich Arabia, fierce Sarmatians,
Colchans whose fame the Golden Fleece of yore
Has spread abroad, the Cappadocians,
Jewry which doth one God love and adore;
Though the soft Sophené, Cilicians
Atrocious, with Armenia whence out-pour
The waters of those rivers twain whose fount
Lies in another higher sacred mount;

LXXIII.

'And though, in fine, all from the Atlantic sea
To Scythian Taurus' elevated crown
Have known thee victor, yet not grievèd be
If thy defeat Emathia saw alone:
For mark Alfonso flushed with victory,
O'erthrowing all to be at last o'erthrown;
The Council of high Heaven thus fitting saw,
O'er thee the Father—him the Son—in-law.

LXXIV.

'After the noble King at length had come,
Chastised, as holy Judgment preordains,
He having been besieged in Santarem
With fruitless violence by the Saracens;
And when of Vincent, Saint by martyrdom,
The reverend and most sanctified remains,
In the known sacred promontory laid,
Had to Ulysses' city been conveyed—

LXXV.

'That he might carry forward his designs,
The worn old man commands his valiant son
To invade the lands beyond the Tagus' lines,
Which with strong arms and army must be done.
Sancho, who both in force and spirit shines,
Passes across, and crimson makes to run
The river, which doth Seville watering flow,
With blood o' the savage cursèd Moorish foe.

LXXVI.

'E com esta victoria cubiçoso,
Já não descansa o moço até que veja
Outro estrago, como esto temeroso,
No barbaro que tem cercado Beja;
Não tarda muito o Principe ditoso,
Sem ver o fim daquillo que deseja;
Assi estragado o Mouro na vingança
De tantas perdas põe sua esperança.

LXXVII.

'Já se ajuntam do monte, a quem Medusa
O corpo fez perder que teve o ceo;
Já vem do promontorio de Ampelusa
E do Tinge, que assento foi de Anteo;
O morador de Abyla não se escusa;
Que tambem com suas armas se moveo
Ao som da Mauritana e ronca tuba
Todo o reino que foi do nobre Juba.

LXXVIII.

'Entrava com toda esta companhia
O Mir-almuminin em Portugal,
Treze Reis Mouros leva de valia,
Entre os quaes tem o sceptro Imperial;
E assi fazendo quanto mal podia,
O que em partes podia fazer mal,
Dom Sancho vai cercar em Santarem;
Porêm não lhe succede muito bem.

LXXIX.

'Da-lhe combates asperos, fazendo
Ardis de guerra mil o Mouro iroso;
Não lhe aproveita já trabuco horrendo,
Mina secreta, ariete forçoso;
Porque o filho de Afonso, não perdendo
Nada do esforço e acordo generoso,
Tudo provê com animo e prudencia;
Que em toda a parte ha esforço e resistencia.

LXXVI.

'And with this conquest covetous of more,
The youth is restless till there may be found
Another slaughter, dreadful as before,
On the barbarian seiging Beja round.
The gifted Prince sees little time pass o'er
Ere he beholds success his ends hath crowned.
Thus doth the routed Moor but hope to seek
For such vast losses his revenge to wreak.

LXXVII.

'Now crowd they from his mount whose body some
Say that Medusa changed which heaven did bear;
From Ampelusa's promontory come,
And from Antæus' seat of old Tangier;
Abyla's dweller loiters not at home,
For in the number moved to arms appear,
To the harsh Mauritanian trumpets' sound,
The realms of noble Juba all around.

LXXVIII.

'Now entered with these various companies
The Mir-almúminin in Portugal;
Thirteen brave Moorish kings he brought, likewise,
Midst whom he holds the crown Imperial;
Thus all the mischief that he can he tries,
And in some parts much mischief may befall;
To Sancho he lays siege in Santarem,
But does not very well succeed 'gainst him.

LXXIX.

'Sharp contests follow, where the angry Moor
Doth thousand stratagems of war design;
Vain are the stones from catapult they pour,
The powerful battering-ram, the secret mine.
For in Alfonso's son, firm as of yore,
Courage and generous resolve combine;
For all with heart and prudence he provides,
For there are force and fighting on all sides.

LXXX.

'Mas o velho, a quem tinham já obrigado
Os trabalhosos annos ao socego,
Estando na cidade cujo prado
Enverdecem as aguas do Mondego,
Sabendo como o filho está cercado
Em Santarem do Mouro povo cego,
Se parte diligente da cidade;
Que não perde a presteza co'a idade.

LXXXI.

'E co'a famosa gente á guerra usada
Vai soccorrer o filho; e assi ajuntados,
A Portugueza furia costumada
Em breve os Mouros tem desbaratados;
A campina, que toda está coalhada
De marlotas, capuzes variados,
De cavallos, jaezes, presa rica,
De seus senhores mortos cheia fica.

LXXXII.

'Logo todo o restante se partio
De Lusitania, postos em fugida;
O Mir-almuminin só não fugio,
Porque antes de fugir lhe foge a vida;
A quem lhe esta victoria permittio
Dão louvores e graças sem medida;
Que em casos tão estranhos claramente
Mais peleja o favor de Deos que a gente.

LXXXIII.

'De tamanhas victorias triumphava
O velho Afonso, Principe subido;
Quando quem tudo em fim vencendo andava
Da larga e muita idade foi vencido;
A pallida doença lhe tocava
Com fria mão o corpo enfraquecido,
E pagaram seus annos deste geito
A triste Libitina seu direito.

LXXX.

'But the old man who now repose must need,
In that his years had all laborious been,
Dwelling within the city, whose fair mead
The waters of Mondego clothe with green,
Knowing that round his son a siege was laid
In Santarem by besotted Moorish men,
He from the city starts without delay;
For quickness did not with his years decay.

LXXXI.

'And with the famous race in warfare versed
His son he succours; thus with joint resource
The Moors are very quickly all dispersed
By the accustomed Lusitanian force.
The battle-field which all is interspersed
With various coats and hoods, trappings of horse,
And other spoils, a valuable prize,
Covered with corpses of its owners lies.

LXXXII.

'And soon the rest of all this company,
Being put to flight, from Lusitania sped;
The Mir-almúminin e'en does not fly
Because, ere flying, life from him had fled;
To Him who had vouchsafed this victory
Praises and thanks they yield unmeasurèd;
For battles of such wondrous kind, 'tis true,
More to God's favour than to man are due.

LXXXIII.

'Such mighty victories had now been won
By old Alfonso, Prince with grace imbued,
When he, who as subduing all was known,
By long extended age was now subdued.
For pale disease upon his form o'erdone
Laid its cold deadly hand, in contact rude,
And thus his years to life their farewell bade
And gloomy Libitina's right was paid.

LXXXIV.

'Os altos promontorios o choraram,
E dos rios as aguas saudosas
Os semeados campos alagaram
Com lagrimas correndo piedosas;
Mas tanto pelo mundo se alargaram
Com fama suas obras valerosas
Que sempre no seu reino chamarão
Afonso, Afonso, os eccos: mas em vão.

LXXXV.

'Sancho forte mancebo, que ficara
Imitando seu pai na valentia—
E que em sua vida já se exprimentara,
Quando o Betis de sangue se tingia,
E o barbaro poder desbaratara
Do Ismaelita Rei de Andaluzia,
E mais quando os que Beja em vão cercaram
Os golpes de seu braço em si provaram—

LXXXVI.

'Despois que foi por Rei alevantado,
Havendo poucos annos que reinava,
A cidade de Sylves tem cercado,
Cujos campos o barbaro lavrava;
Foi das valentes gentes ajudado
Da Germanica armada, que passava
De armas fortes e gente apercebida
A recobrar Judea já perdida.

LXXXVII.

'Passavam a ajudar na sancta empresa
O roxo Federico, que moveo
O poderoso exercito em defesa
Da cidade onde Christo padeceo,
Quando Guido, co'a gente em sede accesa,
Ao grande Saladino se rendeo
No lugar onde aos Mouros sobejavam
As aguas que os de Guido desejavam.

LXXXIV.

'The lofty promontories wept for woe,
And every river's fond remembering stream
The cultivated fields did overflow,
Running with tears of pity and esteem;
But so renownèd in the world did grow
His valorous acts and deeds, of fame the theme,
The echos in his realm shall aye remain
Alfonso! Alfonso! calling; but in vain.

LXXXV.

'Sancho, courageous youth, who still remained
His father's valour firm to imitate,—
And who had proved himself, while still he reigned,
By routing in Andalusía's state,
When Bœtis' waters ran with blood all stained,
The barbarous power of Moslem potentate;
And more, when they who vainly Beja pressed
The blows they suffered by his arm confessed—

LXXXVI.

'After he had already King been made,
And but a few short years the throne had filled,
Close siege to Sylves' city he had laid,
Whose plains by the barbarian horde were tilled;
The valorous German people lent him aid,
Whose fleet then passing their direction held
With mighty arms and a well furnished host
Judea to regain, which had been lost.

LXXXVII.

'Sailing they went Red Frederick to attend,
Who, in his holy enterprise, began
To move his mighty army to defend
The city where Christ suffered death for man,
When Guido and his troops were forced to bend,
Parching with thirst, to mighty Saladin,
Where for the Moors flowed water and to spare,
Which Guido's troops in vain desired to share.

LXXXVIII.

'Mas a formosa armada, que viera
Por contraste de vento áquella parte,
Sancho quiz ajudar na guerra fera,
Já que em serviço vai do sancto marte;
Assi como a seu pai acontecera
Quando tomou Lisboa, da mesma arte
Do Germano ajudado Sylves toma,
E o bravo morador destrue e domá.

LXXXIX.

'E se tantos tropheos do Mahometa
Alevantando vai, tambem do forte
Leonez não consente estar quieta
A terra, usada aos casos de Mavorte,
Até que na cerviz seu jugo metta
Da Soberba Tuí, que mesma sorte
Vio ter a muitas villas suas visinhas
Que por armas tu, Sancho, humildes tinhas.

XC.

'Mas entre tantas palmas salteado
Da temerosa morte, fica herdeiro
Hum filho seu, de todos estimado,
Que foi segundo Afonso e Rei terceiro;
No tempo deste aos Mouros foi tomado
Alcacere-do-Sal por derradeiro;
Porque d'antes os Mouros o tomaram,
Mas agora estruidos o pagaram.

XCI.

'Morto despois Afonso, lhe succede
Sancho segundo, manso e descuidado,
Que tanto em seus descuidos se desmede
Que de outrem quem mandava era mandado;
De governar o reino, que outro pede,
Por causa dos privados foi privado;
Porque, como por elles se regia
Em todos os seus vicios consentia.

LXXXVIII.

'But the Majestic fleet, which from afar
Had by opposing winds been driven there,
Wished to aid Sancho in the angry war,
Since in the sacred cause they serving were.
And as it with his father did occur
When he took Lisbon others' aid to share,
So he took Sylves by the German aid,
And the wild dweller slew and prostrate laid.

LXXXIX.

'And if such trophies he prevails to raise
O'er Moslem, by no means doth he agree
That all the land of warlike Leonez,
Versed in the feats of Mars, should tranquil be,
Until the yoke upon the neck he lays
Of haughty Tui, that had lived to see
Many near cities share an equal blow,
Which, by thine arms thou, Sancho, hadst brought low.

XC.

'But midst such triumphs stricken by the call
Of awful death, the kingdom is transferred
Unto his son and heir, esteemed by all,
Second Alfonso, and of Kings the third.
The taking of Alcacere-do-Sal
From Moorish hands now once for all occurred;
For to the Moors it formerly was lost,
But now destroyed, they paid in turn the cost.

XCI.

'Alfonso being dead, to him succeeds
Sancho the Second, careless and inept;
Who of his carelessness so little heeds
That they, he should have ruled, rule o'er him kept.
In the realm's guidance, which another needs,
Through favourites disfavoured he's o'erstept;
For as it was by them alone he reigned
So them in all their vices he sustained.

XCII.

'Não era Sancho, não, tão deshonesto
Como Nero, que hum moço recebia
Por mulher, e despois horrendo incesto
Com a mãi Agrippina commettia;
Nem tão cruel ás gentes, e molesto,
Que a cidade queimasse onde vivia;
Nem tão máo como foi Heliogabalo,
Nem como o molle Rei Sardanapalo.

XCIII.

'Nem era o povo seu tyrannisado,
Como Sicilia foi de seus tyrannos;
Nem tinha, como Phálaris, achado
Genero de tormentos inhumanos;
Mas o reino, de altivo e costumado
A senhores em tudo soberanos,
A Rei não obedece, nem consente
Que não for mais que todos excellente;

XCIV.

'Por esta causa o reino governou
O Conde Bolonhez, despois alçado
Por Rei, quando da vida se apartou
Seu irmão Sancho, sempre ao ocio dado.
Este, que Afonso o bravo se chamou,
Despois de ter o reino segurado
Em dilatal-o cuida; que em terreno
Não cabe o altivo peito tão pequeno.

XCV.

'Da terra dos Algarves, que lhe fôra
Em casamento dada, grande parte
Recupera co'o braço, e deita fóra
O Mouro mal querido já de Marte;
Este de todo fez livre e senhora
Lusitania com força e bellica arte,
E acabou de opprimir a nação forte
Na terra que aos de Luso coube em sorte.

XCII.

'But Sancho was not, no! so profligate
As Nero, who a youth to marriage led,
And, after, did vile incest perpetrate,
E'en in his mother Agrippina's bed:
Nor 'gainst his people did he show such hate
As burn the city he inhabited;
Neither so vile as was Elagabalus,
Nor as the effeminate King, Sardanapalus.

XCIII.

'Nor o'er his people did he tyrannise,
As Sicily with tyrants did befall,
Nor had invented, as did Phalaris,
Inhuman torments diabolical;
But that the kingdom proud and used, likewise,
To lords who were true sovereigns in all,
A monarch to obey would not consent,
Who was not beyond all pre-eminent.

XCIV.

'Thus, the Count Bolognese, the realm to save,
Assumed the reins and government assured;
Then became King, when brother Sancho gave
His spirit up, in indolence immured.
This monarch who was called "Alfonso the Brave"
So soon as he the kingdom had secured,
Bethought him to extend it; for domain
So small a mind so great could not contain.

XCV.

'Of the Algarves which he held by right
Of marriage, he regained the greater part
By his own valour, putting thence to flight
The Moor, whom hostile Mars began to thwart.
He Lusitania raised to freedom's height,
And Mistress made by force and warlike art,
And the strong nation thenceforth trouble not
The land which to the Lusians fell by lot.

XCVI.

'Eis despois vem Diniz, que bem parece
Do bravo Afonso estirpe nobre e dina,
Com quem a fama grande se escurece
Da liberalidade Alexandrina;
Com este o reino prospero florece
(Alcançada já a paz aurea divina)
Em constituições, leis e costumes,
Na terra já tranquilla claros lumes.

XCVII.

'Fez primeiro em Coimbra exercitar-se
O valeroso officio de Minerva,
E de Helícona as Musas fez passar-se
A pizar do Mondego a fertil herva.
Quanto póde de Athenas desejar-se
Tudo o soberbo Apollo aqui reserva;
Aqui as capellas dá tecidas de ouro,
Do baccharo, e do sempre verde louro.

XCVIII.

'Nobres villas de novo edificou,
Fortalezas, castellos mui seguros,
E quasi o reino todo reformou
Com edificios grandes e altos muros;
Mas despois que a dura Atropos cortou
O fio de seus dias já maduros,
Ficou-lhe o filho pouco obediente,
Quarto Alfonso; mas forte e excellente.

XCIX.

'Este sempre as soberbas Castelhanas
Co'o peito desprezou firme e sereno;
Porque não he das forças Lusitanas
Temer poder maior por mais pequeno;
Mas porêm, quando as gentes Mauritanas,
A possuir o Hesperico terreno,
Entraram pelas terras de Castella,
Foi o soberbo Afonso a soccorrel-a.

XCVI.

'Lo! after him Diniz, who shows full claim
Of brave Alfonso's noble race to be,
With whom is all obscured the mighty fame
Of Alexander's liberality;
With him the country prosperous became,
(Attaining golden peace divine to see)
In constitution, customs, laws and rights:
In the now tranquil country shining lights.

XCVII.

'Twas first by him Coimbra did achieve
Minerva's potent sphere of arts to gain;
Their Helicon he made the Muses leave
To tread the verdure of Mondego's plain;
As much as man from Athens could receive
All, all doth proud Apollo here retain,
Here chaplets grants, woven with gold between,
Of nard and of the laurel ever-green.

XCVIII.

'Cities of noble form he reared anew,
Castles and fortresses, secure and strong;
Almost another kingdom round him grew,
With edifices vast, high walls among.
But when hard Atropos the thread cut through
Of his existence, now already long,
A son remained little obedient,
Alfonso Fourth—but strong and excellent.

XCIX.

'This monarch, with a heart firm and serene,
The proud Castilians held of light degree,
For of the Lusian power it ne'er hath been
To dread the greater, tho' they less may be;
But when the Mauritanian race, to gain
Of all Hesperia's realm the mastery,
The lands of fair Castilia came to'invade,
The proud Alfonso hastened to her aid.

C.

'Nunca com Semirâmis gente tanta
Veio os campos Hydaspicos enchendo;
Nem Attíla, que Italia toda espanta,
Chamando-se de Deos açoute horrendo,
Gotthica gente trouxe tanta quanta
Do Sarraceno barbaro estupendo,
Co'o poder excessivo de Granada,
Foi nos campos Tartessios ajuntada.

CI.

'E vendo o Rei sublime Castelhano
A força inexpugnabil, grande e forte,
Temendo mais o fim do povo Hispano,
Já perdido huma vez, que a propria morte,
Pedindo ajuda ao forte Lusitano,
Lhe mandava a charissima consorte,
Mulher de quem a manda, e filha amada
Daquelle a cujo reino foi mandada.

CII.

'Entrava a formosissima Maria
Pelos paternaes paços sublimados,
Lindo o gesto, mas fóra de alegria,
E seus olhos em lagrimas banhados:
Os cabellos angelicos trazia
Pelos eburneos hombros espalhados;
Diante do pai ledo, que a agasalha,
Estas palavras taes chorando espalha:

CIII.

'"Quantos povos a terra produzio
De Africa toda, gente fera e estranha,
O grão Rei de Marrocos conduzio,
Para vir possuir a nobre Hespanha;
Poder tamanho junto não se vio
Despois que o salso mar a terra banha;
Trazem ferocidade e furor tanto
Que a vivos medo, e a mortos faz espanto;

C.

'Ne'er with Semiramis, the Hydaspian plains
To fill, such multitudes in armies came;
Nor Attila, who Italy enchains,
'The Scourge of God'—he held that dreadful name—
Led forth such Goths as were of Saracens
Stupendous and all barbarous by fame,
With all Granada's boundless power beside,
Upon the plains of Calpe now allied.

CI.

'The proud Castilian King perceiving all
This mighty force, which nothing could withstand,
Fearing yet more the Spanish people's fall,
Once lost already, e'en than his own end,
The Lusitanian's mighty aid to call
Resolved, and there his dearest consort send;
The wife of him who sends with that intent,
And daughter, loved, of him to whom she's sent.

CII.

'The lovely fair Maria went her way,
And in her father's regal courts appears,
Graceful her form and mien, but far from gay,
And her sweet eyes were running o'er with tears.
Her hair angelic, which dishevelled lay,
Spread o'er her ivory shoulders thus she wears;
The father, joyful, welcome kind affords,
To whom she straight pours forth these weeping words:

CIII.

'"As many people as o'er earth are spread
Through Africa, all strange and fierce for gain,
Morocco's mighty king hath hither led,
To seize with force upon our noble Spain;
Such power united ne'er was witnessèd
Since shores were bathèd by the briny main;
Such fury and ferocity they wear,
The living they alarm, the dead they scare;

CIV.

‘ “ Aquelle, que me déste por marido,
Por defender sua terra amedrontada
Co’o pequeno poder offerecido
Ao duro golpe está da Maura espada ;
E se não for comtigo soccorrido,
Vêr-me-has delle e do reino ser privada,
Viuva e triste e posta em vida escura,
Sem marido, sem reino e sem ventura.

CV.

‘ “ Por tanto, ó Rei, de quem com puro medo
O corrente Mulucha se congela,
Rompe toda a tardança, acude cedo
A miseranda gente de Castella ;
Se esse gesto que mostras claro e ledo
De pai o verdadeiro amor assella,
Acude e corre pai.; que, se não corres
Pode ser que não aches quem soccorres.”

CVI.

‘ Não de outra sorte a timida Maria
Fallando está que a triste Venus, quando
A Jupiter seu pai favor pedia
Para Eneas seu filho navegando ;
Que a tanta piedade o commovia,
Que, cahido das mãos o raio infando,
Tudo o clemente Padre lhe concede,
Pezando-lhe do pouco que lhe pede.

CVII.

‘ Mas já co’os esquadrões da gente armada
Os Eborenses campos vão coalhados :
Lustra co’o Sol o arnez, a lança, a espada,
Vão rinchando os cavallos jaezados ;
A canora trombeta embandeirada
Os corações á paz acostumados
Vai ás fulgentes armas incitando,
Pelas concavidades retumbando.

CIV.

'"He whom thou gavest me to be my lord,
In order to defend his frightened land,
Stands open to the edge of Moorish sword,
With the small forces that he can command;
And if thou canst not succour now afford
Deprived of him, of crown, thou'lt see me stand;
Widow of sorrow, living in distress,
My husband lost, my realm, my happiness;

CV.

'"Therefore, O King, of whom from very fear
The current of Mulucha doth congeal,
Cast off delay, and with all haste appear
To aid the unhappy people of Castile!
If this thy aspect, showing joy so clear,
Be of a father's real love the seal,
Father! thy succour haste, for if delayed
Perchance thou may'st not find whom thou may'st aid."

CVI.

'Not otherwise Maria timid strove
To plead, than Venus sad, when moved to crave
The favour of her mighty Father Jove
To spare her son Æneas on the wave;
Who to such pity did his bosom move,
His hand the direful bolt all harmless gave,
And the indulgent Father all concedes,
Regretting for so little that she pleads.

CVII.

'But now the squadrons battle had begun,
Ebora's plains are bristling with display,
Trappings, lance, sword, all glitter in the sun,
And the caparisoned war-horses neigh;
Hearts that the accustomed life of peace had run,
Incited by the embannered trumpets' bray,
Rush to their shining arms, 'midst the wild sound,
And echoes from the concave hills rebound.

CVIII.

'Entre todos no meio se sublima,
Das insignias Reaes acompanhado,
O valeroso Afonso, que por cima
De todos leva o collo alevantado,
E sómente co'o gesto esforça e anima
A qualquer coração amedrontado;
Assi entra nas terras de Castella
Com a filha gentil, Rainha della.

CIX.

'Juntos os dous Afonsos finalmente
Nos campos de Tarifa, estão defronte
Da grande multidão da cega gente
Para quem são pequenos campo e monte.
Não ha peito tão alto e tão potente
Que de desconfiança não se affronte,
Em quanto não conheça e claro veja
Que co'o braço dos seus Christo peleja.

CX.

'Estão de Agar os netos quasi rindo
Do poder dos Christãos fraco e pequeno,
As terras, como suas, repartindo
Antemão entre o exercito Agareno,
Que com titulo falso possuindo
Está o famoso nome Saraceno;
Assi tambem com falsa conta e nua
A nobre terra alheia chamam sua.

CXI.

'Qual o membrudo e barbaro Gigante,
Do Rei Saul com causa tão temido,
Vendo o Pastor inerme estar diante,
Só de pedras e esforço apercebido;
Com palavras soberbas o arrogante
Despréza o fraco moço mal vestido,
Que, rodeando a funda, o desengana
Quanto mais pode a fé que a força humana;

CVIII.

'Lo! in the midst, distinguished above all,
The royal flags attending him, appears
Valorous Alfonso, who, as Mareschal,
His lofty crest above his people rears;
And with his look alone to life doth call,
And warm with courage, every heart that fears:
Thus entering Castile's lands he might be seen,
Leading his lovely daughter—she their Queen.

CIX.

'The two Alfonsos, finally allied,
Are on Tarifa's plains arrayed in front
Of that besotted race, stretched far and wide,
Whose numbers more than cover field and mount.
Nor throbs there breast so strong, so full of pride,
But that it must some anxious moments count,
Save that it feel reliance, in alarm,
That Christ makes war with his own people's arm.

CX.

'Half smiling, Hagar's children now deride
The Christian forces, as but weak and mean,
And as their own beforehand would divide
The lands among the army Hagarene;
These, having to themselves false name applied—
The famed appellative of Saracen—
Now by mere naked claim and falsely shown
The noble land of others call their own.

CXI.

'E'en as the large-limbed giant rude, of yore,
By Saul the King with cause so greatly feared,
Seeing the slender shepherd stand before,
Who but with stones and valour armed appeared,
With words of arrogance and hatred sore
At the frail ill-clad stripling scoffed and sneered,
Who, whirling round his sling, forced him to know
How much more Faith than human power can do;

CXII.

'Desta arte o Mouro perfido despreza
O poder dos Christãos, e não entende
Que está ajudado da alta fortaleza,
A quem o inferno horrifico se rende;
Com ella o Castelhano e com destreza
De Marrocos o Rei commette e offende;
O Portuguez, que tudo estima em nada,
Se faz temer ao reino de Granada.

CXIII.

'Eis as lanças e espadas retiniam
Por cima dos arnezes; bravo estrago!
Chamam (segundo as leis que alli seguiam)
Huns Mafamede e os outros Sanct-Iago;
Os feridos com grita o ceo feriam,
Fazendo de seu sangue bruto lago,
Onde outros meios mortos se affogavam
Quando do ferro as vidas escapavam.

CXIV.

'Com esforço tamanho estrue e mata
O Luso ao Granadil que em pouco espaço
Totalmente o poder lhe desbarata,
Sem lhe valer defeza ou peito de aço;
De alcançar tal victoria tão barata
Inda não bem contente o forte braço
Vai ajudar ao bravo Castelhano,
Que pelejando está co'o Mauritano.

CXV.

'Já se hia o Sol ardente recolhendo
Para a casa de Thetis; e inclinado
Para o Ponente, o vespero trazendo,
Estava o claro dia memorado,
Quando o poder do Mouro grande e horrendo
Foi pelos fortes Reis desbaratado
Com tanta mortandade, que a memoria
Nunca no mundo vio tão grão victoria.

CXII.

'So the perfidious Moor would fain despise
The Christian force, and doth not comprehend
How that exalted Fortress aid supplies,
To whom e'en horrid Hell itself must bend:
On this and on his skill Castile relies
Morocco's King to attack and to offend;
The Portuguese, who treats all things as light,
Fills all Granada's kingdom with affright.

CXIII.

'And now, behold, were ringing sword and spear
Upon the armour; slaughter to appal!
According to the faiths that flourished there,
Some on St James others on Mahmoud call!
The wounded with their cries assault the air,
Their blood into a brutal pool doth fall,
Wherein are choked the others who, half dead,
Have from the sword, life scarcely saving, fled.

CXIV.

'The Lusian with such power destruction wrought
On the Granadian, that in little space
His forces to a total rout were brought,
Defence of no avail, nor steel cuirass;
But in such victory so cheaply bought
His valiant arm finds not sufficient grace;
To aid the brave Castilian forth he goes,
Who still is fighting with his Moorish foes.

CXV.

'And now went burning Sol down to his rest
In Thetis' cave; inclining on his way,
He led along the evening toward the West,
And closed was that bright memorable day,
When the great dreadful Moorish power o'erpressed
By the two valorous Kings all routed lay,
With slaughter such, that memory of man
Counts not like victory since the world began.

CXVI.

'Não matou a quarta parte o forte Mario
Dos que morreram neste vencimento,
Quando as aguas co'o sangue do adversario
Fez beber ao exercito sedento;
Nem o Peno, asperissimo contrario
Do Romano poder de nascimento,
Quando tantos matou da illustre Roma
Que alqueires tres de anneis dos mortos toma.

CXVII.

'E se tu tantas almas só pudeste
Mandar ao reino escuro de Cocyto,
Quando a sancta Cidade desfizeste
Do povo, pertinaz no antiguo rito,
Permissão e vingança foi celeste,
E não força de braço, ó nobre Tito;
Que assi dos Vates foi prophetizado,
E despois por JESU certificado.

CXVIII.

'Passada esta tão prospera victoria,
Tornado Afonso á Lusitana terra,
A se lograr da paz com tanta gloria,
Quanta soube ganhar na dura guerra;
O caso triste, e digno de memoria
Que do sepulchro os homens desenterra,
Aconteceo da misera e mesquinha,
Que, despois de ser morta, foi Rainha.

CXIX.

'Tu só, tu, puro Amor, com força crua
Que os corações humanos tanto obriga,
Déste causa á molesta morte sua,
Como se fôra perfida inimiga;
Se dizem, fero Amor, que a sêde tua
Nem com lagrimas tristes se mitiga,
He porque queres, aspero e tyranno,
Tuas aras bánhar em sangue humano.

CXVI.

'Not one fourth part the warlike Marius slew
Of those who in this victory were slain,
When thro' the foeman's blood, the stream in view,
He made his thirsty troops the water gain;
Nor Annibal who, as Rome's power well knew,
Did from his birth his harshest hate retain;
When that he slew so many of great Rome,
Of dead knights' rings he sent three bushels home.

CXVII.

'And if so many souls thou couldst alone
Consign unto Cocytus' realms of night,
When thou the Sacred City hadst o'erthrown
Of people cleaving to the ancient rite,
The licence and revenge were not thine own,
O noble Titus! Heaven's own arm did fight;
For thus by prophets it was prophesied,
And afterwards by JESUS certified.

CXVIII.

'This victory so prosperous being o'er,
And turning towards the Lusitanian land,
Alfonso, hopeful as in war before,
So now in peace, high glory to command,
There came to pass that tale of woe full sore,
Which claims a record at kind Memory's hand
Who lights our tombs; sad tale as e'er hath been,
Of her who after being slain was Queen.

CXIX.

'Thou, only thou, of cruel power, pure Love,
Who o'er our human hearts dost lord it so,
The cause of her most mournful death didst prove,
As she had been thine own perfidious foe.
If saddest tears, fierce Love, have vainly strove
To quench the thirsty flames that in thee glow,
'Tis that thy will, of harsh tyrannic mood,
Would bathe thy altars in our human blood.

CXX.

'Estavas, linda Ignez, posta em socego,
De teus annos colhendo doce fruito,
Naquelle engano da alma ledo e cego
Que a fortuna não deixa durar muito;
Nos saudosos campos do Mondego,
De teus formosos olhos nunca enxuito,
Aos montes ensinando e ás hervinhas
O nome que no peito escripto tinhas.

CXXI.

'Do teu Principe alli te respondiam
As lembranças que na alma lhe moravam,
Que sempre ante seus olhos te traziam,
Quando dos teus formosos se apartavam;
De noite em doces sonhos que mentiam,
De dia em pensamentos que voavam;
E quanto em fim cuidava e quanto via
Eram tudo memorias de alegria.

CXXII.

'De outras bellas senhoras e Princezas
Os desejados thalamos engeita;
Que tudo em fim, tu, puro Amor, desprezas
Quando hum gesto suave te sujeita.
Vendo estas namoradas estranhezas
O velho pai sesudo, que respeita
O murmurar do povo e a phantasia
Do filho que casar-se não queria;

CXXIII.

'Tirar Ignez ao mundo determina;
Por lhe tirar o filho que tem preso,
Crendo co'o sangue só da morte indina
Matar do firme amor o fogo acceso.
Que furor consentio que a espada fina,
Que pôde sustentar o grande peso
Do furor Mauro, fosse alevantada
Contra huma fraca dama delicada?

CXX.

'Thou, fair Ignez, wast bosomed in repose,
Gathering, the while, sweet fruit of thy young years,
In that soft blind delusion the soul knows,
Which soon by fortune's change, soon disappears;
In the fond meadows where Mondego flows,
Whose stream can never dry of thy sweet tears,
Teaching the mountains and the flowerets round
The name that in thy breast was written found.

CXXI.

'There of thy Prince on thee those memories
Responsive smiled, that in his bosom lay,
Which always brought thine image to his eyes
When his from thine, so fair, were far away;
By night in pleasing dreams, false phantasies,
In living thoughts that flew to thee by day,
And all, in fine, that moved his sight or care,
All, all, of joy the recollections were.

CXXII.

'Of other lovely ladies the fair eyes,
And envied Princess' beds, he lightly viewed;
For all, in truth, pure Love, thou dost despise
When by one pleasing form thou art subdued.
Seeing these love's vagaries with surprise,
His father who regarded, old and shrewd,
The people's murmurs and the phantasy
Of his own son who would not married be;

CXXIII.

'To take Ignez from life he purposeth,
And thus from her his son whom she hath bound;
Thinking mere blood of an ignoble death
Could quench the living fire of love so sound!
What madness did consent the sword to unsheath,
Which could the fury of the Moor confound
In deadly strife—and raise it to assail
With its sharp edge a gentle lady frail?

CXXIV.

'Traziam-na os horrificos algozes
Ante o Rei, já movido a piedade;
Mas o povo com falsas e ferozes
Razões á morte crua o persuade;
Ella com tristes e piedosas vozes
Sahidas só da magoa e saudade
Do seu Principe e filhos que deixava,
Que mais que a propria morte a magoava;

CXXV.

'Para o ceo crystallino alevantando
Com lagrimas os olhos piedosos,
Os olhos, porque as mãos lhe estava atando
Hum dos duros ministros rigorosos;
E despois nos meninos attentando
Que tão queridos tinha e tão mimosos,
Cuja orphandade como mãi temia,
Para o avô cruel assi dizia:

CXXVI.

'"Se já nas brutas feras cuja mente
Natura fez cruel de nascimento,
E nas aves agrestes que sómente
Nas rapinas aerias tem o intento,
Com pequenas crianças vio a gente
Terem tão piedoso sentimento,
Como co'a mãi de Nino já mostraram,
E co'os irmãos que Roma edificaram;

CXXVII.

'"Ó tu, que tens de humano o gesto e o peito,
(Se de humano he matar huma donzella
Fraca e sem força só por ter sujeito
O coração, a quem soube vencel-a)
A estas criancinhas tem respeito;
Pois ρ não tens á morte escura della:
Mova-te a piedade sua, e minha;
Pois te não move a culpa que não tinha.

CXXIV.

'By headsmen all horrific was she brought
Before the King now moved by pity's sense,
But still the people his persuasion wrought
For cruel death, on savage false pretence;
She, in sad plaintive mood of anguished thought,
Offspring of wounded heart and yearnings thence
For Prince and children whom she left behind,
Which more than death itself harrowed her mind;

CXXV.

'All overflowing with most piteous tears,
Towards the clear heaven she lifts her ardent eyes,
Her eyes, for minister of death appears,
And her soft hands for execution ties;
Then gazing fondly with a mother's fears
On those who must be orphans when she dies,
The loved and fondled children of her breast,
Their cruel grandfather she thus addressed:

CXXVI.

'"If e'en in beasts of prey who nature meant
Should from their birth be cruel, as we know,
And if in birds of rapine, whose intent
Is but to slay in air, as those below,
To little children was such pity lent
In their sad need, as men have seen them show,
E'en as to Ninus' mother once appeared,
And to the brothers who Rome's city reared;

CXXVII.

'"O thou that hast a human form and breast,
If human 'tis a fragile girl to slay
Only because to him, who knew the best
To vanquish it, she gave her heart away;
Oh, still regard these little ones at least,
E'en though my ignoble death thou wilt not stay;
Oh, let thy pity move thee, and my own,
Though for my faultless fault thou none hast shown!

CXXVIII.

"" E se, vencendo a Maura resistencia,
A morte sabes dar com fogo e ferro,
Sabe tambem dar vida com clemencia
A quem para perdel-a não fez erro;
Mas, se to assi merece esta innocencia,
Põe-me em perpetuo e misero desterro
Na Scythia fria ou lá na Libya ardente,
Onde em lagrimas viva eternamente.

CXXIX.

"" Põe-me onde se use toda a feridade
Entre leões e tigres; e verei
Se nelles achar posso a piedade
Que entre peitos humanos não achei;
Alli co'o amor intrinseco e vontade
Naquelle por quem mouro criarei
Estas reliquias suas que aqui viste;
Que refrigerio sejam da mãi triste."

CXXX.

' Queria perdoar-lhe o Rei benino,
Movido das palavras que o magoam;
Mas o pertinaz povo e seu destino
(Que desta sorte o quiz) lhe não perdoam:
Arrancam das espadas de aço fino
Os, que por bom tal feito alli apregoam.
Contra huma dama, ó peitos carniceiros,
Feros vos amostrais, e cavalleiros?

CXXXI.

' Qual contra a linda moça Polyxena,
Consolação extrema da mãi velha—
Porque a sombra de Achilles a condena,
Co'o ferro o duro Pyrrho se apparelha;
Mas ella os olhos, com que o ar serena
(Bem como paciente e mansa ovelha),
Na misera mãi postos que endoudece,
Ao duro sacrificio se offerece;

CXXVIII.

'"And if, victorious in the Moorish strife,
Thou knowest to deal death with sword and fire,
In clemency to her deal also life
Who hath not erred its forfeit to require;
But if so much deserve this innocent wife,
Force me to lasting exile to retire,
In frozen Scythia or 'neath Lybia's sky
There let me weep out wretched life and die.

CXXIX.

'"Place me where beasts of prey infest the ground,
'Midst lions I shall know and tiger kind,
If among them that pity can be found,
Which among human breasts I cannot find;
There will I with eternal love be bound
To him for whom I die, in heart and mind,
To nurture these his pledges thou dost see;
The balm of their sad mother let them be."

CXXX.

'The kindly King would listen her appeal,
Wounded by words which agony begot,
But destiny and others' wicked zeal
(Which willed it in this manner) pardon not;
Now forth they draw their swords of finest steel,
They, who proclaim as right this horrid plot;
Against a dame, oh slaughterous, heartless blights,
Wild beasts ye show yourselves, and are ye knights?

CXXXI.

'As when against Polyxena, fair maid,
Last solace of her aged mother's care,
Because condemnèd of Achilles' shade,
His sword hard Pyrrhus did relentless bear;
She like a gentle lamb to slaughter led,
Turning her eyes which calm the very air,
Towards her unhappy mother, mad with woe,
Offers herself a victim to the blow;

CXXXII.

'Taes contra Ignez os brutos matadores
No collo de alabastro que sostinha
As obras com que amor matou de amores
Aquelle que despois a fez Rainha,
As espadas banhando, e as brancas flores
Que ella dos olhos seus regadas tinha,
Se encarniçavam, férvidos e irosos,
No futuro castigo não cuidosos.

CXXXIII.

'Bem puderas, ó Sol, da vista destes
Teus raios apartar aquelle dia,
Como da séva mesa de Thyestes,
Quando os filhos por mão de Atreo comia!
Vós, ó concavos valles, que podestes
A voz extrema ouvir da boca fria,
O nome do seu Pedro, que lhe ouvistes,
Por muito grande espaço repetistes!

CXXXIV.

'Assi como a bonina que cortada
Antes do tempo foi, candida e bella,
Sendo das mãos lascivas maltratada
Da menina que a trouxe na capella,
O cheiro traz perdido e a côr murchada;
Tal está morta a pallida donzella,
Seccas do rosto as rosas, e perdida
A branca e viva côr co'a doce vida.

CXXXV.

'As filhas do Mondego a morte escura
Longo tempo chorando inemoraram;
E por memoria eterna em fonte pura
As lagrimas choradas transformaram;
O nome lhe puzeram que inda dura,
Dos amores de Ignez que alli passaram.
Vêde que fresca fonte rega as flores;
Que lagrimas são a agua e o nome amores.

CXXXII.

'Thus 'gainst Ignez the brutal murderous crew
In the alabaster neck, which did sustain
Those charms wherewith love did by love subdue
His heart who afterwards proclaimed her Queen,
Bathing their swords, and flowers of lily hue,
Which by her tearful eye had watered been,
They gloat in slaughter, savage and irate,
Regardless of avenging future fate.

CXXXIII.

'Well mightest thou, O Sol! thy rays conceal
From sight of these, at that most wicked hour,
As when Thyestes, at his savage meal,
Through hand of Atreus did his sons devour!
Ye, O ye concave valleys, did reveal
The name her cold lips called with dying power,
The name of her fond Pedro which ye heard,
Long long and oft, ye echoed back that word!

CXXXIV.

'E'en as the daisy that once brightly smiled,
Plucked by enamoured hands before its hour,
And harshly treated by the greedy child
All in her chaplet tied with artless power,
Droops, of its colour and its scent despoiled,
So seems this pale and lifeless damsel-flower;
The roses of her lips are dry, and dead
With her sweet life the mingled white and red.

CXXXV.

'Mondego's daughters this sad death obscure
Long time with weeping did commemorate,
And the wept tears into a fountain pure
For everlasting record did translate;
They gave the name; that name doth still endure,
The loves of Ignez which there met their fate;
See through the flowers the freshening fountains move,
Tears are the water and the name is Love.

CXXXVI.

'Não correo muito tempo que a vingança
Não visse Pedro das mortaes feridas;
Que em tomando do reino a governança
A tomou dos fugidos homicidas;
Do outro Pedro cruissimo os alcança;
Que ambos, imigos das humanas vidas,
O concerto fizeram duro e injusto
Que com Lepido e Antonio fez Augusto.

CXXXVII.

'Este castigador foi rigoroso
De latrocinios, mortes e adulterios;
Fazer nos máos cruezas, fero e iroso
Eram os seus mais certos refrigerios;
As cidades guardando justiçoso
De todos os soberbos vituperios,
Mais ladrões castigando á morte deo
Que o vagabundo Alcides ou Theseo.

CXXXVIII.

'Do justo e duro Pedro nasce o brando
(Vede da natureza o desconcerto),
Remisso, e sem cuidado algum, Fernando,
Que todo o reino poz em muito aperto;
Que vindo o Castelhano devastando
As terras sem defeza, esteve perto
De destruir-se o reino totalmente;
Que hum fraco Rei faz fraca a forte gente.

CXXXIX.

'Ou foi castigo claro do peccado
De tirar Leonor a seu marido
E casar-se com ella, de enlevado
N'hum falso parecer mal entendido;
Ou foi que o coração sujeito e dado
Ao vicio vil, de quem se vio rendido,
Molle se fez e fraco; e bem parece,
Que hum baixo amor os fortes enfraquece.

CXXXVI.

'No long time passed that Pedro did not see
Those who had stabbed his heart to vengeance led,
For taking of the realm the mastery
He took it of the murderers that had fled,
Given up by the other Pedro's cruelty,
Both to all care for human life being dead;
These made a wicked compact for their doom,
E'en like the last Triumvirate of Rome.

CXXXVII.

'This monarch was severe to castigate
All robberies, murders and adulteries;
To torture criminals, stern and irate,
Suited most surely with his tendencies;
Guarding the cities he in justice sate,
Repressing all o'erbearing tyrannies,
Deaths of more robbers to his laws are due
Than wandering Hercules or Theseus slew.

CXXXVIII.

'From Pedro the severe and just doth spring
(See what confusion is in nature wrought)
Fernando weak, remiss in everything,
Who the whole kingdom to great peril brought;
For the Castilian coming pillaging
The lands without defence, 'twas little short
Of the whole kingdom's ruin taking place;
For a weak King doth weaken a strong race.

CXXXIX.

'Or, 'twas clear chastisement for sin to pay
For robbing Leonora's husband's bed,
And marrying with her, having gone astray
By false appearance ill interpreted;
Or that his heart, easy and given away
To wretched vice, seeing himself misled,
Turned weak and feeble; as may well be true;
For a base passion doth the strong undo.

CXL.

'Do peccado tiveram sempre a pena
Muitos que Deos o quiz e permittio;
Os que foram roubar a bella Hèlena;
E com Apio tambem Tarquino o vio;
Pois por quem David sancto se condena?
Ou quem o Tribu illustre destruio
De Benjamin? Bem claro nol-o ensina
Por Sara Pharaó, Sichem por Dina.

CXLI.

'E pois, se os peitos fortes enfraquece
Hum inconcesso amor desatinado,
Bem no filho de Alcmena se parece,
Quando em Omphale andava transformado;
De Marco Antonio a fama se escurece
Com ser tanto a Cleopatra affeiçoado;
Tu tambem, Pœno prospero, o sentiste
Despois que hũa moça vil na Apulia viste.

CXLII.

'Mas quem pode livrar-se por ventura
Dos laços que amor arma brandamente
Entre as rosas e a neve humana pura,
O ouro e o alabastro transparente?
Quem de huma peregrina formosura,
De hum vulto de Medusa propriamente,
Que o coração converte, que tem preso,
Em pedra não, mas em desejo acceso?

CXCIII.

"Quem vio hum olhar seguro, hum gesto brando,
Huma suave e angelica excellencia,
Que em si está sempre as almas transformando,
Que tivesse contra ella resistencia?
Desculpado por certo está Fernando,
Para quem tem de amor experiencia:
Mas antes, tendo livre a phantasia,
Por muito mais culpado o julgaria.

CXL.

'Many have ever had the pain to bear
Of sins, when God so pleased and did allow;
They who went forth to ravish Helen fair;
And Tarquin, too, with Appius felt the blow;
For whom did Holy David censure share?
Or who the illustrious tribe did overthrow
Of Benjamin? this lesson clear and well
Pharaoh and Sara, Sichem and Dinah, tell.

CXLI.

'And if a love forbidden and insane
The bosoms of the brave doth stupefy,
'Twas surely in Alcmena's son made plain
When he disguised himself as Omphale;
Marc Antony's renown suffered a stain,
By Cleopatra wrought to phantasy;
This, prosperous Punic, didst thou feel likewise,
When low Apulian woman struck thine eyes.

CXLII.

'But who can, peradventure, set him free
Of snares which Love so softly spreads to view,
'Midst roses, human snows of purity,
And gold and shining alabaster too?
Who, of a loveliness so rare to see,
Of a Medusa's head—to paint it true—
Which turns the heart, that it hath prisoner ta'en,
Not into stone but fiery love insane?

CXLIII.

'Who that a steadfast look, a gentle mien
Has proved, a soft angelic excellence,
Charming all souls into her own where seen,
Could find against her manner of defence?
Fernando certainly had pardoned been
By one who had of love experience,
But, otherwise, by one with fancy free
Were far more culpable adjudged to be.

## *CANTO QUARTO.*

I.

'Despois de procellosa tempestade,
Nocturna sombra e sibilante vento
Traz a manhãa serena claridade,
Esperança de porto e salvamento;
Aparta o Sol a negra escuridade,
Removendo o temor do pensamento;
Assi no reino forte aconteceo
Despois que o Rei Fernando falleceo.

II.

'Porque se muito os nossos desejaram
Quem os damnos e offensas vá vingando
Naquelles que tão bem se aproveitaram
Do descuido remisso de Fernando,
Despois de pouco tempo o alcançaram,
Joanne sempre illustre alevantando
Por Rei, como de Pedro unico herdeiro
(Aindaque bastardo), verdadeiro.

III.

'Ser isto ordenação dos Ceos divina
Por signaes muito claros se mostrou,
Quando em Evora a voz de huma menina,
Ante tempo fallando, o nomeou;
E como cousa em fim que o Ceo destina,
No berço o corpo e a voz alevantou;
"Portugal, Portugal," alçando a mão
Disse; "pelo Rei novo, Dom João."

## *CANTO IV.*

I.

'After the boisterous storm abroad hath been
With night of darkness and shrill whistling wind,
The morning brings a brilliancy serene,
With hopes the port and safe retreat to find;
The sun shines forth the murky clouds between,
Removing apprehension from the mind;
Thus in the mighty realm did it betide,
After the feeble King Fernando died.

II.

'For if our people much desired to gain
One who their loss and damage could repay
'Gainst those who had so well advantage ta'en
Of King Fernando's loose and careless day,
They did not waiting very long remain:
They raised the ever famous John to sway,
As King; he being Pedro's only heir,
And true, though illegitimate he were.

III.

'That this, indeed, was Heaven's divine decree
By miracles the clearest was displayed
In Ebora, where female infancy,
Speaking before its time, the announcement made;
E'en as when Heaven doth will a thing shall be,
She raised herself and voice, in cradle laid,
Stretched forth her hand, and cried out: "Portugal,
Portugal, Don John, for new King of all!"

IV.

'Alteradas então do reino as gentes
Co'o odio que occupado os peitos tinha,
Absolutas cruezas e evidentes
Faz do povo o furor por onde vinha;
Matando vão amigos e parentes
Do adultero Conde e da Rainha,
Com quem sua incontinencia deshonesta
Mais despois de viuva manifesta.

V.

'Mas elle em fim com causa deshonrado
Diante della a ferro frio morre,
De outros muitos na morte acompanhado;
Que tudo o fogo erguido queima e corre;
Quem, como Astyanax, precipitado
(Sem lhe valerem ordens) de alta torre,
A quem Ordens, nem aras, nem respeito;
Quem nu por ruas e em pedaços feito.

VI.

'Podem-se pôr em longo esquecimento
As cruezas mortaes que Roma vio,
Feitos do feroz Mario, e do cruento
Sylla quando o còntrario lhe fugio.
Por isso Leonor, que o sentimento
Do morto Conde ao mundo descobrio,
Faz contra Lusitania vir Castella,
Dizendo ser sua filha herdeira della.

VII.

'Beatriz era a filha, que casada
Co'o Castelhano está, que o reino pede,
Por filha de Fernando reputada,
Se a corrompida fama lho concede.
Com esta voz Castella alevantada,
Dizendo que esta filha ao pai succede,
Suas forças ajunta para as guerras,
De varias regiões e varias terras.

IV.

'The people of the realm being changed in view
By hate, wherewith their hearts possessed had been,
A rage for cruelties within them grew,
Gross and uncurbed, as was on all sides seen;
The friends and the relations, all, they slew
Of the adulterous Count and of the Queen,
With whom her vile incontinence well known
She had, since widowhood, more open shown.

V.

'But he, in fine, with cause dishonorèd,
E'en in her presence by the cold steel dies,
By many more in death accompanied;
For, once awake, the fire consumes and flies.
One headlong, like Astyanax, is sped
From lofty tower, despite his dignities;
For him nor Orders, Altar, nor respect;
Stripped through the streets in pieces some are hacked.

VI.

'Removed in far oblivion here may be
The mortal cruelties Rome witnessèd,
Wrought by ferocious Marius' decree,
And blood-stained Sylla when his rival fled;
Leonora, then, who willed the world should see
Her feeling for the Count so murderèd,
Calls on Castile 'gainst Lusia to declare,
And names her only daughter as her heir.

VII.

'Beatrice was the daughter, given as bride
To the Castilian, who now makes the claim;
Reputed daughter on Fernando's side,
If thus admitted by ill-natured fame.
With her Castilia's voice is all allied,
As daughter taking in the father's name;
Collected for the wars their armies stand,
From many a region and from many a land.

VIII.

'Vem de toda a provincia que de hum Brigo
(Se foi) já teve o nome derivado;
Das terras que Fernando e que Rodrigo
Ganharam do tyranno e Mauro estado;
Não estimam das armas o perigo
Os, que cortando vão co'o duro arado
Os campos Leonezes, cuja gente
Co'os Mouros foi nas armas excellente.

IX.

'Os Vandalos, na antigua valentia
Ainda confiados, se ajuntavam
Da cabeça de toda Andaluzia,
Que do Guadalquibir as aguas lavam;
A nobre ilha tambem se apercebia,
Que antiguamente os Tyrios habitavam,
Trazendo por insignias verdadeiras
As Herculeas columnas nas bandeiras.

X.

'Tambem vem lá do reino de Toledo,
Cidade nobre e antigua, a quem cercando
O Tejo em tôrno vai suave e ledo,
Que das serras de Conca vem manando.
A vós outros tambem não tolhe o medo,
Ó sordidos Gallegos, duro bando,
Que para resistirdes vos armastes,
Áquelles cujos golpes já provastes.

XI.

'Tambem movem da guerra as negras furias
A gente Biscainha, que carece
De polidas razões, e que as injurias
Muito mal dos estranhos compadece;
A terra de Guipúscua, e das Asturias
Que com minas de ferro se ennobrece,
Armou delle os soberbos matadores
Para ajudar na guerra a seus senhores.

VIII.

'They come from all the Province which its name
From one (if one) called Brigo doth derive;
Lands where Fernando and Rodrigo came
Tyrant and Moor of kingdom to deprive.
Dangers of battle they postpone to fame
Who the hard ploughshare, cultivating, drive
Over the Leon fields, whose race of yore
In arms were excellent against the Moor.

IX.

'And here the Vandals also gather round,
Who in their ancient valour still confide,
From head of all Andalusía's ground,
Guadalquivír refreshes with its tide;
The noble Isle is also forward found,
Which anciently the Tyrians occupied;
And for true emblems which their ensigns wear,
Th' Herculean columns on their flags they bear.

X.

'There come they also from Toledo's land,
Noble and ancient city; whose grey walls
The Tagus rolls around, shining and bland,
And which from Conca's heights abundant falls;
And ye, ye others, all a hardened band,
Sordid Galicians, whom no fear inthrals,
Who for resistance take up arms 'gainst those,
Of whom ye have already felt the blows.

XI.

'By war's dark furies the Biscayan race
Are likewise moved, to whom are all unknown
Reasons refined; who insult or disgrace
Will little brook from stranger towards their own.
Guipuscoa's land and the Asturias,
Who by their mines of iron have famous grown,
Armed their proud warriors from that source with sword
To follow and do battle for their lords.

XII.

'Joanne, a quem do peito o esforço crece
Como a Samsão Hebrëo da guedelha,
Postoque tudo pouco lhe parece
Co'os poucos de seu reino se apparelha;
E, não porque conselho lhe fallece,
Co'os principaes senhores se aconselha,
Mas só por ver das gentes as sentenças;
Que sempre houve entre muitos differenças.

XIII.

'Não falta com razões quem desconcerte
Da opinião de todos na vontade,
Em quem o esforço antiguo se converte
Em desusada e má deslealdade,
Podendo o temor mais, gelado, inerte,
Que a propria e natural fidelidade;
Negam o Rei e a patria, e se convem,
Negarão (como Pedro) o Deos que tem.

XIV.

'Mas nunca foi que este erro se sentisse
No forte Dom Nuno Alvares; mas antes,
Postoque em seus irmãos tão claro o visse,
Reprovando as vontades inconstantes,
Aquellas duvidosas gentes disse
Com palavras mais duras que elegantes,
A mão na espada, irado e não facundo,
Ameaçando a terra, o mar e o mundo:

XV.

'"Como da gente illustre Portugueza
Ha de haver, quem refuse o Patrio marte?
Como desta provincia, que princeza
Foi das gentes na guerra em toda parte,
Ha de sahir quem negue ter defeza,
Quem negue a fé, o amor, o esforço e arte
De Portuguez, e por nenhum respeito
O proprio reino queira ver sujeito?

XII.

'King John, whose power within his bosom grows
As Hebrew Samson's in his locks of hair,
Though all he doth possess but little shows,
Doth with that little of his realm prepare;
And though his own well-counselled plans he knows,
Yet with his chief lords doth he counsel share;
But only that their notions he may gain,
For 'midst the many differences must obtain.

XIII.

'There fail not those who, arguing, disconcert
All others' views by wilful sophistry,
Wherewith the ancient power becomes pervert
In foul unusual disloyalty;
Fear working on them, frozen and inert,
More than true natural fidelity;
King, country they disown; and, if need were,
Like Peter, their own God they would forswear.

XIV.

'But never did this leprosy appear
In brave Don Nuno Alvares; he was found,
Though in his brothers he beheld it clear,
Reproving all th' inconstant wills around;
Those he addressed who wavered still with fear
In words more harsh than elegant in sound;
Angry, not eloquent, with hand on sword
'Gainst earth, sea, world he pours defiant word:—

XV.

'"What! to decline the war of his own land
Has there one noble Portuguese the heart?
What! from this Province, known in war to stand
Princess of every race, in every part,
Can there come forth who would decline his hand,
Decline the faith, the love, the power, the art
Of Portuguese, and would consent for aught
That his own land to slavery should be brought?

XVI.

"Como? Não sois vós inda os descendentes
Daquelles que debaixo da bandeira
Do grande Henriques, feros e valentes
Vencêram esta gente tão guerreira?
Quando tantas bandeiras, tantas gentes
Puzeram em fugida, de maneira
Que sete illustres Condes lhe trouxeram
Presos afora a presa que tiveram?

XVII.

"Com quem foram contino sopeados
Estes de quem o estais agora vós,
Por Diniz e seu filho, sublimados,
Senão co'os vossos fortes pais e avós?
Pois se com seus descuidos, ou peccados
Fernando em tal fraqueza assi vos poz,
Torne-vos vossas forças o Rei novo;
Se he certo que co'o Rei se muda o povo.

XVIII.

"Rei tendes tal que, se o valor tiverdes
Igual ao Rei que agora alevantastes,
Desbaratareis tudo o que quizerdes,
Quanto mais a quem já desbaratastes;
E se com isto em fim vos não moverdes
Do penetrante medo que tomastes,
Atai as mãos a vosso vão receio;
Que eu só resistirei ao jugo alheio;

XIX.

"Eu só com meus vassallos e com esta
(E, dizendo isto, arranca meia espada)
Defenderei da força dura e infasta
A terra nunca de outrem sobjugada;
Em virtude do Rei, da patria mesta,
Da lealdade já por vós negada,
Vencerei não só estes adversarios
Mas quantos a meu Rei forem contrarios."

XVI.

'"What! are ye not descendants still of those
Who, 'neath the banner of the mighty King
Henriques, valorous and fierce arose,
This nation all so warlike conquering?
When flags so many and so many foes
They put to flight, and to such pass did bring
That seven illustrious Counts were captive led,
Besides the spoils they took from those that fled?

XVII.

'"With whom continuously were these repressed
(By whom ye now appear to be the same,)
By Diniz and his son, both mightiest,
Save with your sires and grandsires of high fame?
If then by his neglect, or sins at best,
Ye through Fernando so effete became,
Let the new King your former force renew,
If change of people with their King be true.

XVIII.

'"Such King ye have, that if ye valour have
Worthy the King to whom ye gave the crown,
Ye shall o'erthrow e'en all things as ye crave,
And much more those whom erst ye have o'erthrown.
And if with this yourselves ye cannot save
From the deep fear that hath within you grown
Tie your vain terrors' hands; for 'gainst all foes
Alone will I the foreign yoke oppose;

XIX.

'"Alone, I with my vassals and with this"
(And as he speaks he half unsheaths his sword),
"I will defend 'gainst harsh and hostile stress
The land which never owned a foreign lord:
By force of King, of country in distress,
Of loyalty your hearts will not afford,
Not these foes only will I captive bring
But all who shall be hostile to my King."

XX.

'Bem como entre os mancebos recolhidos
Em Canusio, reliquias sós de Cannas,
Já para se entregar quasi movidos
Á fortuna das gentes Africanas,
Cornelio moço os faz que compellidos
Da sua espada jurem que as Romanas
Armas não deixarão em quanto a vida
Os não deixar, ou nellas for perdida;

XXI.

'Desta arte a gente fórça e esforça Nuno,
Que, com lhe ouvir as ultimas razões,
Removem o temor frio, importuno,
Que gelados lhe tinha os corações;
Nos animaes cavalgam de Neptuno,
Brandindo e volteando arremessões,
Vão correndo e gritando á boca aberta:
"Viva o famoso Rei, que nos liberta!"

XXII.

'Das gentes populares huns approvam
A guerra com que a patria se sostinha;
Huns as armas alimpam e renovam,
Que a ferrugem da paz gastadas tinha,
Capacetes estofam, peitos provam,
Arma-se cada hum como convinha;
Outros fazem vestidos de mil cores
Com letras e tenções de seus amores.

XXIII.

'Com toda esta lustrosa companhia
Joanne forte sae da fresca Abrantes,
Abrantes que tambem da fonte fria
Do Tejo logra as aguas abundantes.
Os primeiros armigeros regia
Quem para reger era os mui possantes
Orientaes exercitos sem conto
Com que passava Xerxes o Hellesponto;

XX.

'E'en as among the youth of Cannæ's field
The only remnant, to Canusium fled,
And half already almost moved to yield
To Afric's force, whom fortune victor led,
Young Scipio with such power to all appealed
That on his sword, compelled, they swore instead
The Roman arms should ever theirs remain
While life remained, or till in arms all slain;

XXI.

'Thus Nuno forces and enforces all,
Who, hearing the last arguments he pressed,
Cast off their terror's cold and clinging thrall,
Which had their frozen bosoms so possessed:
They mount the animals we Neptune's call,
Their spears they wave and brandish o'er the crest,
Run lifting up their voice, and shout with glee,
"Long live the famous King who makes us free!"

XXII.

'Among the people some the war approve,
Whereby the country may itself sustain;
Some clean and mend their armour, and remove
The injurious rust peace suffered to remain;
They quilt their helmets and their breastplates prove,
Each arms himself according to his vein;
Others make robes of colours manifold,
Where their loves' letters and designs are told.

XXIII.

'And now with all this gorgeous company
Sets forth from fresh Abrantes John the brave;
Abrantes, which the cold streams equally
Of Tagus with abundant waters lave.
And there the vanguard was commanding he
Who truly title to command might have
Those countless eastern armies, strong and vast,
Wherewith the Hellespont great Xerxes passed;

XXIV.

'Dom Nuno Alvares digo, verdadeiro
Açoute de soberbos Castelhanos,
Como já o fero Hunno o foi primeiro
Para Francezes, para Italianos.
Outro tambem famoso cavalleiro
Que a ala direita tem dos Lusitanos,
Apto para mandal-os e regel-os,
Mem Rodrigues se diz de Vasconcellos.

XXV.

'E da outra ala, que a esta corresponde,
Antão Vasques de Almada he capitão,
Que despois foi de Abranches nobre Conde,
Das gentes vai regendo a sestra mão.
Logo na retaguarda não se esconde
Das quinas e castellos o pendão
Com Joanne Rei forte em toda parte,
Que escurecendo o preço vai de Marte.

XXVI.

'Estavam pelos muros temerosas
E de hum alegre medo quasi frias,
Rezando as mãis, irmãas, damas e esposas,
Promettendo jejuns e romarias.
Já chegam as esquadras bellicosas
Defronte das imigas companhias,
Que com grita grandissima os recebem,
E todas grande duvida concebem.

XXVII.

'Respondem as trombetas mensageiras,
Pifaros sibilantes e atambores,
Alferezes volteam as bandeiras
Que variadas são de muitas cores.
Era no secco tempo vue nas eiras
Ceres o fructo deixa aos lavradores,
Entra em Astréa o Sol no mez de Agosto,
Baccho das uvas tira o doce mosto.

XXIV.

'I mean Don Nuno Alvares, the worst
Scourge of the arrogant Castilians,
E'en as the valorous Hun had been the first
Among the French and the Italians.
Another knight likewise in war well versed
Holds the right wing o' the Lusitanians;
In leading and commanding an adept—
Rodrigues Vasconcellos being yclept.

XXV.

'And of the wing on corresponding side
Antão Vasques de Almada takes command,
Later as Count de Avranches dignified,
Who of the army marshals the left hand.
Now in the rear the banner doth not hide
The Quinas and the Castles, as they stand
With John, the King, whose valour vast and sure
Doth the renown of Mars himself obscure.

XXVI.

'Upon the walls, trembling for many lives,
Half shivering, as it were, with sanguine fear,
Stood mothers sisters and betrothed and wives,
Promising fasts and pilgrimage in prayer.
The mass of warlike squadrons now arrives
Before the opposing forces fronting near,
Who challenge them with loud tremendous shout;
And every heart is overwhelmed with doubt.

XXVII.

'The trumpets with defiant notes reply,
Fife's piercing whistle and drum's rolling din,
The various ensigns wave their flags on high,
Whereon are variegated colours seen.
'Twas when kind Ceres in the season dry
Yields corn on threshing-floors for husbandmen,
When Sol in August enters Virgo's sign,
And Bacchus presses the sweet juice for wine.

XXVIII.

'Deu signal a trombeta Castelhana
Horrendo, fero, ingente e temeroso:
Ouvio-o o monte Artábro, e Guadiana
Atraz tornou as ondas de medroso;
Ouvio-o o Douro e a terra Transtagana,
Correo ao mar o Tejo duvidoso;
E as mãis que o som terribil escuitaram
Aos peitos os filhinhos apertaram.

XXIX.

'Quantos rostos alli se vêm sem côr,
Que ao coração acode o sangue amigo;
Que nos perigos grandes o temor
He maior muitas vezes que o perigo;
E se o não he, parece-o; que o furor
De offender ou vencer o duro imigo
Faz não sentir que he perda grande e rara
Dos membros corporaes, da vida chara.

XXX.

'Começa-se a travar a incerta guerra,
De ambas partes se move a primeira ala,
Huns leva a defensão da propria terra,
Outros as esperanças de ganhal-a:
Logo o grande Pereira, em quem se encerra
Todo o valor, primeiro se assinala,
Derriba e encontra e a terra em fim semea
Dos que a tanto desejam, sendo alhea.

XXXI.

'Já pelo espêsso ar os estridentes
Farpões, settas e varios tiros voam;
Debaixo dos pés duros dos ardentes
Cavallos treme a terra, os valles soam;
Espedaçam-se as lanças, e as frequentes
Quedas co'as duras armas tudo atroam;
Recrescem os imigos sobre a pouca
Gente do fero Nuno que os apouca.

XXVIII.

'The trumpet of Castile the signal gave,
Horrid, fierce, loud and terrible to hear:
Artábrus mountain heard it; and her wave
Guadiana backward turned from very fear:
O'er Douro, Alemtejo, forth it drave:
Doubtfully Tagus to the sea drew near;
And mothers, listening to the dreadful sound,
Their bosomed infants clapsed the tighter round.

XXIX.

'How many cheeks are pallid in the stress,
For to the heart the friendly blood hath fled;
For in great dangers, ofttimes, there is less
Of real danger than there is of dread:
If not, it seems so; for the eagerness
To o'ercome the hardy foe in battle led
Outweighs the thought how keen and great the cost
Of limbs, or e'en of life so precious, lost.

XXX.

'The uncertain battle now begins to rage,
And the first wing of both moves to the fray;
Defence of their own land doth these engage,
And those the hopes of taking it away;
Now great Pereira, in whose bosom sage
All valour centres, makes the first display;
Charges, casts down, and sows the land around
With those who covet it though others' ground.

XXXI.

'Now through the darkened air in rattling course
Arrows and bolts with various missiles fly;
'Neath the hard tramping of the fiery horse
Trembles the earth, the echoing vales reply;
Lances are shivered: the confusing force
Of clashing arms seems all to stupefy;
On the small numbers of fierce Nuno fall
The increasing foes, whose numbers he makes small.

XXXII.

' Eis alli seus irmãos contra elle vão ;
(Caso feo e cruel !) mas não se espanta ;
Que menos he querer matar o irmão
Quem contra o Rei e a patria se alevanta ;
Destes arrenegados muitos são
No primeiro esquadrão, que se adianta
Contra irmãos e parentes (caso estranho !)
Quaes nas guerras civis de Julio e Magno.

XXXIII.

' Ó tu Sertorio, ó nobre Coriolano,
Catilina, e vós outros dos antigos
Que contra vossas patrias com profano
Coração vos fizestes inimigos,
Se lá no reino escuro de Sumano
Receberdes gravissimos castigos,
Dizei-lhe que tambem dos Portuguezes
Alguns traidores houve algumas vezes.

XXXIV.

' Rompem-se aqui dos nossos os primeiros,
Tantos dos inimigos a elles vão ;
Está alli Nuno, qual pelos outeiros
De Ceita está o fortissimo leão,
Que cercado se vê dos cavalleiros
Que os campos vão correr de Tetuão ;
Perseguem-no co'as lanças, e elle iroso
Torvado hum pouco está mas não medroso ;

XXXV.

' Com tôrva vista os vê ; mas a natura
Ferina e a ira não lhe compadecem
Que as costas dê ; mas antes na espessura
Das lanças se arremessa que recrecem
Tal está o cavalleiro, que a verdura
Tinge co'o sangue alheio ; alli perecem
Alguns dos seus ; que o animo valente
Perde a virtude contra tanta gente.

XXXII.

'Gainst him behold his brothers in array,
Chance dark and cruel, but it wakes no fear;
For e'en a brother little 'tis to slay
Who 'gainst his King and country arms doth bear;
Among the squadrons that advanced that day
Many of these deserters there appear
'Gainst kinsmen, brothers; strange! as they relate
O' the civil wars 'twixt Julius and the Great.

XXXIII.

O thou, Sertorius, noble Coriolane,
Catiline, and ye rest of ancient days!
Who, 'gainst your country's state with heart profane
Your hostile hand from wounded pride could raise,
If in Sumano's darksome realm the pain
Of direst chastisement such crime repays,
Then to the gloomy God ye may declare
Sometimes some Portuguese e'en traitors were.

XXXIV.

Our foremost lines are broken and give way,
Such numerous forces on one point they throw;
There Nuno stands, as on the hills at bay
The Ceutan lion stands—redoubted foe—
When circled by the cavaliers' array,
Who o'er the plains of Tetuan hunting go;
He, furious as they press him with their spears,
A little troubled stands, but nought he fears;

XXXV.

With terrible eye he views them, but the vein
Of nature wild and rage foroid retreat,
Rather he doth the thickening spears disdain,
And flings himself upon them where they meet;
So stands the knight, who all the verdant plain
Dyes with the foeman's blood; but round his feet
Fall many of his own; the valiant breast
Loses all power when by such numbers pressed.

XXXVI.

'Sentio Joanne a affronta que passava
Nuno; que, como sabio capitão,
Tudo corria e via e a todos dava
Com presença e palavras coração.
Qual parida leoa fera e brava
Que os filhos que no ninho sós estão
Tentio que, em quanto pasto lhe buscara,
O pastor de Massylia lhos furtara;

XXXVII.

' Corre raivosa e freme e com bramidos
Os montes Sete-Irmãos atroa e abala;
Tal Joanne, com outros escolhidos
Dos seus, correndo acode á primeira ala:
" Ó fortes companheiros, ó subidos
Cavalleiros a quem nenhum se iguala,
Defendei vossas terras; que a esperança
Da liberdade está na vossa lança;

XXXVIII.

' " Vedes-me aqui Rei vosso e companheiro,
Que entre as lanças e settas e os arnezes
Dos inimigos côrro e vou primeiro;
Pelejai, verdadeiros Portuguezes!"
Isto disse o magnanimo guerreiro,
E sopesando a lança quatro vezes
Com força tira, e deste unico tiro
Muitos lançaram o ultimo suspiro;

XXXIX.

' Porque eis os seus accesos novamente
D'huma nobre vergonha e honroso fogo,
Sobre qual mais com animo valente
Perigos vincerá do marcio jogo
Porfiam; tinge o ferro o fogo ardente,
Rompem malhas primeiro e peitos logo;
Assi recebem junto e dão feridas
Como a quem já não doe perder as vidas.

XXXVI.

'John saw the attack and all the need to save
Nuno; for he like captain wise and ware
Sped to all parts, and saw, and to all gave
With words and with his presence strength to dare;
Like whelpèd lioness who, wild and brave,
Has left her young unguarded in her lair,
And finds that all, while she for food has roved,
Have by Massylian shepherd been removed;

XXXVII.

'Rabid she runs and howls, her roar and moan
Through the "Seven Brother" mountains echoing ring:
So John, with chosen others of his own,
Forth rushes to support the foremost wing:
"O comrades brave, O matchless in renown,
Exalted cavaliers, your succour bring,
Defend your lands; the only hopeful chance
Of liberty depends upon your lance!

XXXVIII.

'"Ye see me here your King, your fellow-man,
Who 'midst the lances of our enemies,
Arrows and armour, run and lead the van;
Fight! bravely fight! true-hearted Portuguese!"
Thus spoke the noble warrior to his clan,
And four times brandishing his lance with ease,
Throws it with force: and with this only throw
Full many breathed their last beneath the blow.

XXXIX.

'Wherefore, behold! his men inflamed anew
With noble shame and honourable desire,
Contend who shall the most with valour true
To dangers in the martial game aspire;
First mails, then warriors' breasts are piercèd through,
The sword is blood-stained by their ardent ire;
Thus wounds they give and suffer in the strife,
As whom it doth not grieve to part with life.

XL.

'A muitos mandam ver o Estygio lago,
Em cujo corpo a morte e o ferro entrava;
O Mestre morre alli de Sanct Iago,
Que fortissimamente pelejava;
Morre tambem, fazendo grande estrago,
Outro Mestre cruel de Calatrava;
Os Pereiras tambem arrenegados
Morrem, arrenegando o Ceo e os fados.

XLI.

'Muitos tambem do vulgo vil sem nome
Vão, e tambem dos nobres, ao Profundo
Onde o trifauce cão perpetua fome
Tem das almas que passam deste mundo;
E porque mais aqui se amanse e dome
A soberba do imigo furibundo,
A sublime bandeira Castelhana
Foi derribada aos pés da Lusitana.

XLII.

'Aqui a fera batalha se encruece
Com mortes, gritos, sangue e cutiladas;
A multidão da gente que perece
Tem as flores da propria côr mudadas;
Já as costas dão e as vidas; já fallece
O furor, e sobejam as lançadas;
Já de Castella o Rei desbaratado
Se vê, e de seu proposito mudado.

XLIII.

'O campo vai deixando ao vencedor,
Contente de lhe não deixar a vida;
Seguem-no os que ficaram, e o temor
Lhe dá não pés mas azas á fugida.
Encobrem no profundo peito a dor
Da morte, da fazenda despendida,
Da magoa, da deshonra e triste nojo
De ver outrem triumphar de seu despojo.

XL.

'Many to see the Stygian lake they send,
Into whose bodies entered sword and death;
There St Iago's Master meets his end,
Fighting most fiercely to his latest breath;
While mighty slaughter doth his arm attend
Fierce Calatrava's Master perisheth;
The renegade Pereiras also die,
Renouncing Heaven and cursing Destiny.

XLI.

And of the vulgar many without name
And nobles too are sent to shades below,
Where hungering stands the dog of three-mouthed fame
For souls that from this world departing go;
And that they may more dominate and tame
The proud presumption of the furious foe,
Castilia's flag sublime on high displayed,
Is at the feet of Lusitania's laid.

XLII.

'Here the hot fight they stubbornly maintain
With deaths, blood, sabre wounds, and shoutings strange,
The multitudes that perish on the plain
E'en of the flowers the very colour change;
Their ground and lives they yield; few foes remain,
And the hurled lance finds little within range:
Castilia's King his ruin now must own,
And mark his purpose altered and o'erthrown.

XLIII.

'Now to the conqueror doth he leave the ground,
Contented that he leaves not life a prey;
All follow him who still alive are found,
Fear gives them wings, not feet, for flight; while they
Deep in their bosoms hide the bitter wound
Of slaughter, and of treasure thrown away;
With anguish, shame, dishonour they recoil
From seeing others triumph in their spoil.

XLIV.

'Alguns vão maldizendo e blasphemando
Do primeiro que guerra fez no mundo;
Outros a sêde dura vão culpando
Do peito cubiçoso e sitibundo,
Que por tomar o alheio o miserando
Povo aventura ás penas do Profundo;
Deixando tantas mãis, tantas esposas,
Sem filhos, sem maridos, desditosas.

XLV.

'O vencedor Joanne esteve os dias
Costumados no campo em grande gloria;
Com offertas despois e romarias
As graças deo a quem lhe deo victoria.
Mas Nuno, que não quer por outras vias
Entre as gentes deixar de si memoria
Senão por armas sempre soberanas,
Para as terras se passa Transtaganas.

XLVI.

'Ajuda-o seu destino de maneira,
Que fez igual o effeito ao pensamento;
Porque a terra dos Vandalos fronteira
Lhe concede o despôjo, e o vencimento:
Já de Sevilha a Betica bandeira,
E de varios senhores n'hum momento
Se lhe derriba aos pés, sem ter defeza,
Obrigados da força Portugueza.

XLVII.

'Destas e outras victorias longamente
Eram os Castelhanos opprimidos,
Quando a paz, desejada já da gente,
Deram os vencedores aos vencidos,
Despois que quiz o Padre omnipotente
Dar os Reis inimigos por maridos
Ás duas illustrissimas Inglezas,
Gentis, formosas, inclytas Princezas.

XLIV.

'Some curse and angrily 'gainst him blaspheme
Who on the world first brought war's deadly ill;
Others the craving grasping bosom blame
Which, with a selfish thirst and avarice fell
Subject, because another's realm 'twould claim,
The hapless people to the pains of Hell;
Leaving so many mothers, wives, to fate,
Childless and widows, all unfortunate.

XLV.

'The conqueror John remained the accustomed days
Glorying upon the field, as of the brave,
And then with offerings, pilgrimage and praise,
Gave thanks to Him, who him the victory gave.
But the great Nuno, who no other ways
To leave his memory with mankind would crave
Than by his arms, successful to the last,
Into the lands beyond the Tagus passed.

XLVI.

'His destiny in such wise helps his hand,
That the result is equal to the thought;
Because the Vandals of the frontier land
Are with their spoil to quick submission brought:
Neither can Seville's Bætic ensign stand:
And those of various lords, as if 'twere nought,
Lie prostrate at his feet, without resource,
Constrained by all the Lusitanian force.

XLVII.

'With these and other victories obtained
Th' oppressed Castilians, for a long time bled,
When peace, so much desired by all, was gained
Giv'n by the victors to the vanquishèd,
When the Almighty Father had ordained
That the contending Kings should now be wed
With the two English maidens of high race,
Princesses fair, renowned and full of grace.

XLVIII.

'Não soffre o peito forte, usado á guerra,
Não ter inimigo já a quem faça dano;
E assi não tendo a quem vencer na terra
Vai commetter as ondas do Oceano.
Este he o primeiro Rei que se desterra
Da patria, por fazer que o Africano
Conheça pelas armas quanto excede
A lei de Christo á lei de Mafamede.

XLIX.

'Eis mil nadantes aves pelo argento
Da furiosa Thetis inquieta
Abrindo as pandas azas vão ao vento,
Para onde Alcides pôz a extrema meta;
O monte Abyla e o nobre fundamento
De Ceita toma, e o torpe Mahometa
Deita fóra, e segura toda Hespanha
Da Juliana má e desleal manha.

L.

'Não consentio a morte tantos annos
Que de Heroe tão ditoso se lograsse
Portugal; mas os córos soberanos
Do Ceo supremo quiz que povoasse;
Mas para defensão dos Lusitanos
Deixou Quem o levou quem governasse
E augmentasse a terra mais que d'antes,
Inclyta geração, altos Infantes.

LI.

'Não foi do Rei Duarte tão ditoso
O tempo que ficou na summa alteza;
Que assi vai alternando o tempo iroso
O bem co'o mal, o gosto co'a tristeza.
Quem vio sempre hum estado deleitoso?
Ou quem vio em fortuna haver firmeza?
Pois inda neste reino e neste Rei
Não usou ella tanto desta lei.

XLVIII.

'The valorous breast, which warfare had pursued,
Is chafed, for want of chance to wound a foe,
And, having every one on shore subdued,
E'en against Ocean's waves the King must go;
First King was he who, with these thoughts imbued,
Banished himself that Africans might know
By force of arms how greatly doth exceed
The law of Christ the law of Mahomed.

XLIX.

'Behold a thousand swimming birds a-sail
O'er angry restless Thetis' silver wave,
Their full spread wings expanding to the gale,
To where Alcides utmost limit gave.
O'er Ceuta's noble city they prevail,
And o'er Mount Abyla, and forth they drave
Vile Mahomet, saving thus the whole of Spain
From the disloyal craft of Julian.

L.

'Death granted not that Portugal should boast
Hero so favoured for too many years,
But willed that 'midst th' exalted choral host
He should be numbered in the Heavenly spheres;
But, that the Lusitanians be not lost,
He who removed him a new ruler rears,
Who more than ever should the land augment,
Distinguished race, Heirs Royal eminent.

LI.

'While King Duarte held the post sublime
The period not so happily did flow,
For thus alternating goes angry time,
Good mixed with evil, happiness with woe.
Who e'er hath seen a constant happy prime?
To whom did Fortune ever firmness show?
However, in this reign and 'neath this King
She did not keep this law in every thing.

LII.

'Vio ser captivo o sancto irmão Fernando,
Que a tão altas emprezas aspirava
Que, por salvar o povo miserando
Cercado, ao Sarraceno s'entregava;
Só por amor da patria está passando
A vida de senhora feita escrava,
Por não se dar por elle a forte Ceita;
Mais o publico bem que o seu respeita.

LIII.

'Codro, porque o inimigo não vencesse,
Deixou antes vencer da morte a vida;
Regulo, porque a patria não perdesse,
Quiz mais a liberdade ver perdida;
Este porque se Hespanha não temesse,
A captiveiro eterno se convida;
Codro, nem Curcio, ouvido por espanto,
Nem os Decios leaes fizeram tanto.

LIV.

'Mas Afonso, do Reino unico herdeiro,
Nome em armas ditoso em nossa Hesperia,
Que a soberba do barbaro fronteiro
Tornou em baixa e humillima miseria,
Fôra por certo invicto cavalleiro,
Se não quizera ir ver a terra Iberia;
Mas Africa dirá ser impossibil
Poder ninguem vencer o Rei terribil.

LV.

'Este pôde colher as maçãas de ouro
Que somente o Tyrinthio colher pôde;
Do jugo, que lhe pôz, o bravo Mouro
A cerviz inda agora não sacode;
Na fronte a palma leva, e o verde louro
Das victorias do barbaro que acode
A defender Alcacer, forte villa,
Tangere populoso e a dura Arzilla.

LII.

'He saw Fernando good, his brother brave,
Made captive, who such mighty deeds essayed,
And who, his suffering men, besieged, to save,
Himself unto the Saracen betrayed:
He leads such life as lady lowered to slave,
A sacrifice to love of country made,
That not for him strong Ceuta be o'erthrown;
The public weal preferring to his own.

LIII.

'Codrus to rob the foe of victory,
Prefers his life should victim be to death;
Regulus, lest his country lost should be,
Rather to lose his freedom purposeth;
Fernando, Spain from fear alone to free,
Himself to life-long bondage offereth;
Codrus, nor Curtius, scarcely e'en believed,
Nor loyal Decii, e'er so much achieved.

LIV.

'Alfonso of the kingdom only heir,
In our Hesperia warrior of success,
Who the proud barbarous foe o' the frontier
Reduced to low and abject wretchedness,
Had surely been unconquered cavalier,
Had he not wished Iberia to possess;
But Africa will say the attempt were vain
The conquest o'er so dread a King to gain.

LV.

'To pick the golden apples he could dare,
Which only the Tyrinthian dared to pick;
From the hard yoke which he had fastened there
The valiant Moor not yet can shake the neck;
His brows the palm and verdant laurel bear
Of conquests won the barbarous foe to check,
Who Alcacer's strong town to save appear,
Arzilla stubborn, populous Tangier.

LVI.

' Porêm ellas em fim por força entradas,
Os muros abaixaram de diamante
As Portuguezas forças, costumadas
A derribarem quanto acham diante ;
Maravilhas em armas estremadas,
E de escriptura dignas elegante
Fizeram cavalleiros nesta empreza,
Mais affinando a fama Portugueza.

LVII.

' Porêm despois tocado de ambição,
E gloria de mandar amara e bella,
Vai commetter Fernando de Aragão
Sobre o potente reino de Castella ;
Ajunta-se a inimiga multidão
Das soberbas e varias gentes della
Desde Caliz ao alto Pyreneo ;
Que tudo ao Rei Fernando obedeceo.

LVIII.

' Não quiz ficar nos reinos ocioso
O mancebo Joanne, e logo ordena
De ir ajudar o pai ambicioso,
Que então lhe foi ajuda não pequena ;
Sahio-se em fim do trance perigoso
Com fronte não torvada mas serena,
Desbaratado o pai sanguinolento ;
Mas ficou duvidoso o vencimento ;

LIX.

' Porque o filho sublime e soberano,
Gentil, forte, animoso cavalleiro,
Nos contrarios fazendo immenso dano,
Todo hum dia ficou no campo inteiro.
Desta arte foi vencido Octaviano,
E Antonio vencedor, seu companheiro,
Quando daquelles, que Cesár mataram,
Nos Philippicos campos se vingaram.

LVI.

'But these, being entered finally by force,
Their adamantine walls they lowered before
The Lusian arms, who in their wonted course
Demolished all which opposition bore;
Marvels in arms extreme—the worthy source
Of much and elegant historic lore—
The Knights accomplish in this enterprise,
And thus the Lusian fame they aggrandize.

LVII.

'But soon his heart ambition doth disclose,
Bright bitter glory of command leads on;
'Gainst the strong kingdom of Castile he goes
And fights 'gainst Ferdinand of Aragon.
A hostile multitude against him rose
Of the proud various people every man,
From Cadiz to the lofty Pyrenees,
Whereof the whole King Ferdinand obeys.

LVIII.

'The youthful John would not be idly laid
Within the realm, but soon conceives a call
To go in his ambitious father's aid;
Nor at that time was aid a matter small;
With calm, not fear, upon his brow displayed,
The sire at length from perils to appal
Retired all vanquished and with bloodshed stained;
But doubtful still the victory remained;

LIX.

'Because the son sublime and sovereign rose,
High born and brave and fiery cavalier,
Who, slaughter vast inflicting on their foes,
Did one whole day upon the field appear.
Rome's history thus Octavius vanquished shows,
And Anthony the victor, his compeer,
When against those who had the Cæsar slain,
Vengeance they took upon Philippi's plain.

LX.

'Porêm, despois que a escura noite eterna
Alfonso aposentou no Ceo sereno,
O Principe que o reino então governa
Foi Joanne segundo e Rei trezeno;
Este, por haver fama sempiterna,
Mais do que tentar pode homen terreno
Tentou; que foi buscar da rôxa Aurora
Os terminos que eu vou buscando agora.

LXI.

'Manda seus mensageiros que passaram
Hespanha, França, Italia celebrada,
E lá no illustre porto se embarcaram
Onde já foi Parthénope enterrada,
Napoles, onde os fados se mostraram
Fazendo-a a varias gentes sobjugada;
Pola illustrar no fim de tantos annos
Co'o senhorio de inclytos Hispanos.

LXII.

'Pelo mar alto Siculo navegam;
Vão-se ás praias de Rhodes arenosas,
E dalli ás ribeiras altas chegam
Que co'a morte de Magno são famosas;
Vão a Memphis e ás terras que se regam
Das enchentes Niloticas undosas;
Sobem á Ethiopia sobre Egypto
Que de Christo lá guarda o sancto rito.

LXIII.

'Passam tambem as ondas Erythreas
Que o povo de Israel sem náo passou;
Ficam-lhe atraz as serras Nabatheas
Que o filho de Ismael cõ'o nome ornou;
As costas odoriferas Sabeas,
Que a mãi do bello Adonis tanto honrou,
Cercam, com toda a Arabia descoberta
Feliz, deixando a Pétrea e a Desèrta.

LX.

'But when obscure death's night eternal came
Alfonso into Heaven serene to bring,
The Prince, who then the kingdom ruled, by name
Was John the Second, and the thirteenth King.
And he, that he might earn eternal fame,
More than weak man can venture venturing,
The limits of the rosy Morning's glow
Sent forth to seek, as I now seeking go.

LXI.

'He sends his messengers, who, passing o'er
Spain France and Italy so far renowned,
Embarked in port upon the famous shore
Where erst Parthenope a grave had found—
Naples,—of whom the Fates declared of yore
She should by various nations' yoke be bound,
And after lapse of many years, in fine,
Under Spain's mighty seigniory should shine.

LXII.

'Over the deep Sicilian sea they drive
And to the sandy shores of Rhodes they go;
Thence on the lofty margins they arrive''
Famed as the scene of Magnus' mortal blow;
To Memphis where the watered lands revive
When all the swelling waves of Nile o'erflow;
O'er Egypt, Ethiopia e'en they reach,
Which still the sacred rite of Christ doth teach.

LXIII.

'O'er Erythræan waves their course they find,
Where without ship the Israelites passed through;
The Nabathean hills they leave behind,
Whose name to Ishmael's famous son is due;
Round the Sabean perfumed coasts they wind,
Which fair Adonis' mother honoured so;
With all Arabia which they Fertile found,
Leaving Petræa and the Desert round.

LXIV.

'Entram no estreito Persico onde dura
Da confusa Babel inda a memoria;
Alli co'o Tigre o Euphrates se mistura,
Que as fontes, onde nascem, tem por gloria.
Dalli vão em demanda da agua pura,
Que causa inda será de larga historia,
Do Indo pelas ondas do Oceano,
Onde não se atreveo passar Trajano.

LXV.

'Viram gentes incognitas e estranhas
Da India, da Carmania e Gedrosia,
Vendo varios costumes, varias manhas
Que cada região produze e cria.
Mas de vias tão asperas, tamanhas
Tornar-se facilmente não podia;
Lá morrerem em fim, e lá ficaram;
Que á desejada patria não tornaram.

LXVI.

'Parece que guardava o claro Ceo
A Manoel e seus merecimentos
Esta empreza tão ardua, que o moveo
A subidos e illustres movimentos;
Manoel, que a Joanne succedeo
No reino e nos altivos pensamentos,
Logo como tomou do reino cargo,
Tomou mais a conquista do mar largo.

LXVII.

'O qual, como do nobre pensamento
Daquella obrigação que lhe ficara
De seus antepassados (cujo intento
Foi sempre accrescentar a terra chara),
Não deixasse de ser hum só momento
Conquistado. No tempo que a luz clara
Foge, e as estrellas nitidas que sahem
A repouso convidam quando cahem;

LXIV.

'The Persian Gulf they enter, where remain
Memories of Babel all confused, e'en now;
There Tigris and Euphrates interchain,
Who glory in the sources whence they flow;
Thence Indus' shining stream they seek to attain,
Which yet shall ample page in history show,
Crossing those stormy waves of Ocean wide,
O'er which e'en Trajan never dared to ride.

LXV.

'People unknown and strange their eye surveys,
Indian, Carmanian and Gedrosian face,
Beholding various customs, various ways,
Creature and product of each region's race.
But paths so harsh and of such length of days,
Alas! they could not easily retrace;
There did they die, in fine, and there remain,
Their longed-for land they never saw again.

LXVI.

''Twould seem that shining Heaven reserved indeed
To Manoel this so arduous enterprise,
So that he might for his great merits' meed,
To lofty and illustrious actions rise.
For Manoel, he who did to John succeed
In kingdom and in lofty thoughts likewise,
Soon as he undertook the realm to guide,
E'en undertook to rule the Ocean wide.

LXVII.

'He from this one great thought was never bent,
E'en for a moment: that 'twas for his hand
Left by his antecessors—whose intent
Was ever to increase their cherished land—
To work unvanquished its accomplishment.
So, at the hour when daylight yields command,
And all the glittering stars that shine above
Invite to slumber as they circling move;

LXVIII.

'Estando já deitado no aureo leito
Onde imaginações mais certas são,
Revolvendo contino no conceito
De seu officio e sangue a obrigação,
Os olhos lhe occupou o somno acceito,
Sem lhe desoccupar o coração;
Porque tanto que lasso se adormece
Morpheo em varias formas lhe apparece.

LXIX.

'Aqui se lhe apresenta que subia
Tão alto que tocava á prima esphera,
Donde diante varios mundos via,
Nações de muita gente estranha e fera;
E lá bem junto, donde nasce o dia,
Despois que os olhos longos estendera,
Vio de antiguos, longinquos e altos montes
Nascerem duas claras e altas fontes.

LXX.

'Aves agrestes, feras e alimarias
Pelo monte selvatico habitavam;
Mil arvores silvestres e hervas varias
O passo e o trato ás gentes atalhavam;
Estas duras montanhas, adversarias
De mais conversação, por si mostravam
Que desque Adão peccou aos nossos annos
Não as romperam nunca pés humanos.

LXXI.

'Das aguas se lhe antolha que sahiam,
Par' elle os largos passos inclinando,
Dous homens que mui velhos pareciam,
De aspeito, inda que agreste, venerando;
Das pontas dos cabellos lhe cahiam
Gottas que o corpo todo vão banhando,
A côr da pelle baça e denegrida,
A barba hirsuta, intonsa, mas comprida.

LXVIII.

'Already laid upon his golden bed
Where the reflections are of clearer mood,
Revolving constantly within his head
The obligations of his throne and blood,
A welcome sleep upon his eyes was shed,
But shed not on his heart which sleep withstood;
Because although all wearily he sleeps
Morpheus in various forms his vision keeps.

LXIX.

'And now he fancied to himself to mount
So high that e'en to the first sphere he rose;
Whence many worlds before him he could count,
Nations of seeming strange and savage foes;
And there, close bordering on the dayspring's fount,
Whither a long extending gaze he throws,
Mountains far, high, and ancient, meet his eyes,
Where two deep streams and limpid take their rise.

LXX.

'Wild birds, and beasts, large animals with these,
The wild and woody mountain occupy;
Thousands of various herbs and forest trees
The hand and footstep of mankind defy;
And from these rugged mountains, enemies
Of further intercourse, he can descry
That since the sin of Adam to our years
No man's invading footmark there appears.

LXXI.

'Out of the streams he seemeth to behold,
Rising and moving towards him with long stride,
Two men of an appearance very old,
Of aspect e'en though rude yet dignified:
Out from their hairs' points frequent drops there rolled,
Which bathed the body o'er on every side:
The colour of the skin was dark and dull:
The beard hirsute, unshaven, long and full.

LXXII.

'D'ambos de dous a fronte coroada
Ramos não conhecidos e hervas tinha;
Hum delles a presença traz cansada,
Como quem de mais longe alli caminha;
E assi a agua, com impeto alterada,
Parecia que doutra parte vinha;
Bem como Alpheo de Arcadia em Syracusa
Vai buscar os abraços de Arethusa.

LXXIII.

'Este, que era o mais grave na pessoa,
Desta arte para o Rei de longe brada;
"Ó tu, a cujus reinos e coroa
Grande parte do mundo está guardada,
Nós outros, cuja fama tanto voa,
Cuja cerviz bem nunca foi domada,
Te avisamos que he tempo que já mandes
A receber de nós tributos grandes;

LXXIV.

'"Eu sou o illustre Ganges, que na terra
Celeste tenho o berço verdadeiro;
Est'outro he o Indo, Rei, que nesta serra
Que vês seu nascimento tem primeiro;
Custar-te-hemos com tudo dura guerra;
Mas, insistindo tu, por derradeiro
Com não vistas victorias, sem receio,
A quantas gentes vês porás o freio."

LXXV.

'Não disse mais o rio illustre e santo,
Mas ambos desparecem n'hum momento;
Acorda Manoel c'hum novo espanto,
E grande alteração de pensamento.
Estendeo nisto Phebo o claro manto
Pelo escuro Hemispherio somnolento,
Veio a manhãa no ceo pintando as cores
De pudibunda rosa e rôxas flores.

LXXII.

'The brow of both of them a frontlet bore
Of herbs, combined with branches all unknown,
And one of them a wearied aspect wore,
As who from farther off had thither gone;
And thus the stream in altered force did pour,
Seeming as risen in another zone;
E'en so Alpheus seeks in Syracuse
From Arcady the arms of Arethuse.

LXXIII.

'This one whose person bore the graver air,
Thus to the King from far doth loudly cry:
"O thou! for whose own crown and kingdom fair
A great part of the world in store doth lie,
We others here, who fame so wide-spread share,
Whose neck ne'er yielded to captivity,
Thee we inform 'tis time to send commands,
To gather heavy tributes at our hands;

LXXIV.

'"I am the illustrious Ganges, who begin
My real sources on celestial ground;
This other is King Indus, who within
This Serra thou dost see his first birth found;
Hard warfare we shall cost withal to win;
But if thy courage to the last be sound,
With victories unseen and without fear,
Thou shalt lay bonds on all thou seest here.'

LXXV.

'No more the illustrious holy river said,
But both within a moment disappear;
Manoel awakes, possessed by novel dread,
And a great change of thought, from very fear.
Now his refulgent mantle Phœbus spread
Over the somnolent dark Hemisphere;
Painting the heaven with colours, Morning glows,
With purple flowers, all blent with modest rose.

LXXVI.

'Chama o Rei os senhores a conselho,
E propõe-lhe as figuras da visão;
As palavras lhe diz do sancto velho
Que a todos foram grande admiração;
Determinam o nautico apparelho
Para que com sublime coração
Vá a gente que mandar, cortando os mares,
A buscar novos climas, novos ares.

LXXVII.

'Eu, que bem mal cuidava que em effeito
Se pozesse o que o peito me pedia;
Que sempre grandes cousas deste geito
Presago o coração me promettia;
Não sei por que razão, por que respeito,
Ou por que bom signal que em mi se via,
Me põe o inclyto Rei nas mãos a chave
Deste commettimento grande e grave.

LXXVIII.

'E com rogo, e palavras amorosas,
Que he hum mando nos Reis que a mais obriga;
Me disse: "As cousas arduas e lustrosas
Se alcançam com trabalho e com fadiga;
Faz as pessoas altas e famosas
A vida que se perde e que periga;
Que, quando ao medo infame não se rende,
Então, se menos dura mais se estende;

LXXIX.

'"Eu vos tenho entre todos escolhido
Para huma empreza qual a vós se deve,
Trabalho illustre, duro e esclarecido,
O que eu sei que por mi vos será leve."
Não soffri mais; mas logo: "Ó Rei subido,
Aventurar-me a ferro a fogo a neve
He tão pouco por vós, que mais me pena
Ser esta vida cousa tão pequena.

LXXVI.

'The King convokes his counsellors of State,
And shows them all the features of his dream;
The holy old man's words doth he relate,
Which to the assembly all most wondrous seem.
The naval mission is determinate,
That they whom he to send may worthy deem
Shall cross the seas, inspired with heart sublime,
To seek the unknown realm, the unknown clime.

LXXVII.

'I, who scarce hoped, in truth, within my mind
To compass that whereto my thoughts did lean;
For always mighty matters of this kind
Had by my heart presaging promised been;
I know not for what cause, or how inclined,
Or by what happy token in me seen,
The illustrious King confides unto my hand
The key of this adventure vast and grand.

LXXVIII.

'And with request, in words affectionate,
Which to a King's command more instance lend,
He said: "All projects arduous and great
With labour and fatigue secure their end;
The life that's lost or hazarded to fate
To make man famous and renowned must tend,
For, if by craven terror not o'erthrown,
Though life be shorter 'tis more widely known;

LXXIX.

'"You among all I choose for this great thing;
A mighty scheme, such as to you we owe;
A labour noble, hard, enlightening
Which will be small to you for me, I know."
I could not suffer more. "O lofty King!
To expose myself to sword to fire and snow
So little is for you that, more than all,
I grieve this life should be a thing so small.

LXXX.

' "Imaginai tamanhas aventuras
Quaes Eurystheo a Alcides inventava,
O leão Cleonæo, Harpyas duras,
O porco de Erymantho, a Hydra brava,
Descer em fim ás sombras vãas e escuras,
Onde os campos de Dite a Estyge lava;
Porque a maior perigo, a mor affronta,
Por vós, ó Rei, o esprito e carne he pronta."

LXXXI.

' Com mercês sumptuosas me agradece,
E com razões me louva esta vontade;
Que a virtude louvada vive e crece,
E o louvor altos casos persuade.
A acompanhar me logo se offerece,
Obrigado d'amor e d'amizade,
Não menos cubiçoso de honra e fama,
O charo meu irmão, Paulo da Gama.

LXXXII.

' Mais se me ajunta Nicolao Coelho,
De trabalhos mui grande soffredor;
Ambos são de valia e de conselho,
D'experiencia em armas e furor.
Já de manceba gente me apparelho
Em que cresce o desejo do valor,
Todos de grande esforço; e assi parece
Quem a tamanhas cousas se offerece.

LXXXIII.

' Foram de Manoel remunerados;
Porque com mais amor se apercebessem,
E com palavras altas animados,
Para quantos trabalhos succedessem.
Assi foram os Minyas ajuntados
Para que o veo dourado combatessem,
Na fatidica náo que ousou primeira
Tentar o mar Euxino, aventureira.

LXXX.

'"Picture as many labours and as great
As did Eurystheus 'gainst Alcides plan;
The Cleonæan lion, Harpies' hate,
The Hydra dire, Boar Erymanthean;
To seek, in fine, the gloomy vacant state
Where Styx the region laves 'neath Pluto's ban,
Whate'er the danger or th' attack may be,
Spirit and flesh, O King! are prompt for thee."

LXXXI.

'His thanks with sumptuous gifts he straight bestows,
And lauds, with reason, this my ready will;
For valour, when applauded, lives and grows,
And praise to lofty acts persuadeth still.
To come with me my brother doth propose,
By love and friendship moved this part to fill,
Nor less as holding fame and honour dear;
Paulo da Gama, my loved brother here.

LXXXII.

'Nicholas Coelho comes to join me too,
Whose fortitude in toil is very great;
Both are of valour and of counsel true,
In arms experienced and prepared for fate.
Of all young people I provide my crew,
In whom a love of valour is innate;
All of great strength; as all must seem to be,
Who to take part in such vast deeds are free.

LXXXIII.

'They all by Manoel rewarded were
That their devotion might the more increase;
And, for the labours they would have to bear,
Sustained by words to animate and please.
So was it done the Minyæ to prepare,
That they might combat for the Golden Fleece,
In the prophetic ship proclaimed to be
The first that dared to tempt the Euxine sea.

LXXXIV.

'E já no porto da inclyta Ulyssea,
C'hum alvoroço nobre e c'hum desejo
(Onde o licor mistura e branca area
Co'o salgado Neptuno o doce Tejo)
As náos prestes estão; e não refrea
Temor nenhum o juvenil despejo;
Porque a gente maritima e a de Marte
Estão para seguir-me a toda parte.

LXXXV.

'Pelas praias vestidos os soldados
De varias cores vem, e varias artes,
E não menos de esforço apparelhados,
Para buscar do mundo novas partes;
Nas fortes náos os ventos socegados
Ondeam os aerios estandartes;
Ellas promettem, vendo os mares largos,
De ser no Olympo estrellas, como a de Argos.

LXXXVI.

'Despois de apparelhados desta sorte
De quanto tal viagem pede e manda,
Apparelhámos a alma para a morte,
Que sempre aos nautas ante os olhos anda;
Para o summo Poder, que a etherea côrte
Sustenta só co'a vista veneranda,
Implorámos favor que nos guiasse,
E que nossos começos aspirasse.

LXXXVII.

'Partimos-nos assi do sancto templo
Que nas praias do mar está assentado,
Que o nome tem da terra, para exemplo
Donde Deos foi em carne ao mundo dado;
Certifico-te, ó Rei, que se contemplo
Como fui destas praias apartado,
Cheio dentro de duvida e receio,
Que apenas nos meus olhos ponho o freio.

LXXXIV.

'In far famed Ulyssia's port now stand,
With joy excessive and desire to start
(Where gentle Tagus' water and white sand
With the salt waves of Neptune form a part),
The ships all ready; and the youthful band
No fears invade to chill their careless heart;
For all the sons of Mars and Neptune there
Are ready to attend me everywhere.

LXXXV.

'Along the shores the soldiers take their way,
Clothed variously in colour and in kind;
Nor less prepared in strength of heart are they
The unknown regions of the world to find;
O'er the strong ships the gentle breezes play,
The airy pennons waving in the wind;
They promise, viewing all the vasty sea,
Like Argos, in Olympus stars to be.

LXXXVI.

'Then being thus prepared as ordereth
Perforce a voyage projected in this wise,
We all, in fine, prepared the soul for death,
Which ever stares before the sailor's eyes;
And of the Power Supreme Who balanceth
With grave and lofty look the ethereal skies
The favour we implore to guide our route,
And breathe His blessing on our going out.

LXXXVII.

'Thus we departed from the holy fane
Which on the margins of the sea is built,
And from that land its high name did obtain
Where God was given Incarnate for man's guilt.
O King! I tell thee, when I think again
On what when parting from those shores I felt,
Filled in my heart with deep distrust and fear,
Scarce even now can I restrain the tear!

LXXXVIII.

'A gente da cidade aquelle dia
(Huns por amigos, outros por parentes,
Outros por ver somente) concorria,
Saudosos na vista e descontentes;
E nós co'a virtuosa companhia
De mil religiosos diligentes,
Em procissão solemne a Deos orando,
Para os bateis viemos caminhando.

LXXXIX.

'Em tão longo caminho e duvidoso
Por perdidos as gentes nos julgavam,
As mulheres c'hum choro piedoso,
Os homens com suspiros que arrancavam;
Mãis, esposas, irmãas (que o temeroso
Amor mais desconfia) accrescentavam
A desesperação e frio medo
De já nos não tornar a ver tão cedo.

XC.

'Qual vai dizendo: "Ó filho, a quem eu tinha
Só para refrigerio e doce amparo
Desta cansada já velhice minha,
Que em choro acabará penoso e amaro
Porque me deixas misera e *mesquinha*?
Porque de mí te vás, ó filho charo,
A fazer o funereo enterramento,
Onde sejas de peixes mantimento?"

XCI.

'Qual em cabello: "O doce e amado esposo,
Sem quem não quiz amor que viver possa,
Porque is aventurar ao mar iroso
Essa vida que he minha e não he vossa?
Como por hum caminho duvidoso
Vos esquece a affeição tão doce nossa?
Nosso amor, nosso vão contentamento
Quereis que com as velas leve o vento?"

LXXXVIII.

'The people from the city on that day,
Some with their friends or relatives to part,
Some but to see us, crowded on the quay,
But all gazed fondly, all were sad at heart;
We with the virtuous concourse took our way
Of thousand earnest priests to bless our start,
And in grave order, praying in God's name,
Forth to our waiting boats we walking came.

LXXXIX.

'In a so doubtful and prolonged career
The people fancied us already lost;
The women wept for us a pitying tear,
The men burst forth in sighs that deeply cost;
Mothers, wives, sisters—for mistrusting fear
Is part of timid love—increased the most
The cold misgiving and the deep despair,
That none would e'er again behold us there.

XC.

'One cries: "O son! whom my old hopes engage,
The comforter and sweet support alone
Of my already weary pilgrimage,
Which must in bitter painful grief be run,
Why leave me to a poor distressed old age?
Why dost thou go from me, O my dear son!
To find a mournful burial o'er the sea,
Where only prey for monsters thou shalt be?"

XCI.

'One with loose hair: "Dear husband loved of me,
Without whom Love would not I should survive,
Why dost thou venture on the angry sea
That life of mine which is not thine to give?
How for this dangerous journey can it be
Our so sweet love forgets in thee to live?
Our love, vain happiness, ah! wilt thou say,
The winds shall bear it with the sails away?"

XCII.

'Nestas e outras palavras que diziam
De amor e de piedosa humanidade,
Os velhos e os meninos os seguiam,
Em quem menos esforço põe a idade;
Os montes de mais perto respondiam,
Quasi movidos de alta piedade;
A branca area as lagrimas banhavam
Que em multidão com elias se igualavam.

XCIII.

'Nós outros sem a vista alevantarmos
Nem a mãi nem a esposa neste estado,
Por nos não magoarmos, ou mudarmos
Do proposito firme começado;
Determinei de assi nos embarcarmos
Sem o despedimento costumado,
Que, postoque he de amor usança boa,
A quem se aparta ou fica mais magoa.

XCIV.

'Mas hum velho d'aspeito venerando
Que ficava nas praias entre a gente,
Postos em nós os olhos, meneando
Tres vezes a cabeça, descontente,
A voz pesada hum pouco alevantando,
Que nós no mar ouvimos claramente,
C'hum saber só d'experiencias feito,
Taes palavras tirou do experto peito:

XCV.

'"Oh gloria de mandar! Oh vãa cobiça
Desta vaidade a quem chamamos fama!
Oh fraudulento gosto que se atiça
C'huma aura popular que honra se chama;
Que castigo tamanho, e que justiça
Fazes no peito vão que muito te ama!
Que mortes, que perigos, que tormentas,
Que crueldades nelles exprimentas!

XCII.

'With these and other words, the language true
Of love and pitying humanity,
The aged and the children followed too,
Who from their weaker years came painfully;
The nearest mountains round responsive grew,
Moved, as it were, with deepest sympathy;
The shining sands were e'en with tears bedewed,
That seemed to equal them in multitude.

XCIII.

'But we raised not one single look at aught,
Either at wife or mother 'neath this spell,
Not to distress ourselves or wake one thought,
That 'gainst our firm new purpose might rebel;
All to embark I resolutely brought,
Parting without the wonted word farewell;
Which, though of love a custom good and kind,
Wounds more both him who goes; and stays behind.

XCIV.

'But an old man who stood upon the shore
Amidst the crowd, of venerable mien,
Fixing his eyes upon us all, which wore
Sad look, to shake his head three times was seen;
And raising his deep voice a little more,
Which we heard clearly o'er the water's sheen,
With knowledge only from experience gained
From his experienced bosom thus complained:

XCV.

'"O glory of command: O vain desire
Of this mere vanity which we call fame!
O fancy fraudulent that gathers fire
From popular breath, usurping honour's name!
What justice and what castigation dire
In the vain breast that blindly loves your aim
Ye work! what deaths and dangers, what distress
And with what cruelties do ye oppress!

XCVI.

' " Dura inquietação d'alma e da vida,
Fonte de desamparos e adulterios,
Sagaz consumidora conhecida
De fazendas, de reinos e de imperios;
Chamam-te illustre, chamam-te subida,
Sendo digna de infames vituperios;
Chamam-te fama e gloria soberana,
Nomes com quem se o povo nescio engana!

XCVII.

' " A que novos desastres determinas
De levar estes reinos e esta gente?
Que perigos, que mortes lhe destinas
Debaixo d'algum nome preeminente?
Que promessas de reinos e de minas
D'ouro que lhe farás tão facilmente?
Que famas lhe prometterás? que historias?
Que triumphos? que palmas? que victorias?

XCVIII.

' " Mas ó tu geração daquelle insano,
Cujo peccado e desobediencia
Não somente do reino soberano
Te poz neste desterro e triste ausencia,
Mas inda d'outro estado mais que humano,
Da quieta e da simples innocencia,
Idade d'ouro, tanto te privou
Que na de ferro e d'armas te deitou;

XCIX.

' " Já que nesta gostosa vaidade
Tanto enlevas a leve phantasia;
Já que á bruta crueza e feridade
Pozeste nome esforço e valentia;
Já que prézas em tanta quantidade
O desprezo da vida, que devia
De ser sempre estimada, pois que já
Temeo tanto perdel-a Quem a dá;

XCVI.

'"Of life and soul cruel inquietude,
Fount of neglect and hence adulteries,
Destructive insect, whose known stings intrude
On lands and kingdoms and on dynasties;
Illustrious called, and as renowned pursued,
Thou art condignly charged with infamies;
They call thee sovereign glory, call thee fame,
And the ignorant are blinded by the name!

XCVII.

'"To what disasters new dost thou design
To lead away these kingdoms and this race?
What dangers and what deaths dost thou combine
Under some name of eminence and grace?
What kingdoms, or, perchance, what golden mine
Dost promise them with thy so ready face?
What fame hold out to them? what history's page?
What triumphs, palms, what victories engage?

XCVIII.

'"But thou, O offspring of that one insane,
Whose mortal sin and disobedience
Thrust thee not only from the heavenly reign
To this sad absence, exile of offence,
But of that other state man cannot gain
Of quietude, and simple innocence——
The Golden Age—did utterly bereave,
In that of arms and iron thus to leave;

XCIX.

Since that in this so pleasing vanity
Vain phantasy such charm to thee doth show,
Since on ferocity and cruelty
Thou name of power and valour dost bestow;
Since thou dost prize as of such quality
Him who disprizes life which, as we know,
Should aye be cherished, for before the Cross
He who bestows it shuddered at its loss;

C.

'"Não tens junto comtigo o Ismaelita,
Com quem sempre terás guerras sobejas?
Não segue elle do Arabio a lei maldita,
Se tu pela de Christo só pelejas?
Não tem cidades mil, terra infinita,
Se terras e riqueza mais desejas?
Não he elle por armas esforçado,
Se queres por victorias ser louvado?

CI.

'"Deixás criar ás portas o inimigo
Por ires buscar outro de tão longe,
Por quem se despovoe o reino antigo,
Se enfraqueça e se vá deitando a longe?
Buscas o incerto e incognito perigo,
Porque a fama te exalte e te lisonge,
Chamando-te senhor, com larga copia
Da India, Persia, Arabia e da Ethiopia?

CII.

'"Oh maldito o primeiro que no mundo
Nas ondas vela poz em secco lenho!
Digno da eterna pena do Profundo,
Se he justa a justa lei que sigo e tenho;
Nunca juizo algum alto e profundo,
Nem cithara sonora ou vivo engenho,
Te dê por isso fama nem memoria;
Mas comtigo se acabe o nome e a gloria!

CIII.

'"Trouxe o filho de Jápeto do ceo
O fogo que ajuntou ao peito humano;
Fogo, que o mundo em armas accendeo,
Em mortes, em deshonras (grande engano!);
Quanto melhor nos fôra, Prometheo,
E quanto para o mundo menos dano,
Que a tua estatua illustre não tivera
Fogo de altos desejos que a movera!

C.

'"Hast thou not near to thee the Ishmaelite,
With whom thou must in constant war remain?
Doth not the Arabian hold the cursed rite,
If thou wilt that of Christ alone maintain?
Hath he not lands and cities infinite,
If lands and greater wealth thou still wouldst gain?
Hath he not by his arms his prowess shown,
If by thy victories thou wouldst be known?

CI.

'"Passest thou by the foeman at thy gate,
To go and seek another far away,
Letting our ancient realm lie desolate,
Grow weak and widely fall into decay?
Seek'st thou the dark and unknown chance of fate
That fame may flatter thee and homage pay,
Parading thee as Lord of India,
Persia, Arabia, Ethiopia?

CII.

'"O cursèd thou who in this world of woe
First hoisted sail on timber on the sea,
Worthy of lasting punishment below,
If the just law I follow justice be!
May wisdom never in thy favour show,
Nor sounding lyre, nor living poetry
Grant thee for this or memory or fame,
But perish with thee both thy boast and name!

CIII.

'"Iapetus' bold son brought down from Jove
The fire wherewith the human breast doth beat;
Fire, that a burning world to arms could move,
To deaths and to dishonours: vast deceit!
Prometheus! better far for us thy love,
And in the world less mischief should we meet,
Had thine illustrious statue not been fired
With those high thoughts wherewith it was inspired

CIV.

‘ “ Não commettêra o moço miserando
O carro alto do pai, nem o ar vazio
O grande architector, co’o filho; dando
Hum, nome ao mar, e o outro, fama ao rio;
Nenhum commettimento alto e nefando,
Por fogo, ferro, agua, calma e frio
Deixa intentado a humana geração:
Misera sorte! Estranha condição!”

CIV.

'"The unhappy youth had ne'er essayed to guide
His father's lofty car, nor with his son
The artist great the air on wings had tried,
Whence sea took name and river gained renown;
No daring enterprise to man denied,
Though fire, sword, water, cold and heat, be shown,
Is left unventured by the human race:
O miserable fate! O wondrous case!"

## *CANTO QUINTO.*

I.

'Estas sentenças taes o velho honrado
Vociferando estava, quando abrimos
As azas ao sereno e socegado
Vento, e do porto amado nos partimos;
E, como he ja no mar costume usado,
A vela desfraldando, o ceo ferimos,
Dizendo: "Boa viagem:" logo o vento
Nos troncos fez o usado movimento.

II.

'Entrava neste tempo o eterno lume
No animal Nemæo truculento,
E o mundo, que com tempo se consume,
Na sexta idade andava enfermo e lento;
Nella vê, como tinha por costume,
Cursos do Sol quatorze vezes cento
Com mais noventa e sete, em que corria
Quando no mar a armada se estendia.

III.

'Já a vista pouco e pouco se desterra
Daquelles patrios montes que ficavam;
Ficava o charo Tejo e a fresca serra
De Cintra, e nella os olhos se alongavam;
Ficava-nos tambem na amada terra
O coração, que as magoas lá deixavam;
E já, despois que toda se escondeo,
Não vimos mais em fim que mar e ceo.

## *CANTO V.*

I.

'Such sentences the grave old man revered
Vociferating stood, when opening wide
Our wings, before the soft calm wind we steered,
And from the port we so much loved we ride;
And, as at sea the custom's long appeared,
Unfurling sail the welkin we divide,
Shouting, "Good voyage": the wind upon us played,
And on the trunks the accustomed movement made.

II.

'Th' eternal orb, that all things doth illume
The fierce Nemæan beast was entering now,
And the old Earth, which doth with time consume,
In her sixth age was moving weak and slow;
In it she sees, as custom had become,
Just fourteen hundred circuits Sol did show,
With seven and ninety more, in which he ran
When on the sea the fleet its course began.

III.

'Little by little now receding sight
Parts from our country's mountains which remained;
Dear Tagus, too, remained and Cintra's height,
Which for long time our longing eyes retained;
There also in the home of our delight
The heart was left behind, by grief constrained,
And then, when all was hidden from the eye,
At last we nothing saw but sea and sky.

IV.

'Assi fomos abrindo aquelles mares
Que geração alguma não abrio,
As novas ilhas vendo e os novos ares,
Que o generoso Henrique descobrio;
De Mauritania os montes e lugares,
Terra que Anthêo n'hum tempo possuio,
Deixando á mão esquerda; que á direita
Não ha certeza d'outra, mas suspeita.

V.

'Passámos a grande ilha da Madeira,
Que do muito arvoredo assi se chama,
Das que nós povoámos a primeira,
Mais celebre por nome que por fama;
Mas nem por ser do mundo a derradeira
Se lhe avantajam quantas Venus ama;
Antes, sendo esta sua, se esquecera
De Cypro, Gnido, Paphos e Cythera.

VI.

'Deixámos de Massylia a esteril costa,
Onde seu gado os Azenegues pastam,
Gente que as frescas aguas nunca gosta,
Nem as hervas do campo bem lhe abastam;
A terra a nenhum fructo em fim disposta,
Onde as aves no ventre o ferro gastam,
Padecendo de tudo extrema inopia,
Que aparta a Barbaria de Ethiopia.

VII.

'Passámos o limite aonde chega
O Sol que para o Norte os carros guia,
Onde jazem os povos a quem nega
O filho de Clymene a côr do dia;
Aqui gentes estranhas lava e rega
Do negro Sanagá a corrente fria,
Onde o cabo Arsinario o nome perde,
Chamando-se dos nossos Cabo-Verde.

IV.

'Thus went we forth those unknown seas to explore
Which by no people yet explored had been;
Seeing those isles and climates new, before
By noble Henry's first discoverers seen;
The land Antæus had possessed of yore,
The Moorish mountains and the spots between
We passed upon our left; and some suppose
More land upon the right, but no one knows.

V.

'And then Madeira's noble isle we passed
Which bears this title from its many groves;
Of those we peopled as the first 'tis classed,
But purely by its name its fame it proves;
Yet not because of all the world 'tis last
Are those more beautiful which Venus loves;
Rather, had this been hers, sure, in its smiles
She had forgotten all her other isles.

VI.

'We left Massylia's stern and sterile coast,
Where Azenéguan tribes their cattle feed;
A people who the fresh streams cannot boast,
Nor do the plains they traverse serve their need;
The land—all bare of every fruit almost,
The birds' insides digesting iron instead;
Suffering of everything extremest straits—
Which Barbary from Ethiop separates.

VII.

'We passed the boundaries whereto arrives
Sol's brilliant chariot on his Northern way,
And where the son of Clymene deprives
The race that dwell there of the tint of day;
Here sable Sanagá through various hives
Of races strange doth, coldly laving, stray,
Where Arsenarium's name no more is heard,
Our present people calling it Cape Verde.

VIII.

'Passadas tendo já as Canarias ilhas,
Que tiveram por nome Fortunadas,
Entrámos navegando pelas filhas
Do velho Hesperio, Hesperidas chamadas,
Terras por onde novas maravilhas
Andaram vendo já nossas armadas;
Alli tomámos porto com bom vento,
Por tomarmos da terra mantimento.

IX.

'Aquella ilha aportámos que tomou
O nome do guerreiro Sanct-Iago,
Sancto, que os Hespanhoes tanto ajudou
A fazerem nos Mouros bravo estrago.
Daqui, tanto que Boreas nos ventou,
Tornámos a cortar o immenso lago
Do salgado Oceano, e assi deixámos
A terra onde o refresco doce achámos.

X.

'Por aqui rodeando a larga parte
De Africa, que ficava ao Oriente,
A provincia Jalofo, que reparte
Por diversas nações a negra gente;
A mui grande Mandinga (por cuja arte
Lográmos o metal rico e luzente),
Que do curvo Gambêa as aguas bebe,
As quaes o largo Atlantico recebe,

XI.

'As Dórcadas passámos, povoadas
Das irmãas que outro tempo alli viviam,
Que, de vista total sendo privadas,
Todas tres d'hum só olho se serviam;
Tu só, tu cujas tranças encrespadas
Neptuno lá nas aguas accendiam,
Tornada já de todas a mais fêa,
De viboras encheste a ardente arêa.

VIII.

'And leaving the Canary isles behind
(The name of Fortunate was given to these),
So steering, through the daughters three we wind
Of Hesperus old, and called Hesperides;
Lands which our sailors, wandering o'er them, find
Display new marvels everywhere to please;
And there the port with favouring gale we make,
Stock of provisions from on shore to take.

IX.

'It was in that same isle the port we made
Which St Iago's warlike title bore;
Saint, who the Spaniards lent such powerful aid,
In dealing deadly slaughter on the Moor.
Hence, soon as Boreas to blow essayed,
We turned to course the expansive surface o'er
Of the salt sea, thus leaving, outward bound,
The land where sweet refreshment we had found.

X.

'And compassing the broad part of the side
Of Africa which on our Orient lies—
The Joloff province there—which doth divide
The sable race in great varieties;
Also Mandinga's region spreading wide,
Whose art the metal rich and bright supplies,
And which the Gambia's winding waters lave
That mingle with the great Atlantic's wave,

XI.

'We passed the Dorcades where once there lived,
In times gone by, the Gorgon sisters three,
Who being all of perfect sight deprived
Of one sole eye made use alternately;
Thou, only thou, whose curling locks contrived
To fire old Neptune's passion in the sea,
Than all the others made more hideous still,
The burning sands with curling snakes didst fill.

XII.

'Sempre em fim para o Austro a aguda proa,
No grandissimo golfam nos mettemos,
Deixando a serra asperrima Leoa,
Co'o cabo a quem das "Palmas" nome demos;
O grande rio, onde batendo sôa
O mar nas praias notas que alli temos,
Ficou, co'a ilha illustre que tomou
O nome d'hum que o lado a Deos tocou.

XIII.

'Alli o mui grande reino está de Congo,
Por nós já convertido á fé de Christo,
Por onde o Zairé passa claro e longo
Rio pelos antiguos nunca visto;
Por este largo mar em fim me alongo
Do conhecido polo de Callisto,
Tendo o termino ardente já passado
Onde o meio do mundo he limitado.

XIV.

'Já descoberto tinhamos diante
Lá no novo hemispherio nova estrella
Não vista de outra gente, que ignorante
Alguns tempos esteve incerta della;
Vimos a parte menos rutilante
E por falta d'estrellas menos bella
Do polo fixo, onde inda se não sabe
Que outra terra comece ou mar acabe.

XV.

'Assi passando aquellas regiões
Por onde dues vezes passa Apollo,
Dous invernos fazendo e dous verões,
Em quanto corre d'hum ao outro polo,
Por calmas, por tormentas e oppressões,
Que sempre faz no mar o irado Eolo,
Vimos as Ursas a pezar de Juno
Banharem-se nas aguas de Neptuno.

XII.

'Always with sharp prow towards the Southern zone
The mighty gulph of Guinea still we brave,
Leaving the rugged Serra called Leone,
And Cape, to which the name of "Palms" we gave;
The Rio Grande, where on shore well known,
And which is ours, there beats the sounding wave,
We left, and the illustrious isle allied
By name with one who touched the Saviour's side.

XIII.

'And there lies Congo's kingdom vast and strong,
By us converted to Christ's faith of old,
Through which bright rapid Zairé rolls along,
River the ancients never did behold:
At last I leave these mighty seas among
The famed Callisto's constellation cold,
Having already crossed the burning line
Which doth the middle of the globe define.

XIV.

'And now we had discerned all brilliant
A group quite new in the new hemisphere
Not seen by others yet, who ignorant
Remained some time, uncertain if 'twere there;
We saw that space, which is less rutilant
And from the lack of stars shines out less fair,
Of the fixed Southern Pole, where yet none know
If other lands appear or oceans flow.

XV.

'Thus rolling through these regions many a day
Through which Apollo twice a year doth roll,
Summer and winter doubling on his way,
While thus he courses on from pole to pole,
Through plagues and storms and calms, wherewith for aye
Doth angry Eolus the sea control,
The Bears we saw, of Juno scorning fear,
In Neptune's waters bathing disappear.

XVI.

'Contar-te longamente as perigosas
Cousas do mar que os homens não entendem,
Subitas trovoadas temerosas,
Relampagos que o ar em fogo accendem,
Negros chuveiros, noites tenebrosas,
Bramidos de trovões que o mundo fendem;
Não menos he trabalho que grande erro,
Aindaque tivesse a voz de ferro.

XVII.

'Os casos vi que os rudos marinheiros,
Que tem por mestra a longa experiencia,
Contam por certos sempre e verdadeiros,
Julgando as cousas só pela apparencia;
E que os que tem juizos mais inteiros,
Que só por puro engenho e por sciencia
Vêm do mundo os segredos escondidos,
Julgam por falsos ou mal entendidos.

XVIII.

'Vi clarmamente visto o lume vivo
Que a maritima gente tem por santo
Em tempo de tormenta e vento esquivo,
De tempestade escura e triste pranto;
Não menos foi a todos excessivo
Milagre, e cousa certo de alto espanto,
Ver as nuvens do mar com largo cano
Sorver as altas aguas do Oceano.

XIX.

'Eu o vi certamente (e não presumo,
Que a vista me enganava) levantar-se
No ar hum vaporzinho e subtil fumo,
E, do vento trazido, rodear-se;
De aqui levado hum cano ao polo summo
Se via tão delgado que enxergar-se
Dos olhos facilmente não podia;
Da materia das nuvens parecia.

XVI.

'To tell thee of the dangers of the sea
At length, which human understanding scare,
Tornados sudden, dreadful in degree,
Lightnings which seem to set on fire the air,
Dark floods of rain, nights of obscurity,
Rollings of thunder which the world would tear,
Were not less labour than a great mistake,
E'en had I voice of iron wherewith to speak.

XVII.

'I saw the sights which a rude seaman's crew,
Who long experience as their guide revere,
Always account as positive and true,
Judging of things as only they appear;
But which by those who take a sounder view,
Who by pure genius and by science clear
Behold creation's mysteries profound,
Are judged ill-understood and without ground.

XVIII.

'I saw, and clearly saw, the living light
Which sailors everywhere as sacred hold,
In time of storm and crossing winds that fight,
Of tempest dark and desperation cold;
Nor less it was to all a marvel quite,
And matter surely to alarm the bold,
To observe the sea-clouds with a tube immense
Suck water up from Ocean's deep expanse.

XIX.

'I certainly beheld (nor do suppose
My sight deceived me aught) that in the air
A fume or vapour thin and subtle rose,
And by the wind began revolving there;
Thence to the topmost clouds a tube it throws,
But of a substance so exceeding rare
That scarce the naked eye its form could see;
It seemed as are the clouds composed to be.

XX.

'Hia-se pouco e pouco accrescentando,
E mais que hum largo mastro se engrossava;
Aqui se estreita, aqui se alarga, quando
Os golpes grandes de agua em si chupava;
Estava-se co'as ondas ondeando,
Em cima della hua nuvem se espessava,
Fazendo-se maior, mais carregada
Co'o cargo grande d'agua em si tomada.

XXI.

Qual rôxa sanguesuga se veria
Nos beiços da alimaria (que imprudente
Bebendo a recolheo na fonte fria)
Fartar co'o sangue alheio a sêde ardente;
Chupando, mais e mais se engrossa e cria,
Alli se enche e se alarga grandemente;
Tal a grande columna, enchendo, augmenta
A si e a nuvem negra que sustenta.

XXII.

'Mas despois que de todo se fartou,
O pé que tem no mar a si recolhe,
E pelo ceo chovendo em fim voou;
Porque co'a agua a jacente agua molhe;
As ondas torna as ondas que tomou;
Mas o sabor do sal lhe tira e tolhe.
Vejam agora os sabios na escriptura
Que segredos são estes de natura.

XXIII.

'Se os antiguos philosophos que andaram
Tantas terras, por ver segredos dellas,
As maravilhas que eu passei passaram,
A tão diversos ventos dando as velas;
Que grandes escripturas que deixaram!
Que influição de signos e de estrellas!
Que estranhezas, que grandes qualidades!
E tudo, sem mentir puras verdades.

XX.

'Little by little it still larger grew,
Passing a large mast's thickness in degree;
Here narrowing, here enlarging, as it drew
Vast quantities of water from the sea;
E'en with the waves 'twas waving, to our view;
A-top, a dark thick cloud hung heavily,
Becoming yet more laden and enlarged
With the vast waters' weight wherewith 'twas charged.

XXI.

'E'en as we see the red leech that takes hold
Upon the cattle's lips (which heedlesswise
Have caught it, drinking in the fountain cold),
How with their blood its thirst it satisfies;
Still sucking, more and more its parts unfold,
And fill themselves to an enormous size;
So the great column, filling, substance gains,
And feeds the sable cloud which it sustains.

XXII.

'But when it was quite gorged, it then withdrew
The foot that on the sea beneath had grown,
And o'er the heavens at last it raining flew,
The jacent waters watering with its own;
With waves it took the waves it doth renew;
But the salt savour has entirely flown;
Now let our scientific writers see
What mighty secrets these of nature be.

XXIII.

'If the philosophers of old who went
The secrets of so many lands to see
Had proved what I have proved of wonderment,
And hoisted sail to winds so contrary;
What writings had they left, of vast intent!
What influence of stars and signs there be!
What novelties! what wonders to surprise!
And all without untruth, pure verities.

XXIV.

'Mas já o planeta que no ceo primeiro
Habita, cinco vezes apressada,
Agora meio rosto, agora inteiro
Mostrára em quanto o mar cortava a armada;
Quando da etherea gavea hum marinheiro,
Prompto co'a vista, "Terra, Terra!" brada;
Salta no bordo alvoroçada a gente
Co'os olhos no horizonte do Oriente.

XXV.

'A maneira de nuvens se começam
A descobrir os montes que enxergâmos;
As ancoras pezadas se adereçam,
As velas já chegados amainâmos;
E para que mais certas se conheçam
As partes tão remotas onde estamos,
Pelo novo instrumento do Astrolabio,
Invenção de subtil juizo e sabio.

XXVI.

'Desembarcámos logo na espaçosa
Parte, por onde a gente se espalhou
De ver cousas estranhas desejosa
Da terra que outro povo não pizou;
Porêm eu co'os pilotos na arenosa
Praia, por vermos em que parte estou,
Me detenho em tomar do sol a altura
E compassar a universal pintura.

XXVII.

'Achámos ter de todo já passado
Do Semicapro peixe a grande meta,
Estando entre elle e o circulo gelado
Austral, parte do mundo mais secreta.
Eis de meus companheiros rodeado,
Vejo hum estranho vir de pelle preta
Que tomaram por força, em quanto apanha
De mel os doces favos na montanha.

XXIV.

'But now, the orb which in first heaven doth own
Her seat, five times her rapid course had sped,
Now in the half and now in full moon shown,
While o'er the sea the fleet had travellèd;
When, watching in the airy top alone,
A keen-eyed sailor shouts, "Land, Land ahead!"
Forth on the deck o'erjoyed the whole crew leap,
And their fixed gaze on the East horizon keep.

XXV.

'The mountains that we saw at first appeared
In the far view like clouds and nothing more;
The heavy anchors presently are cleared,
The sails are struck just as we come to shore;
And to make certain whither we had steered
In these far parts unknown to us before,
With Astrolabe, a novel instrument,
Which one of skill and learning did invent,

XXVI.

'We disembarked upon a space of land
O'er which our people, curious, quickly spread,
All novelties to see and understand
Of country which we were the first to tread;
But I, with all the pilots on the sand,
To know exactly where we had been led,
Continue, the sun's altitude to scan,
And work and compass out a general plan.

XXVII.

'We found that we had crossed since many a day
The mighty bound of Capricornus' sign,
And 'twixt him and the cold south circle lay
Which doth the world's most secret zone define.
Surrounded by my comrades in the bay,
I see a black-skinned stranger coming in,
Taken by force, whom gathering they espied
Sweet honeycomb along the mountain side.

XXVIII.

'Torvado vem na vista, como aquelle
Que não se vira nunca em tal extremo,
Nem elle entende a nós, nem nós a elle,
Selvagem mais que o bruto Polyphemo;
Começo-lhe a mostrar da rica pelle
De Colchos o gentil metal supremo,
A prata fina, a quente especiaria;
A nada disto o bruto se movia.

XXIX.

'Mando mostrar-lhe peças mais somenos,
Contas de crystallino transparente,
Alguns soantes cascaveis pequenos,
Hum barrete vermelho, côr contente:
Vi logo por signaes e por acenos
Que com isto se alegra grandemente;
Mando-o soltar com tudo; e assi caminha
Para a povoação que perto tinha.

XXX.

'Mas logo ao outro dia seus parceiros,
Todos nus e da côr da escura treva,
Descendo pelos asperos outeiros,
As peças vem buscar que est' outro leva
Domesticos já tanto, e companheiros
Se nos mostram que fazem, que se atreva
Fernão Velloso a ir ver da terra o trato,
E partir-se com elles pelo mato.

XXXI.

'He Velloso no braço confiado,
E de arrogante crê que vai seguro;
Mas, sendo hum grande espaço já passado
Em que algum bom signal saber procuro,
Estando a vista alçada, co'o cuidado
No aventureiro, eis pelo monte duro
Apparece: e, segundo ao mar caminha,
Mais apressado do que fôra vinha.

XXVIII.

'Troubled in look he comes, as in the mood
Of one who ne'er had suffered such extreme;
Nor we, nor he, the other understood,
He savage as the brutal Polypheme;
Of the rich fleece of Colchis first I show'd
The golden metal, beauteous and supreme;
Then shining silver and warm spices rare;
But nought for all the savage seemed to care.

XXIX.

'I order things less precious to be shown,
Such as transparent beads of crystal bright;
Some little bells that had a pleasing tone,
A scarlet cap; a tint that takes the sight:
Then by his nods and signs it soon is known
That with all these immense is his delight;
I bid them let him free, with all he chose,
And to his village that was near he goes.

XXX.

'But soon next day his comrades, just the same,
All naked and with skins of darkest kind,
Descending by the rugged mountains came,
Such trifles as the other took to find;
And all so pleasant they appeared and tame,
Fernão Velloso e'en made up his mind
The customs of the land he'd like to learn,
And through the woods to go on their return.

XXXI.

'Velloso, boastful that his strength is vast,
Thinks that he goes securely in his pride;
But now, a lengthened period having past
While I am seeking what may well betide,
With aspect raised and my attention fast
On the adventurer; by the mountain side
I see him; towards the shore with footsteps bent,
And coming much more quickly than he went.

XXXII.

'O batel de Coelho foi depressa
Pelo tomar; mas, antes que chegasse,
Hum Ethiope ousado se arremessa
A elle porque no sãe lhe escapasse;
Outro e outro lhe sahem; vê-se em pressa
Aelloso, sem que alguem lhe alli ajudasse;
Acudo eu logo; e, em quanto o remo aperto,
Se mostra hum bando negro descoberto.

XXXIII.

'Da espessa nuvem settas e pedradas
Chovem sobre nós outros sem medida,
E não foram ao vento em vão deitadas,
Que esta perna trouxe eu dalli ferida:
Mas nós, como pessoas magoadas,
A resposta lhe demos tão tecida
Que em mais que nos barretes se suspeita
Que a côr vermelha levam desta feita.

XXXIV.

'E, sendo já Velloso em salvamento,
Logo nos recolhemos para a armada,
Vendo a malicia fêa e rudo intento
Da gente bestial, bruta e malvada,
De quem nenhum melhor conhecimento
Pudémos ter da India desejada,
Que estarmos inda muito longe della;
E assi tornei a dar ao vento a vela.

XXXV.

'Disse então a Velloso hum companheiro
(Começando-se todos a sorrir),
"Oulá, Velloso amigo, aquelle outeiro
He melhor de descer que de subir."
"Si he," responde o ousado aventureiro;
"Mas quando eu para cá vi tantos vir
Daquelles cães, depressa hum pouco vim;
Por me lembrar que estaveis cá sem mim."

XXXII.

'Off Coelho's little boat in hurry goes
To take him, but, before he can arrive,
Himself a daring Ethiopian throws
Upon him, lest he should escape alive;
Two follow on; distress Velloso shows,
With no one there a helping hand to give;
Quick I lend aid; and while I ply the oar
A negro band appears upon the shore.

XXXIII.

'From this thick cloud both stones and arrows rain,
And in our midst beyond all measure play, . .
Nor were they thrown upon the wind in vain,
For thence this wounded leg I brought away;
But we, like men with reason to complain,
Such a thick-woven answer did repay
That I suspect, this time, in rather more
Than in their caps the scarlet tint they bore.

XXXIV.

'And now, Velloso being rescued thence,
We all withdrew forthwith unto the fleet,
Seeing the malice and the rude offence
Of this brute race, their evil and deceit;
Of whom with no more clear intelligence
Of India we so longed for could we meet
Than that it still lay far upon the main;
And so I hoisted sail to wind again.

XXXV.

'Then to Velloso a smart comrade cried
(And all began to smile and to attend),
"Heyday! Velloso, man, that mountain side
Is better to come down than to ascend!"
"It is," the bold adventurer replied;
"But when I saw so many dogs on end
Come running down, I came a little fast,
Thinking that you might want me at a cast."

XXXVI.

'Contou então que tanto que passaram
Aquelle monte os negros de quem fallo,
Avante mais passar o não deixaram,
Querendo se não torna alli matal-o;
E tornando-se, logo se emboscaram;
Porque, sahindo nós para tomal-o,
Nos podessem mandar ao reino escuro,
Por nos roubarem mais a seu seguro.

XXXVII.

'Porêm já cinco soes eram passados
Que dalli nos partiramos, cortando
Os mares nunca d'outrem navegados,
Prosperamente os ventos assoprando;
Quando huma noite estando descuidados
Na cortadora proa vigiando,
Huma nuvem que os ares escurece
Sobre nossas cabeças apparece.

XXXVIII.

'Tão temerosa vinha e carregada
Que poz nos corações hum grande medo;
Bramindo o negro mar de longe brada,
Como se désse em vão n'algum rochedo.
"Ó Potestade," disse, "sublimada!
Que ameaço divino, ou que segredo
Este clima e este mar nos apresenta,
Que mór cousa parece que tormenta?"

XXXIX.

'Não acabava, quando huma figura
Se nos mostra no ar, robusta e válida,
De disforme e grandissima estatura,
O rosto carregado, a barba esqualida,
Os olhos encovados, e a postura
Medonha e má, e a côr terrena e pallida,
Cheios de terra e crespos os cabellos,
A bôca negra, os dentes amarellos.

XXXVI.

'He then related that when they had o'er
That mountain gone, the negróes, as I say,
Forbid him to move forward one step more,
Ready, unless he turned, him there to slay.
And turning, they in ambush went before,
In order, when we sought for him, that they
Might seize and send us to the realms obscure,
And more at leisure of their prey make sure.

XXXVII.

'But now we had five suns pass over seen
Since thence we had departed, cutting through
Seas which by none had navigated been,
And still the winds all prosperously blew;
When lo! one night, standing in thought serene,
Watching upon the sharp prow as she flew,
A frowning cloud which darkens all the air
Appears above our heads and hovers there.

XXXVIII.

'So terrible it came, and charged so sore,
With mighty fear all hearts it did constrain;
The sea was roaring and afar did roar,
As if it beat against some rock in vain:
"O Pówer sublime!" I cried, "whom I adore,
What threat divine is this, what secret bane
Presents this clime, this sea, that wears the form
Of something far more terrible than storm?"

XXXIX.

'While yet I spake, a figure to appal,
Robust and vigorous in the air appeared;
Of stature all deformed and vast and tall,
The visage frowning, and with squalid beard;
The eyes were hollow, and the gesture all
Threatening and bad; the colour pale and seared;
And full of earth and grizzly was the hair;
The mouth was black, the teeth all yellow were.

XL.

'Tão grande era de membros que bem posso
Certificar-te que esté era o segundo
De Rhodes estranhissimo colosso,
Que hum dos sete milagres foi do mundo;
C'hum tom de voz nos falla horrendo e grosso
Que pareceo sahir do mar profundo;
Arrepiam-se as carnes e o cabello
A mi e a todos só de ouvil-o e vel-o.

XLI.

'E disse: " O gente ousada mais que quantas
No mundo commetteram grandes cousas,
Tu, que por guerras cruas taes e tantas
E por trabalhos vãos nunca repousas;
Pois os vedados terminos quebrantas,
E navegar meus longos mares ousas,
Que eu tanto tempo ha já que guardo e tenho,
Nunca arados d'estranho ou proprio lenho;

XLII.

' " Pois vens ver os segredos escondidos
Da natureza e do humido elemento,
A nenhum grande humano concedidos
De nobre ou de immortal merecimento;
Ouve os damnos de mi, que apercebidos
Estão a teu sobejo atrevimento
Por todo o largo mar, e pela terra
Que inda has de sobjugar com dura guerra.

XLIII.

' " Sabe, que quantas náos esta viagem
Que tu fazes fizerem, de atrevidas,
Inimiga-terão esta paragem,
Com ventos e tormentas desmedidas;
E da primeira armada que passagem
Fizer por esta ondas insoffridas
Eu farei d'improviso tal castigo,
Que seja mór o damno que o perigo.

XL.

'So vast he was of limb, that well I can
Assure thee he but second was in size
To Rhodes' most marvellous colossal man,
Who of the world's seven wonders one supplies;
With voice deep-toned and horrid he began,
Which seemed from Ocean's very depth to rise;
It made flesh creep, hair stand on end, in me
And all, to hear him only and to see!

XLI.

'"O race!" he said, "of will more desperate
Than all who've dared great things on earth like these,
Who from harsh wars, so many and so great,
And from your labours vain ne'er rest at ease;
Since these forbidden terms ye violate,
And dare to traverse my unbounded seas,
Which I so long still guard and hold alone,
Ne'er ploughed by others' vessel or my own;

XLII.

'"Since ye are come the depths to penetrate
Of secret nature and the liquid main,
Conceded ne'er to human being great,
Of noble and immortal worth, to gain;
Now hear me all the future ills relate
Which thy surpassing boldness shall sustain,
O'er all the vasty deep, and on the land
Which yet ye shall subdue with war and brand.

XLIII.

'"Know that all ships that henceforth shall intrude,
Daring to make the voyage that now ye dare,
Shall malice find within this latitude,
With winds and monstrous storms too hard to bear;
And the first fleet that through these waters rude
And restless, shall presume its course to steer,
Straight will I strike with chastisement so great,
The suffering shall be vaster than the threat.

XLIV.

‘ “ Aqui espero tomar, se não me engano,
De quem me descobrio summa vingança;
E não se acabará só nisto o dano
De vossa pertinace confiança;
Antes em vossas náos vereis cada anno
(Se he verdade o que meu juizo alcança)
Naufragios, perdições de toda sorte
Que o menor mal de todos seja a morte.

XLV.

‘ “ E do primeiro illustre que a ventura
Com fama alta fizer tocar os ceos
Serei eterna e nova sepultura,
Por juizos incognitos de Deos;
Aqui porá da Turca armada dura
Os soberbos e prosperos tropheos,
Comigo de seus damnos o ameaça
A destruida Quíloa com Mombaça.

XLVI.

‘ “ Outro tambem virá de honrada fama,
Liberal, cavalleiro e namorado,
E comsigo trará a formosa dama,
Que Amor por grão mercê lhe terá dado;
Triste ventura e negro fado os chama
Neste terreno meu, que duro e irado
Os deixará d’hum cru naufragio vivos,
Para verem trabalhos excessivos.

XLVII.

‘ “ Verão morrer com fome os filhos charos,
Em tanto amor gerados e nascidos:
Verão os Cafres asperos e avaros
Tirar á linda dama seus vestidos:
Os crystallinos membros e preclaros
Á calma, ao frio, ao ar verão despidos,
Despois de ter pizada longamente
Co’os delicados pés a arêa ardente.

XLIV.

'"And here I hope to take, if not misled,
'Gainst him deep vengeance who discovered me,
Nor shall the mischief thus be limited
Of your persistence and temerity;
But on your ships, each year, ye shall instead
(If in my judgment's presage truth there be)
See loss and shipwrecks of such kind befall
That death shall be the lightest ill of all.

XLV.

'"And of the first renowned, whom fortune free
With lofty fame unto the skies shall raise,
The new and the eternal tomb I'll be,
According unto God's mysterious ways;
Here of his naval Turkish victory
He shall lay down the proud and prosperous bays;
Quíloa and Mombaça, both o'erthrown,
Threaten with me their loss he shall atone.

XLVI.

'"Another too shall come of honoured fame,
Liberal and generous and with heart enchained,
And with him he shall bring a lovely dame,
Whom through Love's favouring grace he shall have gained;
Sad fate, dark fortune nought can e'er reclaim,
Call them to this my realm, where rage unreined
Shall leave them after cruel wreck alive,
With labours insupportable to strive.

XLVII.

'"Their children shall die starving in their sight,
Who were in such affection bred and born;
They shall behold by Caffres' grasping might
Her clothing from the lovely lady torn;
Shall see her form, so beautiful and white,
To heat, cold, wind, exposed, and all forlorn,
When she has trod o'er leagues and leagues of land
With tender feet upon the burning sand.

XLVIII.

'"E verão mais os olhos que escaparem
De tanto mal, de tanta desventura,
Os dous amantes miseros ficarem
Na fervida e implacabil espessura;
Alli, despois que as pedras abrandarem
Com lagrimas de dôr de magoa pura,
Abraçados as almas soltarão
Da formosa e miserrima prisão."

XLIX.

'Mais hia por diante o monstro horrendo
Dizendo nossos fados, quando alçado
Lhe disse eu: "Quem es tu? que esse estupendo
Corpo certo me tem maravilhado."
A bôca e os olhos negros retorcendo,
E dando hum espantoso e grande brado,
Me respondeo com voz pezada e amara,
Como quem da pergunta lhe pezara:

L.

'"Eu sou aquelle occulto e grande Cabo,
A quem chamais vós outros Tormentorio,
Que nunca a Ptolomeo, Pomponio, Estrabo,
Plinio e quantos passaram, fui notorio;
Aqui toda a Africana costa acabo
Neste meu nunca visto promontorio,
Que para o polo Antarctico se estende,
A quem vossa ousadia tanto offende.

LI.

'"Fui dos filhos asperrimos da terra,
Qual Encélado, Egeo e o Centimano;
Chamei-me Adamastor, e fui na guerra
Contra o que vibra os raios de Vulcano;
Não que puzesse serra sobre serra,
Mas, conquistando as ondas do Oceano,
Fui capitão do mar, por onde andava
A armada de Neptuno que eu buscava.

XLVIII.

'"And more those eyes shall witness, which survive,
Of so much evil and so much mischance:
Shall see the two sad lovers, just alive,
Into the dense unpitying woods advance;
There, where the hearts of very stones they rive
With tears of grief and anguished sufferance,
In fond embrace their souls they shall set free
From the fair prison of such misery."

XLIX.

'The horrid monster yet more ill implies,
Telling our fates, when rising up *I* say
"Who art thou? for most truly doth surprise
Fill me when that huge body I survey!"
Twisting his mouth and rolling his black eyes,
And shouting forth in manner to dismay,
He answered me with heavy bitter voice,
As one who heard a question 'gainst his choice:

L.

'"I am that mighty Cape occult and grand
Who by you all "The Stormy" named has been;
No learned ancients ever found my land,
Nor any others that have passed this main;
The Southern point of Afric's coast I stand,
On this my promontory never seen;
Which towards the Antarctic Pole itself extends,
Whom your presumption now so much offends.

LI.

'"Midst earth's most daring sons I was of those,
Whom giants, as Enceladus, we know;
My name was Adamastor, and I rose
'Gainst him who doth the bolts of Vulcan throw;
Nor that I did by mount on mount oppose,
But did the waves of Ocean conquering go;
Was captain of the sea, o'er which there flew
The fleet of Neptune that I did pursue.

LII.

' "Amores da alta esposa de Peleo
Me fizeram tomar tamanha empreza;
Todas as deosas desprezei do ceo
Só por amar das aguas a princeza;
Hum dia a vi co'as filhas de Nereo
Sahir nua na praia; e logo preza
A vontade senti de tal maneira
Que inda não sinto cousa que mais queira.

LIII.

' "Como fosse impossibil alcançal-a
Pela grandeza fêa de meu gesto,
Determinei por armas de tomal-a,
E a Doris este caso manifesto;
De medo a deosa então por mi lhe falla;
Mas ella c'hum formoso riso honesto
Respondeo: "Qual será o amor bastante
De nympha que sustente o d'hum gigante?

LIV.

' "Com tudo, por livrarmos o Oceano
De tanta guerra, eu buscarei maneira
Com que com minha honra escuse o dano:"
Tal resposta me torna a mensageira.
Eu que cahir não pude neste engano,
(Que he grande dos amantes a cegueira)
Encheram-me com grandes abondanças
O peito de desejos e esperanças.

LV.

' "Já nescio, já da guerra desistindo,
Huma noite de Doris promettida
Me apparece de longe o gesto lindo
Da branca Thetis unica despida;
Como doudo corri de longe, abrindo
Os braços para aquella que era vida
Deste corpo; e começo os olhos bellos
A lhe beijar, as faces e os cabellos.

LII.

'"'Twas love for Peleus' lofty spouse that wrought,
And led me such an enterprise to brave;
For all heav'n's Goddesses to me were nought,
I loved alone the Princess of the wave;
One day, with Nereids sight of her I caught,
Bathing on shore; no power my sense could save,
I felt by love o'ercome in such a way
That nought I know I'd long for more to-day.

LIII.

'"But as I saw her lovely hand to gain
By my gross form impossible it were,
I vowed I would by arms my hope obtain,
And this intent to Doris I declare;
The Goddess then from fear of me was fain
To speak; but she with honest laughter fair
Replied: 'What love of nymph could e'er suffice
To cope with that of giant of this size?

LIV.

'"'However, that the Ocean we may free
From such a war, I will seek measures straight
Whereby with honour I may scatheless be:'
Such answer comes the messenger to state—
And I, who nought of this deceit could see
(For great of lovers is the blindness, great!)
Lo! with high happy thoughts I am possessed,
And hopes and raptures fill my longing breast.

LV.

'"Already fooled, already war denied,
At last one night, by Doris promised, shone,
When from afar the beauteous form I spied
Of Thetis white, unrobed, and all alone;
Mad-like I ran along, and opened wide
These arms for her who was this body's one
And only life, and her sweet eyes and hair
And cheeks I load with kisses everywhere.

LVI.

‘ “ Oh que não sei de nojo como o conte!
Que, crendo ter nos braços quem amava,
Abraçado me achei c’hum duro monte
De aspero mato e de espessura brava;
Estando c’hum penedo fronte a fronte
Que eu pelo rosto angelico apertava,
Não fiquei homem não, mas mudo e quedo,
E junto d’hum penedo outro penedo.

LVII.

‘ “ Ó nympha a mais formosa do Oceano,
Já que minha presença não te agrada,
Que te custava ter-me neste engano,
Ou fosse monte, nuvem, sonho, ou nada?
Daqui me parto irado, e quasi insano
Da magoa e da desbonra alli passada,
A buscar outro mundo, onde não visse
Quem de meu pranto e de meu mal se risse.

LVIII.

‘ “ Eram já neste tempo meus irmãos
Vencidos e em miseria extrema postos;
E, por mais segurar-se os deoses vãos,
Alguns a varios montes sotopostos;
E como contra o ceo não valem mãos,
Eu que chorando andava meus desgostos
Comecei a sentir do fado imigo
Por meus atrevimentos o castigo.

LIX.

‘ “ Converte-se-me a carne em terra dura,
Em penedos os ossos se tizeram,
Estes membros que vês e esta figura
Por estas longas aguas se estenderam;
Em fim, minha grandissima estatura
Neste remoto cabo converteram
Os deoses: e por mais dobradas magoas
Me anda Thetis cercando destas agoas.”

LVI.

'"Oh, from disgust scarce more can I recount!
But, thinking that my loved one I embraced,
I found within my arms a rugged mount,
With harshest wood and thorny thickets faced;
Standing before a rock, e'en front to front,
Clasped for her own angelic form in haste,
I was not man; but deaf and dumb by shock,
And fixed against one rock another rock!

LVII.

'"O nymph! of all of Ocean the most fair,
Since that my presence did not thee delight,
What had it cost thee my fond dream to spare,
Were't mountain, cloud, or dream, or nought outright?
Half mad with shame and anguish suffered there
Thence I go forth enraged, escaping sight,
To seek some world, with no one at my side,
My mourning and my suffering to deride.

LVIII.

'"'Twas at this time my brothers were o'erthrown,
And into misery extremest passed;
And the proud Gods, to keep more sure their own,
Did some 'neath various lofty mountains cast;
And, as 'gainst Heaven hands ne'er to gain were known,
I who for my disgusts went weeping fast
Began to feel an enemy in fate,
Who my audacity would castigate.

LIX.

'"Into hard earth my flesh converted lies,
My bones are turned to rocks all rough and strange,
These members and this form ye see, likewise,
Extended through these spreading waters range;
In fine, my stature of enormous size
Into this Cape remote the Gods did change;
While for redoubled anguish of my woes,
Thetis around me in these waters flows."

LX.

'Assi contava, e c'hum medonho choro
Subito d'ante os olhos se apartou;
Desfez-se a nuvem negra, e c'hum sonoro
Bramido muito longe o mar soou.
Eu, levantando as mãos ao sancto coro
Dos Anjos que tão longe nos guiou,
A Deos pedi que removesse os duros
Casos que Adamastor contou futuros.

LXI.

'Já Phlegon, e Pyróis vinham tirando
Co'os outros dous o carro radiante,
Quando a terra alta se nos foi mostrando
Em que foi convertido o grão gigante;
Ao longo desta costa, começando
Já de cortar as ondas do Levante,
Por ella abaixo hum pouco navegámos,
Onde segunda vez terra tomámos.

LXII.

'A gente que esta terra possuia,
Postoque todos Ethiópes eram,
Mais humana no trato parecia
Que os outros que tão mal nos receberam;
Com bailes e com festas de alegria
Pela praia arenosa a nós vieram,
As mulheres comsigo, e o manso gado
Que apascentavam, gordo e bem criado.

LXIII.

'As mulheres queimadas vem em cima
Dos vagarosos bois, alli sentadas,
Animaes que elles tem em mais estima
Que todo o outro gado das manadas;
Cantigas pastoris, ou prosa ou rima,
Na sua lingua cantam, concertadas
Co'o doce som das rusticas avenas,
Imitando de Tityro as Camenas.

LX.

'Thus had he spoke, when with loud weeping dire
Swift from before our eyes he melting fled;
And the black cloud dispersed; and high and higher
A howl sonorous o'er the sea there spread.
I, joining hands unto the sacred choir
Of Angels who so far our course had led,
Prayed unto God in mercy to withhold
The horrors Adamastor had foretold.

LXI.

'Pyrois, Phlegon, now, and the other two
Came drawing forth the radiant car of day,
When the high headland rose before our view,
Whereto the giant vast converted lay;
Along this coast, beginning to cut through
The waters on the East upon our way,
We navigated down a little more,
Where for the second time we made the shore.

LXII.

'The people who possessed the country here,
Although they all were Ethiopians, still
Did in their bearing more humane appear
Than the others who had treated us so ill.
With dancing and delights of jocund cheer
Coming among us, all the sands they fill;
The women, too, and cattle which they led
To pasture, tame, well tended and well fed.

LXIII.

'The sunburned women sit upon a team
Of lazy pacing oxen, of a breed
Of animals they much more precious deem
Than all the other flocks and herds they feed;
Their native prose or rhyme to pastoral theme
They tune in songs, which they concerted lead
With the sweet sounds of reed of rustic kind
Calling the Muse of Tityrus to mind.

LXIV.

'Estes, como na vista prazenteiros
Fossem, humanamente nos trataram,
Trazendo-nos gallinhas e carneiros
A troco d'outras peças que levaram;
Mas como nunca em fim meus companheiros
Palavra sua alguma lhe alcançaram
Que désse algum signal do que buscâmos,
As velas dando, as ancoras levâmos.

LXV.

'Já aqui tinhamos dado hum grão rodeio
Á costa negra de Africa, e tornava
A prôa a demandar o ardente meio
Do ceo, e o polo Antarctico ficava;
Aquelle ilheo deixámos, onde veio
Outra armada primeira que buscava
O Tormentorio cabo; e, descoberto,
Naquelle ilheo fez seu limite certo.

LXVI.

'Daqui fomos cortando muitos dias
Entre tormentas tristes e bonanças,
No largo mar fazendo novas vias,
Só conduzidos de arduas esperanças;
Co'o mar hum tempo andámos em porfias;
Que, como tudo nelle são mudanças,
Corrente nelle achámos tão possante
Que passar não deixava por diante.

LXVII.

'Era maior a força em demasia
(Segundo para traz nos obrigava)
Do mar que contra nós alli corria
Que por nós a do vento que assoprava;
Injuriado Noto da porfia
Em que co'o mar (parece) tanto estava,
Os assopros esforça iradamente,
Com que nos fez vencer a grão corrente.

LXIV.

'These people, as their life they cheerful spend,
Much kindness in their treatment of us showed,
Bringing us sheep and poultry without end,
For which, in turn, we other things bestowed;
But as my people could not comprehend
One word they said, or find out any mode
Of getting signs of what we sought conveyed,
We hoisted sail again and anchor weighed.

LXV.

'On Africa's dark coast we now had given
A turn extensive; and at length inclined
Our prow to seek the hot mid-line of heaven,
And the Antarctic Pole we left behind;
We left that islet also, where was driven
That other fleet, the first that sought to find
The Cape of Storms, the which when they had found
That islet was their voyage's utmost bound.

LXVI.

'Thus set we forth, cutting for several days
Through calms and dreary tempests on the main,
O'er the vast ocean finding out new ways,
While arduous hopes alone our hearts sustain;
One time, we struggled with opposing seas,
The whole whereof is change and change again,
And such contending currents there we met,
That 'twas not possible our course to set.

LXVII.

'Upon the sea, which ran against us there—
In that our forward course it backward drew—
The currents in their force far stronger were
Than was the wind which in our favour blew;
Notus insulted, as it would appear,
That Ocean in his way such hindrance threw,
Gave strength to all his blasts so angrily,
We stemmed the mighty current of the sea.

LXVIII.

'Trazia o Sol o dia celebrado
Em que tres Reis das partes do Oriente
Foram buscar hum Rei de pouco nado,
No qual Rei outros tres ha juntamente;
Neste dia outro porto foi tomado
Por nós da mesma já contada gente
N'hum largo rio, ao qual o nome demos
Do dia em que por elle nos mettemos.

LXIX.

'Desta gente refresco algum tomámos,
E do rio fresca agua; mas com tudo
Nenhum signal aqui da India achámos
No povo, com nós outros quasi mudo.
Ora vê, Rei, quamanha terra andámos
Sem sahir nunca deste povo rudo,
Sem vermos nunca nova nem signal
Da desejada parte Oriental.

LXX.

'Ora imagina agora, quão coitados
Andariamos todos, quão perdidos,
De fomes de tormentas quebrantados,
Por climas e por mares não sabidos;
E do esperar comprido tão cansados
Quanto a desesperar já compellidos,
Por ceos não naturaes, de qualidade
Inimiga de nossa humanidade.

LXXI.

'Corrupto já e damnado o mantimento,
Damnoso e máo ao fraco corpo humano,
E alem disso nenhum contentamento
Que se quer da esperança fosse engano;
Crês tu, que se este nosso ajuntamento
De soldados não fôra Lusitano,
Que durára elle tanto obediente
Por ventura a seu Rei e a seu regente?

LXVIII.

'The sun brought back the celebrated day
Whereon three Kings left Eastern parts to find
A new-born King who in his cradle lay,
Which King Three Others in Himself combined;
This morn, we took for anchorage a bay
In the same country we last left behind,
In a large river which we gave a name,
Calling the river and the day the same.

LXIX.

'Refreshment from these people we obtain,
And from the stream, fresh water; but withal
No tidings here of India can we gain,
For almost dumb these people we might call;
Behold, then, King, how many a land in vain
We've passed, with nought but stolid people all;
Without or news or signal to be found
Of the so longed-for Oriental ground.

LXX.

'Oh, now imagine in what piteous form
We must be striving and how near o'erthrown;
All broken down with hunger and with storm,
Through climates and through seas all, all, unknown;
With hope deferred so wearied, that the worm
Of forced despair into our souls had grown,
Through skies unnatural and of a kind
Whereby our health might all be undermined.

LXXI.

'Already damaged and decayed our store,
Hurtful, for human body frail unmeet,
Beyond all this, contentment known no more,
E'en were it only of kind hope's deceit;
Think'st thou if this, the numerous crew we bore
Of heroes, had not been a Lusian fleet,
It had perchance obedience and belief
Maintained or towards its King or towards its chief?

LXXII.

'Crês tu, que já não foram levantados
Contra seu capitão se os resistira,
Fazendo-se piratas, obrigados
De desesperação de fome de ira?
Grandemente por certo estão provados;
Pois que nenhum trabalho grande os tira
Daquella Portugueza alta excellencia
De lealdade firme e obediencia.

LXXIII.

'Deixando o porto em fim do doce rio,
E tornando a cortar a agua salgada,
Fizemos desta costa algum desvio,
Deitando para o pégo toda a armada;
Porque, ventando Noto manso e frio,
Não nos apanhasse a agua da enseada,
Que a costa faz alli daquella banda
Donde a rica Sofala o ouro manda.

LXXIV.

'Esta passada, logo o leve leme
Encommendado ao sacro Nicolao,
Para onde o mar na costa brada e geme,
A prôa inclina d'huma e d'outra náo;
Quando indo o coração, que espera e teme,
E que tanto fiou d'hum fraco pao,
Do que esperava já desesperado,
Foi d'huma novidade alvoroçado.

LXXV.

'E foi que, estando já da costa perto,
Onde as praias e valles bem se viam,
N'hum rio que alli sahe ao mar aberto
Bateis á vela entravam e sahiam.
'Alegria mui grande foi por certo
Acharmos já pessoas que sabiam
Navegar; porque entr'ellas esperámos
De achar novas algumas, como achámos.

LXXII.

'Think'st thou they had not been already moved
Mutiny 'gainst their chief's commands to wage,
And, turning pirates, o'er the sea had roved,
Driven by despair, by hunger and by rage?
In truth they were most deeply tried and proved,
But nought of toil their hearts could disengage
From that same Portuguese high excellence
Of loyalty and firm obedience.

LXXIII.

'Leaving at length the stream's fresh water strand,
And turning to cut through salt ocean's spray,
We made some deviation from the land,
Putting the whole fleet out to sea away;
So that, the South wind blowing cool and bland,
We might not catch the current of the bay,
Which on that shore is formed upon that side,
Whence rich Sofala sends her golden tide.

LXXIV.

'This being passed, soon the light rudder steers
(Devoted to St Nicholas) towards the shore,
And thus the prow of every vessel veers
To where the ocean breakers moan and roar;
When the worn heart, which ever hopes and fears,
And by a fragile vessel laid such store,
For what it hoped now hopeless in despair,
Was overjoyed with novelty most rare.

LXXV.

'And thus it was, that as the coast we neared,
Where shores and valleys spread before the view,
Upon an open river's mouth appeared
Coming and going vessels not a few;
And very much, most surely, were we cheered
In finding some who navigation knew,
Because we felt that with them we had ground
For finding tidings, as indeed we found.

LXXVI.

'Ethiopes são todos, mas parece
Que com gente melhor communicavam;
Palavra alguma Arabia se conhece
Entre a linguagem sua que fallavam
E com panno delgado que se tece
De algodão as cabeças apertavam,
Com outro, que de tinta azul se tinge,
Cada hum as vergonhosas partes cinge.

LXXVII.

'Pela Arabica lingua, que mal fallam
E que Fernão Martins mui bem entende,
Dizem que por náos que em grandeza igualam
As nossas o seu mar se corta e fende;
Mas que lá donde sahe o Sol se abalam
Para onde a costa ao Sul se alarga e estende,
E do Sul para o Sol; terra onde havia
Gente, assi como nós, da côr do dia.

LXXVIII.

'Mui grandemente aqui nos alegrámos
Co'a gente e com as novas muito mais;
Pelos signaes que neste rio achámos,
O nome lhe ficou dos Bons-Signais;
Hum padrão nesta terra alevantámos;
Que para assignalar lugares tais
Trazia alguns, o nome tem do bello
Guiador de Tobias a Gabelo.

LXXIX.

'Aqui de limos, cascas e d'ostrinhos,
Nojosa criação das aguas fundas,
Alimpámos as náos, que dos caminhos
Longos do mar vem sordidas e immundas.
Dos hospedes que tinhamos visinhos,
Com mostras apraziveis e jucundas
Houvemos sempre o usado mantimento,
Limpos de todo o falso pensamento.

LXXVI.

'They all are Ethiops, but it would appear
They hold relations with a better race;
Some few Arabian words indeed we hear
Mixed with the current language of the place;
And tightly bound about their heads they wear
A woven cotton cloth of certain grace;
Another, which with tint of blue is dyed,..
About their loins with modesty is tied.

LXXVII.

'In Arabic, by them but little known,
And which Fernão Martins well comprehends,
They say that vessels equal to our own
Are seen to plough and cross their ocean's ends;
But that from Eastward they come sailing down
To where the southern coast spreads and extends,
And from the South towards Sun; land where, they say,
Are men like us, of colour of the day.

LXXVIII.

'And very greatly did our joy abound,
Pleased with the people and the news much more;
And, for the tidings in this river found,
The title of "Good Signs" from us it bore;
We raised forthwith a pillar on the ground,
Which for such purposes we had in store;
Of the angelic Guide it bears the name
Through whom to Gabael Tobias came.

LXXIX.

'Of limpets and of weeds and shell-fish here,
Which of deep waters is the offensive stain,
We cleaned our ships, which foul and clogged appear
From their extended voyages o'er the main.
By the kind hosts who were our neighbours near,
Always of joyful and agreeable vein,
Supplies as usual constantly were brought,
Free from all kind of false and treacherous thought.

LXXX.

'Mas não foi da esperança grande e immensa,
Que nesta terra houvemos, limpa e pura
A alegria; mas logo a recompensa
A Rhamnusia com nova desventura.
Assi no Ceo sereno se dispensa;
Com esta condição pezada e dura
Nascemos; o pezar terá firmeza,
Mas o bem logo muda a natureza.

LXXXI.

'E foi que de doença crua e feia
A mais que eu nunca vi desampararam
Muitos a vida, e em terra estranha e alheia
Os ossos para sempre sepultaram.
Quem haverá que sem o ver o creia?
Que tão disformemente alli lhe incharam
As gingivas na boca, que crescia
A carne e juntamente apodrecia;

LXXXII.

'Apodrecia, c'hum fetido e bruto
Cheiro, que o ar visinho inficionava:
Não tinhamos alli medico astuto,
Cirurgião subtil menos se achava;
Mas qualquer neste officio pouco instructo
Pela carne já podre assi cortava,
Como se fôra morta; e bem convinha,
Pois que morto ficava quem a tinha.

LXXXIII.

'Em fim que nesta incognita espessura
Deixámos para sempre os companheiros
Que em tal caminho e em tanta desventura
Foram sempre comnosco aventureiros.
Quão facil he ao corpo a sepultura!
Quaesquer ondas do mar, quaesquer outeiros
Estranhos, assi mesmo como aos nossos,
Receberão de todo o illustre os ossos.

LXXX.

'But not sustained or perfect was the joy
Which from our great aspiring hope arose
Within this land; for soon, as an alloy,
Rhamnusia did a new distress oppose.
'Tis thus calm Heaven doth aye its powers employ;
Our birth this grievous hard condition knows—
That sorrow long and steadfast doth endure,
While good is in its nature never sure.

LXXXI.

'Twas that, by cruel foul disease o'erthrown,
Worse than I e'er beheld, many were they
Who life resigned, and in a land unknown
And foreign did their bones for ever lay.
Who could believe unless it had been shown?
For such inflation did the gums display
That e'en within their mouth the flesh would swell,
Till all to merely putrefaction fell;

LXXXII.

'It putrified and tainted all the air,
Spreading infectious exhalation round;
No competent physician had we there,
Far less an able surgeon could be found.
But some, who only half proficient were,
Cut off the flesh which had become unsound,
As if 'twere dead; and well indeed 'twas tried,
For he who did not so most surely died.

LXXXIII.

'Thus to companions whom we could not save
'Midst all these darksome scenes we bade farewell,
Ever companions with us true and brave,
Through such career, such fortunes sad and fell.
How easy for the body is a grave!
Any sea's waves or any foreign hill
The bones of all renowned will serve to keep
E'en as the bones of ours o'er whom we weep.

LXXXIV.

Assi que deste porto nos partimos
Com maior esperança e mór tristeza,
E pela costa abaixo o mar abrimos,
Buscando algum signal de mais firmeza;
Na dura Moçambique em fim surgimos,
De cuja falsidade e má vileza
Já serás sabedor, e dos enganos
Dos povos de Mombaça pouco humanos.

LXXXV.

'Até que aqui no teu seguro porto,
Cuja brandura e doce tratamento
Dará saude a hum vivo e vida a hum morto,
Nos trouxe a piedade do Alto Assento;
Aqui repouso, aqui doce conforto,
Nova quietação do pensamento
Nos déste; vês-aqui, se attento ouviste,
Te contei tudo quanto me pediste.

LXXXVI.

'Julgas agora, Rei, que houve no mundo
Gentes que taes caminhos commettessem?
Crês tu, que tanto Eneas e o facundo
Ulysses pelo mundo se estendessem?
Ousou algum a ver do mar profundo,
Por mais versos que delle se escrevessem,
Do que eu vi a poder d'esforço e de arte,
E do que inda hei de ver a oitava parte?

LXXXVII.

'Esse que bebeo tanto da agua Aonia,
Sobre quem tem contenda peregrina
Entre si Rhodes, Smyrna e Colophonia,
Athenas, Ios, Argo e Salamina:
Ess'outro que esclarece toda Ausonia,
A cuja voz altisona e divina
Ouvindo, o patrio Mincio se adormece,
Mas o Tybre co'o som se ensoberbece:

LXXXIV.

'Thus from this port we set forth on our way
With greater hope, but filled with deep distress,
And by the coast below put out to sea,
Seeking some sign of more assuredness.
In savage Moçambique at last we lay,
Of whose vile infamy, nor treachery less,
Thou know'st already, and of the deceit
Mombaça barbarous practised on the fleet.

LXXXV.

'Till here thy port, secure from every dread,
Whose gentle and kind treatment might bestow
Health on the living, life upon the dead,
The mercy of th' exalted Throne did show;
Here calm and here sweet comfort hast thou shed,
And taught the heart new quietude to know;
And here dost see, if thou hast listening heard,
All thou hast asked I've told thee, every word.

LXXXVI.

'Think'st thou, O King, that in the world there be
People who would such courses have essayed?
That thus Æneas and Ulysses, he
The eloquent, would o'er the world have strayed?
Dared any one of Ocean's depths to see
(Whate'er of him in verses may be said)
Of what I've seen by dint of force and art,
And what I yet shall see e'en the eighth part?

LXXXVII.

'He who Aonian streams, intoxicate,
Imbibed, o'er whom a strange contention lies,
Wherein Rhodes, Smyrna, Colophon debate,
Athenæ, Chios, Argos, Salamis:
And He who doth Ausonia luminate,
Hearing whose voice divine, high-sounding rise,
His native Mincio falls into repose,
But Tyber with the echo proudly flows:

LXXXVIII.

'Cantem, louvem e escrevam sempre extremos
Desses seus semideoses, e encareçam,
Fingindo Magas, Circes, Polyphemos,
Sirenas que co'o canto os adormeçam;
Dem-lhe mais navegar á vela e remos
Os Cicones e a terra onde se esqueçam
Os companheiros em gostando o loto;
Dem-lhe perder nas aguas o piloto;

LXXXIX.

'Ventos soltos lhe finjam, e imaginem
Dos odres e Calypsos namoradas,
Harpyas que o manjar lhe contaminem,
Descer ás sombras nuas já passadas;
Que, por muito e por muito que se afinem
Nestas fabulas vãas tão bem sonhadas
A verdade que eu conto, nua e pura,
Vence toda grandiloqua escriptura.'

XC.

Da boca do facundo Capitão
Pendendo estavam todos embebidos,
Quando deo fim á longa narração
Dos altos feitos grandes e subidos.
Louva o Rei o sublime coração
Dos Reis em tantas guerras conhecidos;
Da gente louva a antigua fortaleza,
A lealdade d'animo e nobreza.

XCI.

Vai recontando o povo que se admira
O caso cada qual que mais notou;
Nenhum delles da gente os olhos tira,
Que tão longos caminhos rodeou.
Mas já o mancebo Délio as redeas vira
Que o irmão de Lampécia mal guiou,
Por vir a descançar nos Thetios braços,
E el Rei se vai do mar aos nobres paços.

LXXXVIII.

Let both for ever sing, praise, write extremes
Of these their demigods, and magnify,
Pretending magic, Circes, Polyphemes,
Sirens whose songs are fatal lullaby;
And navigate with sails and their triremes
The Cicones, and land where lethargy
Seizes on comrades who the Lotos taste,
Or lose a pilot in the watery waste;

LXXXIX.

'Feign and imagine winds let loose and rude
From skins, and of Calypsos love-lorn tell,
Or harpies who contaminate their food,
Or on descents to naked darkness dwell;
With whatsoe'er of fancy are imbued
These empty fables they have dreamed so well,
The truth that I recount, naked and pure,
Beyond all boastful writing shall endure.'

XC.

Upon the Captain's eloquence all hung,
Absorbed as if intoxicate they were,
When this long narrative ceased on his tongue
Of deeds so lofty, wonderful and rare.
The King applauds that noble heart among
Those Kings renowned who could such battles dare,
Applauds the ancient valour of the race,
Their loyalty of heart, their noble grace.

XCI.

The people go recounting their surprise,
Each on the fact that he had noted most;
None from the strangers can withdraw their eyes
Who o'er such lengthened ways the seas had crossed;
But Delius, turning, in that car now hies
Wherein ill-guiding Phaeton was lost,
Coming to find in Thetis' arms repose;
And from the sea the Monarch homeward goes.

XCII.

Quão doce he o louvor e a justa gloria
Dos proprios feitos, quando são soados!
Qualquer nobre trabalha que em memoria
Vença, ou iguale os grandes já passados;
As invejas da illustre e alheia historia
Fazem mil vezes feitos sublimados;
Quem valerosas obras exercita
Louvor alheio muito o esperta e incita.

XCIII.

Não tinha em tanto os feitos gloriosos
De Achilles Alexandro na peleja
Quanto de quem o canta os numerosos
Versos; isso só louva, isso deseja.
Os tropheos de Milciades famosos
Themistocles despertam só inveja,
E diz que nada tanto o deleitava
Como a voz que seus feitos celebrava.

XCIV.

Trabalha por mostrar Vasco da Gama
Que essas navegações, que o mundo canta,
Não merecem tamanha gloria e fama
Como a sua que o ceo e a terra espanta.
Si: mas aquelle Heroe, que estima e ama
Com dões, mercês, favores e honra tanta
A lyra Mantuana, faz que soe
Eneas, e a Romana gloria voe.

XCV.

Dá a terra Lusitania Scipiões,
Cesares, Alexandros, e dá Augustos;
Mas não lhe dá com tudo aquelles dões
Cuja falta os faz duros, e robustos;
Octavio entre as maiores oppressões
Compunha versos doutos e venustos:
Não dirá Fulvia certo que he mentira,
Quando a deixava Antonio por Glaphyra.

XCII.

How sweet is praise, and the just glory due
To our own actions, when we hear the tone!
The noble heart will toil, with hope in view
To equal or surpass the great ones gone;
Envy of tales of the illustrious few
A thousand times exalted deeds hath won;
Whoever deeds of valour undertakes,
Him praise by others quickens and awakes.

XCIII.

Not so much to Achilles' glorious fame
In battle Alexander did aspire
As to the poems that resound his name;
These only doth he praise and these desire.
The trophies that Miltiades could claim,
'Tis these Themistocles with envy fire,
Who said that nothing gave him such delight
As did the voice that sung his deeds aright.

XCIV.

Vasco da Gama labours hard to prove
That all those voyages which the world doth sing
Should not such sense of fame and glory move
As his, which heaven and earth set wondering.
Yes: but that Hero, whose esteem and love
Honoured with gifts, with favours, everything,
The Mantuan lyre, Æneas magnifies;
And wide and high the Roman glory flies.

XCV.

Scipios and Cæsars Lusia can bestow,
Augustus, Alexanders too; but then,
She doth not such with those great gifts endow
The want whereof makes hard unpolished men:
Octavius, while his labours heaviest grow,
Writes verses with a learnèd graceful pen;
Fulvia this truth will surely ne'er deny,
Whom Antony for Glaphyra passed by.

XCVI.

Vai Cesar sobjugando toda França,
E as armas não lhe impedem a sciencia;
Mas, n'huma mão a penna e n'outra a lança,
Igualava de Cicero a eloquencia;
O que de Scipião se sabe e alcança
He nas Comedias grande experiencia;
Lia Alexandro a Homero de maneira
Que sempre se lhe sabe á cabeceira.

XCVII.

Em fim não houve forte capitão
Que não fosse tambem douto e sciente,
De Lacia, Grega, ou barbara nação,
Senão da Portugueza tamsomente.
Sem vergonha o não digo, que a razão
D'algum não ser por versos excellente,
He não se ver prezado o verso e rima;
Porque quem não sabe a arte não na estima.

XCVIII.

Por isso, e não por falta de natura,
Não ha tambem Virgilios nem Homeros;
Nem haverá, se este costume dura,
Pios Eneas nem Achilles feros;
Mas o peor de tudo he que a ventura
Tão asperos os fez e tão austeros,
Tão rudos e de engenho tão remisso
Que a muitos lhe dá pouco ou nada disso.

XCIX.

Ás Musas agradeça o nosso Gama
O muito amor da patria que as obriga
A dar aos seus na lyra nome e fama
De toda a illustre e bellica fadiga;
Que elle, nem quem na estirpe seu se chama,
Calliope não tem por tão amiga,
Nem as filhas do Tejo, que deixassem
As telas d'ouro fino, e que o cantassem;

XCVI.

Cæsar goes forth of Gaul the conquering lord,
And learning 'midst his arms holds eminence;
One hand the pen, the other bears the sword,
He equals Cicero in eloquence:
Scipio, 'tis known, and clearly they record,
Showed in the drama great experience:
Of Homer Alexander so much read
He kept the poem at his couch's head.

XCVII.

In fine, no chief with courage was imbued
But he was learnèd and informed as well,
Of Rome, or Greece, or any nation rude,
Save if of Portuguese alone we tell.
Not without shame I speak; if rightly viewed,
The cause why none in poetry excel
Is that with verse or rhyme they hold no part,
For he who knows not, cannot value art.

XCVIII.

From this and not by nature's fault 'tis plain
No Virgils and no Homers now appear;
Nor can be, while this custom we retain,
Pious Æneas, fierce Achilles here.
But worst of all it is, that chance was fain
To make them all so harsh and so austere,
So rude, and in their nature so remiss,
That many nought or little care for this.

XCIX.

Thanks of our Gama let the Muses claim
Whom the great love of country doth compel
To grant his race their lyre to sound his fame
And all the illustrious warlike toil to tell;
For he, nor sons who boast his blood and name,
Calliope did ever love so well,
Or Tagus' daughters, that they should lay by
The fine gold threads to sing his memory;

C.

Porque o amor fraterno e puro gosto
De dar a todo o Lusitano feito
Seu louvor he somente o presupposto
Das Tágides gentis, e seu respeito;
Porêm não deixe em fim de ter disposto
Ninguem a grandes obras sempre o peito;
Que por esta ou por outra qualquer via
Não perderá seu preço e su valia.

C.

Because a kindred love and pure desire
On all the Lusian exploits to bestow
Their praise, is solely that which doth inspire
Tagides gentle and the love they show:
And let no one, in fine, neglect the fire
That in his breast for mighty deeds may glow;
By these or other means, be what they may,
His claims and worth shall not be thrown away.

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# NOTES.

## CANTO I.

Stanza I. Ceylon.

Stanza VI. The young King, D. Sebastian.

Stanza VII. Alluding to the battle of Ourique, and the Arms of Portugal, for which see Canto III., Stanza 53, 54.

Stanza VIII. The Ganges.

Stanza XI. See Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso.'

Stanza XII. See this whole story of the Twelve of England in Canto VI.

Stanza XVII. D. John III. of Portugal, his paternal grandfather, and Charles V. of Germany, his maternal great-uncle.

Stanza XVIII. Alluding to the minority and the Regency, which lasted eleven years. It will have been already seen that these golden anticipations as regards the young King where wholly disappointed. A note as to the Sebastianists appears in the first edition.

Stanza XXVI. Quintus Sertorius.

Stanza XLII. Madagascar.

Stanza XLIII. Now Cabo-das-Correntes.

Stanza LIII. Mohammed, whom the Moors pretend to have descended from Abraham and Hagar.

Stanza LX. Constantinople was taken and the Byzantine Empire destroyed by Mahomet II. in 1453.

Stanza XCII. Canoes.

## CANTO II.

Stanza XLVII. Alluding to a strange phenomenon related to have taken place at sea, during Vasco da Gama's voyage, while returning to India, as Viceroy, in 1524.

Stanza XLIX. Barros speaks of arrows carried back by a high wind against those who shot them!

Stanza LV. The Portuguese Magallaens, usually called Magellan, who discovered the straits that bear his name, in 1520. He had fought well under Albuquerque in the East, but, being offended, entered the service of Charles V., in whose name he discovered the straits, sailing with the intention of finding a passage by the West to the Molucca Islands.

## CANTO III.

Stanza XV. The Pope.

Stanza XXII. Viriatus.

Stanza XXII. Saturn, represented as Time. Edax rerum.

Stanza XXIII. D. Alfonso VI. of Leon, 1095.

Stanza XXV. Henry of Besançon, created Count of Portugal. In him the country first began to exist, as an independent one.

Stanza XXVII. Godfrey de Bouillon, 1099. The first of the thirteen Christian Kings of Jerusalem.

Stanza XXX. The great Alfonso Henriques, his son: hero of Ourique.

Stanza XXXIV. Valdevez, 1128. See Canto IV., Stanza 16.

Stanza XLIV. Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons.

Stanza XLVI. Battle of Ourique, 1139. Portugal declared a Kingdom.

Stanza LIV. See arms of Portugal on the title page. The Castles belong to Algarves; which Province was finally subdued and added to the Portuguese Crown in 1252, under D. Alfonso III.

Stanza LV. Scalibicastro is now Santarem.

Stanza LVII. Ulysses is here alluded to, who is said to have founded Lisbon. Byron, in a note to 'Childe Harold, says the city was once called Ulisipo or Lispo. The seventh and eighth lines refer to an event of the reign of our King Stephen, at the beginning of the Second Crusade, 1147.

Stanza LXIII. Evora. This city is worth a visit for its aqueduct.

Stanza LXXII. 'Camoens is said to have taken much of

this Apostrophe from a passage in Lucan's Pharsalia, lib II. There is a curious divergence, however, in one small sentence; for while Camoens writes:—

'E Judea, que um Deos adora e ama,'

the passage in Lucan is:—

'Et dedita sacris
Incerti Judæa Dei.'

Sopheno means Syrian.

Stanza LXXIII. Pompeius, as we all know, married Cæsar's daughter Julia. D. Urraca, daughter of Alfonso I. was married to D. Fernando II., King of Leon. *Herculano*, Vol. I. p. 419.

Stanza LXXVIII. The Mir-almúminin is the Emperor of Marocco.

Stanza LXXX. Coimbra lies on the Mondego.

Stanza LXXXV. Guadalquivir.

Stanza LXXXVIII. Camoens omits to mention the English here. The event took place at the end of the Second Crusade, one year before our Richard I. and Philip of France started on the Third.

Stanza XCIII. Perillus was the inventor of the Brazen Bull; and his King, Phalaris, made him the first victim of his invention, and was afterwards so sacrificed himself.

'Stanza CI. 'Once lost already,' by D. Roderick, the last of the Goths.

Stanza CXV. Battle of Rio Salado, 1340. The Moors never recovered this blow, inflicted by the two Alfonsos. In Stanza CX. Camoens notices the name of Saracen as being falsely assumed by the Moors. But the appellation 'Moor' seems to have been confusedly applied to the Saracens or Arabians by the Spanish and Portuguese. This strange warlike race, stretching across all North Africa, invaded Spain from Mauritania, and there became eventually confounded with the Moors. The Portuguese called the Arabian Moslems, whom Vasco da Gama found in possession of the Indian seas, by the name of Moors; associating them with the race that had first invaded the Peninsula from Mauritania. At the date of the battle of Salado, however, the Moors had taken the lead of the Saracens in Spain.

Stanza CXXXIV. The Portuguese daisy is a beautiful pink bell flower, of which chaplets are made. The common English daisy bears no sort of resemblance to it.

## CANTO IV.

Stanza III. Unfortunately for the miracle, each claimant was a John—D. John I. of Castile, who had married Beatrice, daughter of the late King Fernando of Portugal, and D. John, the master of the Order of Aviz, the illegitimate son of Pedro I. by D. Tereza Lorenza, a Galician lady. The great battle presently described is that of Aljubarrota, 1385, at which the Castilians were utterly and finally routed, as the Moors had been at Ourique in 1139. The now elaborate Abbey of Batalha, well worthy of a special excursion, was afterwards founded by D. John I., who claims English connexion, from having married Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III. His youngest daughter, Catalina, afterwards married D. Henry, eldest son of the King of Castile; and these two marriages put an end to the mutual strife between the two Kings.

Stanza V. João Fernandez Andeiro, killed by D. John I.

Stanza XIV. Pedro and Diogo Pereira.

Stanza XXXII. 'The Great' means Pompeius.

Stanza XLVII. See note to Stanza III.

Stanza XLIX. This was the Count Julien who brought over the Moors against 'D. Roderick, the last of the Goths.' See Gibbon and Sir Walter Scott's *Don Roderick*.

Stanza LIV. Alfonso V.

Stanza LXV. This was an expedition by land, conducted by Pero de Covihão and Alfonso de Paiva. João de Barros' *Decades*.

Stanza LXXXVII. Belem or Bethlehem Church and Monastery, a magnificent structure, built on the right bank of the Tagus as you sail up the imposing entrance to Lisbon. It is built on the site whence Gama embarked, and on which he landed on his return. It is dedicated to St. Jeronymo, and a school for poor children has been established there, where all the boys are taught trades. I have six times visited the Port of Lisbon, and five times out of the six, I have

felt all its beauties to be associated with D. Manoel, Vasco da Gama and Camoens.

## CANTO V.

Stanza. IV. This is, of course, the Great Henry, Duke of Viseu, son of John I. and his Queen, English Philippa of Lancaster.

Stanza XIV. The Southern Cross, by no means a striking Constellation, and forming a sort of badly made kite, in the sky.

Stanza XIV. These two black patches are easily discernible close to the above constellation. The Magellan clouds, or patches of clustered stars, also close by, make the darkness of these patches very conspicuous. They are called by the sailors the 'soot bags.'

Stanza XVIII. St. Elmo's light. So strange a phenomenon that it has been deemed fabulous. But Falconer mentions it:—

> 'High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
> Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.'

See Number XVII. of the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.' I can also personally confirm the reality of these lights. See the last chapter in my 'Flight to Mexico.'

Stanza XXIV. St. Helen's Bay.

Stanza XLIV. Bartholomeo Dias. He commanded one of the vessels in Pedro Alvares Cabral's expedition of 1500, and it was lost with three others in a fearful storm, before they reached Mozambique. De Barros' *Decades.*

Stanza XLV. D. Francesco de Almeida, who was killed at the Cape of Good Hope, on his return from India.

Stanza XLVI. D. Emmanuel de Souza, Governor of Dio, and his beautiful wife, L. Leonora de Sá. The account appears to be strictly historical.

Stanza LXI. The bay of St. Blaise.

Stanza LXV. Sta. Cruz.

Stanza LXVIII. Rio dos Reis.

Stanza LXXXVII. Homer and Virgil are here referred to.

Stanza LXXXIX. The first line refers to Ulysses' crew cutting the bags in which Æolus had confined all the hostile winds. These three Stanzas, with classical allusions, are finely written, and are exceptional in this respect.

Stanza XCIII. The sentiment of lines 1 to 4 is repeated in the last two lines of the last Canto.

Stanza XCV. The story of Glaphyra is to be found in any Classical Dictionary.

Stanza XCIX. Gama and his descendants are said to have despised poetry.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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